A.3

Hugh Cecil Earl of Lonsdale.

299 Scott and Sebright. By the **Druid** [H. H. Dixon]. London. 1862.

Revised and re-edited with steel portraits and woodcuts. The steel portraits are those of Mr. Richard Tattersall and "Nat."; the woodcuts, Captain Becher and Jesse Hills.

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Steel-engraved portrait of the late Henry Handley, Esq., one of the founders of the Royal Agricultural Society, and John Grey of Dilston, vignette. Bound up with Scott and Sebright, of the same series.

Pubd. by Frederick Warne and Co., Bedford St., Covent Garden.

T. Williams Photo. J. Brown Sculpt.

Mr RICHARD TATTERSALL, ÆT 70.

SCOTT AND SEBRIGHT.

THE DRUID.

SCOTT AND SEBRIGHT,

BY

THE DRUID.

"NAT."

LONDON.
FREDERICK WARNE & Co

SCOTT AND SEBRIGHT.

BY

THE DRUID.

REVISED AND RE-EDITED.

WITH STEEL PORTRAITS AND WOODCUTS.

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PREFACE.

A THIRD work of the same class scarcely calls for a preface, except as pure matter of form. In writing it I have adhered strictly to my original plan of endeavouring to fill up from oral evidence some blanks in the sporting history of the last seventy years; and where I have had the good fortune to meet with an especially well-known character, I have got him, Dick Christian fashion, to give the public the butt end of his mind in the first person. The three books must be taken as a whole, and hence any seeming omissions, or very slight notice of a celebrated man or horse in the present one, will generally be accounted for by reference to its predecessors. The difficulty of the task has been great, as no two men ever seemed to give precisely the same account of anything, and on some points I have despaired of getting more than an approximation to the exact truth, amid so many conflicting statements.

The name of "Post and Paddock" could cause no mistake, but "Silk and Scarlet" deluded a few into

the belief that it was a contribution to Church Polemics. When I had to think out a third title, I did hope that by adopting the names of two of their most accomplished practitioners as the types of The Turf and The Chase, I ran no risk of being misunderstood; but still I found one of my old Rugby schoolfellows under the firm belief that by the heading "Sebright" I must be taken to contemplate a treatise on Bantams.

As regards the first three chapters, I have nothing to remark, except that I have handled the great winners as nearly as possible in chronological order, and separated man from horse by a pony chapter, which, with about twenty pages more, has already appeared in print. "The Flag" part of the fourth chapter is a mere fragment, for the sake of illustrating the career of one of its most celebrated riders, when steeple-chasing really was a sport; and both "The Stag" and "The Drag" might have been worked out much more fully if there had been space at command.

10, KENSINGTON SQUARE,
June 10th, 1862.

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SCOTT AND SEBRIGHT.

CHAPTER I.

TURF WORTHIES.

"Mr. Perceval and Lord Sidmouth were Premiers, and that is all that is known of them; but if they had been great racing men, there would have been hundreds of enthusiasts who would treasure up the minute descriptions in which a Turf writer would have collected all the traditionary stream of knowledge bearing on their physical and mental gifts, on their successes and failures, the way they carried their heads, and the way they turned out their feet."

A Word at Starting.

I'LL *tell you what it is, my old friends,*" said a candidate, when he had been met at the station, and duly conducted to a dais at the end of his Committee Room; "*I'm not going to stand up here for a speech to-night, but I'll just come down and smoke a pipe with you.*" It was six to four on him at once, and the takers had the worst of it on the polling day. Such a homely solution of the starting difficulty might make the Jockey Club prick up its ears, and fill the author-world with the direst envy. It suits our own humour to a nicety. We want to settle down quickly into our stride, and tell from our note-book, as of yore, the post and paddock recollections of many an old English and Scottish worthy. Our appetite for moralizing is not sufficiently athletic to grapple with the morbid anatomy of The Turf, or

to trace every dark episode in its annals. We simply feel proud, that an institution, so fraught with temptation, and exposed to the ken of so many millions of ignorant or crusty critics from within and from without, should continue to furnish us with Premiers, and to show such wonderful fibre and endurance under the chronic onslaughts of that lop-sided morality, which almost denies the existence of an honest owner, trainer, or jockey.

Horse Traditions.

But second-hand homilies are not in vogue, and nearly every tradition for good or evil has been already moulded into shape. We may have to take the Venerable Bede on trust, when he tells us that in 631 the "English first began to saddle horses;" but the same genius of stable gossip which was at hand to note for posterity how Lord Falkland's son bartered away his father's library for a horse and a mare, has stayed the two centuries well. A rich harvest of facts, down to I'Anson's last Leger orders to Challoner, never to raise his hands from Caller Ou's withers, has been gathered in by its agency, but there is still much work for the gleaner. And if our version of some events differs in a measure from that which was given of them at the time, it may be that we have traced them more thoroughly to the fountain head, when all motive on the part of the actors for gloss or concealment had long passed away.

Old Sporting Writers.

"'Tis seventy years ago" is a phrase of edge not to be matched now, and we may well not care to go back further. We can still reach by the light of living memory (the only book we have cared much to consult), that great historic age of "Genius Genuine," the Prince Regent, and John Bull. Of thousands of good sportsmen, who rode the hill towards Black Hambleton, on the King's Plate day, to see the judges place 16 out of 31 for posterity behind the Belvoir "Bonny Black," or decide the delicate question between five Marys, we must

fain be content with the simple record that they were born and died. No newspaper had then made sporting its specialty, and the *Old Sporting Magazine* only began in 1792 to "woo the votaries of Dian and the frequenters of Newmarket," with intelligence and "lyric compositions of the sylvan, rustic, and Anacreontic kind." The field of Turf literature had lain comparatively fallow, and when the writers did begin to work it again, they stuck too much to one kind of cropping. They were careless of the fame of great horses, or considered them to be sufficiently provided for in the *Racing Calendar*, which extended its earliest favours to Jamaica as well as Great Britain; and embalmed the Royal Rules of Cockfighting as solemnly as the pedigree of Coughing Peggy, or Skipjack from Old Mother Neesome. Men who had completed a zealous novitiate of folly or eccentricity, and risen to the dignity of a character; the careless cassock, fonder of brewing an October posset than writing a fifteen-minutes sermon, and yet ready, like his ancestors, to melt his last tankard for Church and King; and the wealthy Corinthian who had run the gauntlet of the coffee-houses before he was three-and-twenty, were the subjects they delighted to honour.

Eccentric Turf Characters.

The Prince Regent was their Mæcenas, and Sir Harry Vane their Suwarrow of the turf. Lord Barrymore, who was known as "Cripplegate," while another brother became "Newgate," and a third owned to a still warmer and more expressive title, was a most fruitful study with them. Inspired by the account of the countryman, who consumed a pound of salt, a cabbage, and a cabbage-net at a sitting, his lordship made a bet that he would produce a man who was equal to eating a live cat; and he won by a few yards at Brighton, when he challenged the Duke of York to try who could wade farthest into the sea. Well might his Boswell exclaim, on hearing of his early death,

Lord Barrymore's Bets.

"Could the emotions of grief restore his vital heat, my lamentations should fatigue Echo." Earl Orford's eccentricities, wrote another, "are too firmly indented upon the tablet of the memory, ever to be obliterated from the diversified rays of retrospection," and then feeling refreshed by this prelude, he proceeds, with his usual kindness to give them in detail. Major Topham earned a mention both for the drama's and Snowball's sake. Sir John Lade (who "stood in" with "Leader, the great coach-builder of Liquor Pond Street,") was a fund in himself for them, whether he was driving his phaeton and four across the ice of the Thames, or riding his mule for a thousand pound match over the Ditch In; and they loved to tell how O'Kelly would fumble among a quire of banknotes just to set the caster, when he had got every floating guinea in the bank.

Old Q.

Sonneteers and satirists all laid violent hands on Old Q, who still stuck to his Picadilly bow window, his green *vis-à-vis* with black horses and long tails, his Richmond beauties, his muff, and defied them. His body physician had only to look in the *Morning Post* occasionally to be reminded that he had strictly a life-interest in his patient, and that his prescriptions of a warm milk bath scented with almond powder, and a veal cutlet at 3 A.M., might as well have been posted at Charing Cross.

Colonel Thornton.

Colonel Thornton's thirst for notoriety was also slaked to the full. If he sat down next to Oliver Goldsmith at the *Savoir Vivre* Club, or jumped a five-foot-seven gate, or ran down a hare on horseback, or coursed a bustard, or shot a dotteril, or unhooded Sans Quartier amid the elastic wold breezes round Falconer's Hall, the feat never lacked a chronicler. His greyhound Major, his beagle Merryman, and his terrier Pitch were all accepted types of their order; and Juno, whose fame caused Lord Grantley to pay half-forfeit in a match of thou-

sands, was the queen of the twenty brace of setters and thirty-five pointers, which composed his "partridge preparations."

The Swaffham Club.

Lord Orford's kennel was worsted by the Snowball blood over the Wharram Wolds, but the plains of Swaffham had no mightier champion. It was at his bidding, that the club was limited to the number of letters in the alphabet, and each member selected a colour. If The Heath knew well the orange and black cap of the dashing match-maker Grosvenor, the green and white stripes of Foley and Fox, and the mazarine blue of Standish, coursing men watched with equal zest in Norfolk, whether brimstone, quaker, or pompadour would be the steward's cockade for the week.

Cricketing and Archery.

While the turf and the leash thus held their alternate six months' sway, the Marchioness of Salisbury was tasting the delights of the chase and the quiver. A golden bugle-horn was sometimes the Hatfield prize, and it sounded the *reveillé* for many a county muster of the Woodmen of Arden, the Bowmen of Cheviot Chase, and the Hainault Foresters in their green and buff. While the Essex archers were keeping summer trysts at Fairlop Oak, the Men of Kent knew well how to handle the willow. Earls Winchilsea, Darnley, and two more dashing spirits thought nothing of pitting county elevens against each other at Lord's for a thousand guineas; and in 1792, fourteen matches were played for that sum, and six for half of it. The cricketing picture of the period is strange to look upon. The players are attired in round hats, knee-breeches, and pig-tails; the umpires are all frill, and two scorers sit contentedly with slates on a form.

The Dawn of Goodwood.

Goodwood subsequently achieved renown, as the spot where Lillywhite and James Broadbridge first took the hint for their round bowling from Lambert. In 1801 its racing was of a

very lowly kind. One writer, in fact, seems to have carried away nothing more than an indefinite idea of "five or six roving tents, and plenty of ice and pick-pockets." Ascot basked earlier in the smiles of royalty; its sports were regularly opened by beat of drum, and its cords bounded South by *E O* tables, some fifty strong, and North by four-in-hands. Never were the pigeons more heavily and more openly winged, and one *E Oite*, plaintively referring to his rich dividends of the previous year, seemed almost to consider that in a bad summer he was entitled to compensation from the Crown on its native heather, for "the poverty of one, the death of a second, and the compulsive abdication of a third."

The Driving Era.

The new driving era was just beginning to dawn in '93, and the procession of a score of freshly-painted mail-coaches up St. James Street from the Bull-and-Mouth and The-Swan-with-Two-Necks, &c., after the birthday drawing-room, on June 4th, with their drivers and guards in new scarlets, and the horses in parti-coloured streamers, was becoming one of the most popular sights of the season. The Driving and the Whip Clubs were not then in being. The landlord of the Black Dog, at Bedfont, had no visions for himself or his successors, of eleven teams of bays at his door, with Mr. Villebois, Mr. John Warde, and Sir Thomas Mostyn on the box. The Buxton bit, and the Hawke head territ still slumbered in the brains of their inventors, and the wildest dreams of the future "Baron Stultz,"—who gained Beau Brummell's love by putting a 100*l.*-note into each of his dress-coat pockets, and destroyed 'Schweizer's and Dawson's monopoly by the two hussar-jackets which he begged to make as a favour for "The Seventh," in Lord Anglesey's time,—did not as yet compass that double-breasted drab driving coat, with three tiers of pockets, and Spanish five-dollar pieces for buttons, in which Sir Godfrey Webster found no

followers. Sir Henry Peyton had not brought four greys, or Squire Annesley four strawberry roans with "Harlequin" as off-leader, into fashion; and a really crack team seldom showed at Ascot, except each horse was of a different colour.

Ascot Qualification Tickets.

Nothing pleased "Farmer George" so much as to find that there was a good entry for his four-mile Hunter Plate. His Majesty on his white horse, which did duty long before Hob was foaled, never missed the Windsor Forest Meet, on Holyrood Day (September 26th): and until the melancholy twilight of his powers stole on, he cared quite as much to calculate how many of the horses were about to try for their ten qualification tickets, as to look at his hounds and men. Owners or grooms might ride them, but it was a *sine quâ non* that the Royal Huntsman should see them, both at the uncarting and the take of the deer. It made no matter how forward they might be during the run, if both those cardinal rules were not complied with. If three horses succeeded in winning their tickets at the end of a severe chase, it was thought to be a good day's work; but in an ordinary run, very few failed, and Mr. Davis has granted one, as an especial honour, to a lad on a pony.

Doncaster Moor to wit.

The early history of the Ascot of the North has been told so often, that there is no need for us to go back to the 5*l.* 5*s.*, which was voted by its corporate body in 1681, for five years, to encourage the sport on their Town Moor. The return list began in 1728; and the meetings were held in July, and after shifting all over the summer months, they finally settled down into September, about 1750. Eight-and-twenty years after, the uncle of "Handsome Jack St. Leger" gave his name to the race, and so the ball has been kept rolling to the present day. In 1794 the light skirmishes between the mayor and the gamblers began, but His Worship won, and like another Lord Elgin, at Pekin, burnt the E O tables in

front of the Mansion House. Less martial mayors succeeded, and in 1825 another civic sally had to be made, or the very mace and meat-jack would have been in danger. The skulking which that defeat entailed upon the E Oites exasperated them to such an extent, that they joined forces with the thimble-riggers, and on Monday, September 14th, 1829, was fought that sixteenth "decisive battle of the world," on Doncaster Moor, between the "Confederates," with legs of tables on the one side, and His Worship, with mounted constabulary, militia, yeomanry, volunteers, and a *posse comitatus* on the other, which eventuated in a series of exciting chases and prodigies of private valour, whose recital still furnishes many of the older inhabitants with an annually lengthening story over their wine and walnuts.

The Bibury Club was also in great force each June, with Lord Sackville, the Hon. George Germaine, Delmè Radcliffe, Ferdinando Bullock, and "Splitpost Douglas" (an undying name conferred on him by the Prince Regent himself) at the head of its silks. It was there, too, that John Scott, when quite a little Oxford lad, had his first glimpse of Sir Tatton in the saddle. The Prince Regent seldom failed to show, and never passed the gate of Christ Church without calling upon his old tutor, Dr. Cyril Jackson. On one occasion he presented himself in his full Club uniform of green coat, buckskins, and top-boots. The Dean was as cordial as ever, but he felt, that in those cloistered precincts, discipline must be maintained even with The Heir Apparent. His stately hint at parting was on this wise:—"*Now, remember I'm always glad to see you, except when you're dressed for Bibury, and then I don't know that Your Royal Highness exists.*" Racing was a different matter, but the Dean did not in his heart object to hunting, and rather held the belief that a few fast men were not without

The Prince Regent at Bibury.

Dr. Cyril Jackson on Bibury and Hunting.

their use to the hard readers in a large college, by giving them something to talk about. In fact, with rare and beautiful candour, he went so far as to say to Lord Foley, at the beginning of an October term: "*Well, you've come back amongst us, my lord; I suppose you've brought your red rag with you.*" Hence under his dynasty, and before the Duke of Bedford's political "crops" became legion, or the Duke of Rutland's raven wig was voted the best scratch in New Bond Street, those who wanted a gallop with Lord Sefton could do the thing correctly, and have their pigtails powdered for the field, after morning chapel, in peace.

Dean Milner's Interview with Mendoza.

Dean Milner, the President of Queen's, had also rather scandalized the Cambridge dons at this period, by the report that he had, on crossing over in the packet boat from Hull to Barton, been observed by curious eyes to make his way towards Mendoza, and enter, with his wonted energy, into a long conversation on boxing with him. However, he would brook no admonition on the point, and curtly replied to his questionists: "*Ah! I knew he was at the head of his profession, and I wanted to get something out of him.*" Mendoza's conqueror, Humphreys, had (as Tom Cribb did afterwards) retired into the coal line, near the Temple, and Mendoza, after joining a party of "The Fancy" at the Lyceum, had accepted office as a sutler in the Notts Militia. The regiment was then (1798) encamped on Dorlington Heights, and "Jack Musters," who was considered, when blue coats and leathers came in, to divide with Brummell the honour of being the best dressed man on town, was helping, as ensign, to keep the coast from Bridlington to Spurn Point.

Sir Tatton Sykes and his Sheep Tastes.

When the Dean and the Professor held their discussion, Sir Tatton Sykes was a young banker in Hull, and employing

his intervals of business between the camp and his Leicesters. Seven years before, Barton Ferry had been a memorable spot to him in connexion with his first purchase of ewes. He had been smitten at twenty-one with a desire to have some pure Bakewells from the late Mr. Sanday's flock; and after selecting half-a-score at twenty guineas apiece, he met them afterwards at Lincoln, where they arrived from Holmpierrepont by waggon, and drove them home in person, a three days' journey, to Barton. He soon became a ram-letter, and September, 1861, was the fifty-eighth anniversary of his show; and until he was upwards of eighty, he never missed his annual June ride into the Midlands, to Burgess's, Buckley's, and Stone's. This love of Leicesters has always fought hard for supremacy with thoroughbreds at Sledmere. It peeped out in the naming of the bay colt, "Holmpierrepont," on which Sim Templeman in his seven-stone days was beaten in a canter, at York, by the dam of Charles XII.; and a somewhat expensive complication arose because of it at Catterick. Mr. Baker, of Elemore, in his chagrin at being defeated for a Hunter's Stake, construed Sir Tatton's gallant wave of his whip to the ladies on the Stand, into an expression of triumph over himself, and accordingly made matters so hot for him at Mr. Robert Collings's sheep sale, that he had to pay 156 guineas for the shearling Ajax.

A Little Difficulty with Mr. Baker of Elemore.

His Early Days in London.

The forty miles behind his ewes from Lincoln was as nothing in Sir Tatton's eyes, as he had walked from London to Epsom and back to see Eager's Derby in '91, starting at four on that June Thursday, and landing back at Lamb's Conduit-street about eleven at night. Next year he rode down to see Buckle win it on John Bull, and he never went to Epsom afterwards. He had first looked on London as a Westminster boy, with his brothers

Mark and Christopher; and it was a cherished recollection with the three, that after often lingering for that purpose at their tailor's, in Bolt Court, they once caught a glimpse of Dr. Johnson, as he handed a visitor to her carriage. In Sir Tatton's case, a probation with Messrs. Farrar and Atkinson, the solicitors of Lincoln's Inn Fields, followed hard upon Westminster and Brasenose. Edwin as Jemmy Jumps, Ranelagh, or the rope-dancing at Sadler's Wells, where a pint of punch, "and very good punch too," was dispensed to every box visitor, after the third act, might be the evening's amusement, but the young clerk had no easy time of it by day. When he was not indirectly fostering his future Holmpierrepont tastes among the sheep-skins in the office, he was dutifully bearing the green bag after Mr. Farrar to Westminster Hall, or to consultations at chambers, in one of which Erskine and the two Scotts were engaged. Holroyd was then great as a special pleader, Kenyon and Buller were on the Bench, and Thurlow's tenure of the Great Seal was rapidly waning to its close.

His Probation in Lincoln's Inn.

Hullock and Bayley were still hard working stuffs, but Sir Tatton met them both in their ermine, when it became his turn to put four bays into the "Chameleon carriage," at York Assizes. That wonderful county conveyance was popularly supposed to have heard some of "The Squire's" best hunting stories, as he conveyed his learned charges and his chaplain to and from the Castle, and to have been the scene of that inward resolve to challenge Clinker four miles over Leicestershire with Clasher, which he reduced into his own queer manuscript before he had been ten minutes in court. It is also in the recollection of some of its annual masters, how at the magistrates' dinners, Baron Hullock invariably proved himself fonder of two bottles than one, and quizzed "my Brother Bayley,"

Humours of the Yorkshire Shrievalties.

whenever he lighted by mistake on his special bottle of toast-and-water; and how strict the latter was with Sir Tatton and every other High Sheriff about conducting him home to his lodgings after a late sitting, lest, as he was wont to phrase it, "there should be an assassin behind the door."

While these stories were current of the Puisnes, Lord Thurlow earned no mean fame in the eyes of Sir Tatton and the Holderness men by his conduct in the little affair of Spaxton Vicarage. The Chancellor had sworn up to his usual mark, when a young clergyman (Mr. Jaques) encountered him on the sands at Scarborough, and asked him, without the smallest introduction and with a very slight preface, for the then vacant living. "*But I wont go about my business,*" rejoined the intrepid divine, "*and what's more, it now becomes my duty, as a clergyman, to reprove you for swearing.*" The man of the awful eyebrows was fairly brought to his bearings, at last. "*Will you, indeed?*" he began; but "*hang it, I see you're a —— good fellow—you shall have it,*" was the rest of the sentence, and the Chancellor shook hands over it and kept his word.

A Word with Lord Thurlow.

But we must glance off from these woolsack recollections to the saddle, and the "orange body, blue sleeves, and cap" of Sledmere, in which the then Mr. Tatton Sykes won his maiden race, on his brother's Sir Pertinax, at Beverley. "Bob Lascelles," of Thirsk, was second, and Sir Henry Boynton, Mr. Burton, and "Hamlet Thompson's" father were in the ruck. Sir Tatton had on that occasion to ride 13st., but eleven was his regular racing weight, and he scaled ten-and-a-half over Morpeth, at a pinch. No one ever loved a mount better, and he rode until he was above sixty for any one who asked him, without a thought about fatigue or distance. On one occasion, after riding 63 miles from Sledmere that morning he was second to Mr.

Sir Tatton's Race-riding.

Lindow (half-brother to Mr. Rawlinson, the owner of Coronation), in the four-mile Macaroni Stakes, at Pontefract, slept at Doncaster that night, and was beaten in another four-mile heat race against "Split-post Douglas," at Lincoln next day. Twice over he journeyed from Sledmere to Aberdeen, with his racing jacket under his waistcoat, and a clean shirt and a razor in his pocket, for the sake of a mount on the Marquis of Huntley's Kutusoff, and Sir David Moncrieff's Harlequin, when the Welter Stakes was the greatest race in Scotland; and without stopping to dine went back to sleep at Brechin that night, and reached Doncaster after a six days' ride, just in time to see Blacklock beat for the St. Leger. Kutusoff, whom he thought to be decidedly the best he was ever on, did not win that bout, but the victory in "the white and black cap" of Sir David, in '22, squared up his Scottish luck. The 360 miles were done, principally in the forenoon, on a little blood mare, and with the exception of a slight stiffness she seemed no worse.

Visits to Doncaster.

Caller Ou's St. Leger was the seventy-sixth Sir Tatton had seen, with only one break, from illness, in Charles XII.'s and Euclid's year; and he lodged for forty years with a cow-keeper in Sheffield Lane, who offered him a bed by accident, when he arrived late one night, and not another roosting place was to be had in the town. When Tom Carter died in 1854, he ceased to ride to Doncaster; but when Tom was at his side, they used to meet at Pocklington, and come through between four and four, and sleep at Booth Ferry on the Cup evening.

His Rides to London.

The first of his rides to London was in 1805, when he sat for his portrait to Sir Thomas Lawrence in the scarlet coat, and black silk breeches, &c., which formed the evening costume of the Castle Howard Hunt. Sir Mark and Lady Sykes, who are also in the group, returned from the easel to

the North with him. It was Christmas week, and his little blood mare required sharping twice a-day, but after spending two evenings with the carriage party at Eaton and Newark, her rider supped with them at York on the third. The ride three-and-forty years after, to Mr. Grant's studio was accomplished quite easily in June, partly on the black horse (by Colwick, from Lord Chesterfield's grey mare, Mad Moll), which with its rider numbered 108 years, when Sir Tatton was last on him at the cover side, and partly on the chestnut Revenge, by Recovery; and a peep at Buckley's and Burgess's beguiled the way.

Death and time combined had wrought a mighty change among the familiar faces of "Sportsman's Hall" between those two visits. Colonel Mellish, who commanded the Prince's crack "German troop," in the Tenth, and whom a few can still remember raising his white hat ironically to his friends in the Grand Stand, as he sat behind his four browns, and saying, "*If Sancho's beat, I hope some of you will take me for a coachman*," had died in his prime. Martin Hawke, of whom it was told that he always clove the air with his hand, whenever he saw a magpie, had failed to avert the omen. Within a year of each other, Sir Charles Turner, who swore by King Fergus, Sir Hedworth Williamson, who twice had good reason to bless his "saucy Arethusa" when the Derby were over, Mr. Wentworth, whose Chance found few save Haphazard to beat him, and Mr. Gascoigne, the great liegeman of the Delpini blood, had been laid under the turf of their hearts, and scarcely a jockey save Sammy King was living, who had begun the century at York or Epsom.

The Old Race of Turfites.

Up to that very visit the Jockey Club authorities had been faithful in practice, as John Scott and nearly all the elder trainers and jockeys are in heart to the Old Derby Course, with its nice gentle rise of three-quarters of a mile, which

The Old Derby Course.

"nearly settled the thing before Tattenham Corner;" and it is somewhat remarkable that Sim Templeman should have won the last Derby and Oaks on Cossack and Miami over it, and opened the new era with another double benefit on Surplice and Cymba.

Early Betting.

Betting had been as tardy in its growth as the American aloe, during the first few years of this eventful interval. Owners were ready enough to put down money for a match, but did not care to speculate deeply about other people's horses. Much of that spirit still lingered which had made Lord Grosvenor offer to match any three out of his stable against the same number of the Duke of Bedford's for ten thousand; but till bookmaking gradually became a profession, getting the odds laid was always a matter of difficulty, and it was told as quite a marvellous thing, that Sir John Shelley should win nine thousand guineas on Phantom's Derby in 1811. Another kind of ring had risen so high in '17, when Molyneux was open to "fight any man born of woman bar Tom Cribb," that the first wits of the day flocked round Incledon at Tom's anniversary Tavern dinner near St. James's Square, to hear Edmund Kean return thanks for the drama and take a second in "*All's well.*" It was in this year, that the two greatest certainties in the North and South came to nought. The first favourite Student was beaten to a standstill at Epsom by his own "valet" Azor, and, like him, the mighty Blacklock was also snapped by the very last horse in the betting at Doncaster. Still, despite these turns for the fielders, the betting was at least forty per cent. below that of the two preceding seasons. Chester seems to have been the one bright exception. Such was the crush and excitement during the heats, that "two ladies fainted and two gentlemen betted over them, two course-clearers were knocked down, and nobody picked them up."

The Certainties of '17.

How they Kept the Course at Epsom.

This difficulty about course-clearing effected an important alteration at Epsom. In the Prince Regent's day, it was the custom for the royal party to leave the Grand Stand, and lunch with Mr. Ladbroke the banker at Hedley, as soon as the Derby was over. The trainers and spectators whiled away this interval between two and four, by dining in the town or the tents; and hence the running for the plates was conducted, like those memorable evening sittings at the Old Bailey, in a very vinous mist. There was not much value received by the authorities after dinner from the Surrey labourers, who got eighteen-pence per diem to "make a waie for the horse-race;" and regard for human life called loudly for reform. The crowd broke in when Gustavus and Reginald "worked together from end to end in the Derby, as if it was run a match." Buckle's horse stared about him as Russborough did in a similar dilemma, and the old man's nerve rather went; while Sam Day, who kept close at his girths, thus graphically describes their journey from Tattenham Corner, "*We wound in and out, for all the world like a dog at a fair.*"

The Year of Gustavus and Augusta.

If Sam's shabby little grey, which was purchased for a pony at Hampton Court, was not worthy of his steersman, Robinson proved to the world next day, that Augusta was one of the soundest and best mares that ever dared to make all her own running and win the Oaks. There was no little disappointment that autumn, when the terms of a match could not be arranged between her and Jack Spigot, on whom Bill Scott had just verified that favourite axiom, which came booming out to the end of his days, whenever turf-scale rogueries were mooted: "*Only give me a good horse, and quicksilver be hanged.*" If Augusta did not measure conclusions with the St. Leger winner, she

defeated Emilius (of whom Robson, whose word was law, declared that there "had been no such horse since the days of John Bull") three years after, in nearly as heavy a match as that between "the hen-speckled Sultan" and Banker; but neither she nor Jack were in the great A.F. race, that First October, for the Grand Duke Michael Cup. Its Royal donor stayed with the Duke of Rutland at the Palace during the races, and saw Sam Day win it for Lord Grosvenor on Michaelmas, with four others not beaten a length.

The Warren Hill Parade.

The afternoon parade on Easter Sunday was looked forward to year after year at Newmarket, as the great Warren Hill prelude to the first Craven meeting of the morrow, and "half Cambridge came over." Trainers who never took kindly to the Robsonian system of having their horses out at four, morning and afternoon, for six months of the year, relaxed their code for that day; and vied with each other in their new lad-liveries. The Jersey and Shelley lot of Tiny Edwards, than whom none knew better when to slip it into them, and when to let well alone, was distinguished as the "brown, and white metal buttons." The Duke of York's, under the command of Frank and Will Butler's father, formed "the drab division;" blue with red waistcoats marked the approach of Lord Foley's; drab with red and white stripes (borrowed from Tom Panton The Squire of Newmarket, for whom Jim Robinson's father trained) of the Brothers Chifney, with the jaunty and wide-awake Will at their side; while the Heath inseparables, Lord Henry Fitzroy and Robson, headed the long Indian file of the Grafton grey-coats and leather-breeches. As time went on those two clerically-dressed figures were seen no more, and Bob Stephenson was in command for the Duke as well as Lord Egremont. Boyce was there on behalf of his good master from Belvoir, John Howe represented the

Sowerby interest, and Cotton that of Lord Verulam; while Cooper was on duty for "Payne and Greville," and sturdy little Pettit for Mr. Stonehewer, whose love of neatness extended to having his boot-soles blacked. Nearly all of that trainer band have passed away, and so has the King's Chair Pond, with the odd practice to which it gave rise, of taking the horses to the troughs to drink, and giving them a final canter "to warm the water."

The Nomination Night at York.

The same afternoon produced nearly as great a Yorkshire parade at Hambleton; but the spirit of racing never glowed more brightly at "Old Ebor," than on the evening of each New Year's Day. The trainers held their nomination dinner, over which John Scott for many years presided, at Sylvester Reed's of the Old Sand Hill Tavern; and all that varied turf artillery of talent which had been laid up in ordinary since Richmond, was brought into action by night-fall at The Star in Stonegate. Lord Kennedy, Mr. Rhodes Milnes, Mr. Milbanke, and Sir William Maxwell could have hardly been happy away; and the Earl of Darlington never failed to drop in and do a smart stroke of business on the St. Leger. When that great problem of the Northern year was about to be solved, the scene was changed to

The Leger Eve at the Salutation.

the front, and the long room of The Salutation. Those who were there to mark the feverish anxiety of the crowd as the loyal phalanx of "Croft's men" bore up for their stable against the dashing assaults of Mr. Gully in his kerseymeres and top-boots—with Crockford and his curious half-grammar, the terrible Justice, and the reckless Ridsdale, to aid him—could never forget it more.

Kirby was waiting for an innings, and, as often as not, scoring badly when he got one; Tommy Swann (who detested betting with a captain who had a patch on his boot, as much as booking the odds on a Sun-

day), and Michael Brunton were doing a safe little game on the quiet, and Crutch Robinson would lean against the outer wall or make his way to the horse-block, and sit there full of his gammon, and yet watching the market with the eye of a glede hawk. He made it his rule of life to "lay agin the Manchester pick." It might be that it was his peculiar mode of upholding the rival dignity of Staley Bridge, but he never swerved from it. To hot favourites he had a deathless dislike, and as he maintained that it was the specialty of the Manchester mind not only to back them, but to run after them, when they came on to the course, he found himself perpetually ministering to its enthusiasm, by laying the odds. "*I may just as weel have thee five pun as anybody else*," was the phrase in which he graciously signified his intentions of operating.

Crutch Robinson's Sayings and Doings.

If anyone said that a horse was dead amiss, or fit to run for a man's life, he never believed it; and he was equally sceptical about their doing such great things in private. "*Nar, nar! thou knawest a great deal aboot it, I dar say*," was his stereotyped reply, when he heard of those marvellous trials, which are so rife before the Derby; and then came his inevitable proposal, "*I'll bet thee five pun; I may as weel have my expenses, &c.*" This antipathy to favourites was so rooted, that if anything was backed against the field for a large stake, he would invariably stand the latter for five hundred. He seldom drank anything himself, but when he was fairly ensconced of an evening in the Black Bear at Newmarket, he was far from happy if Joe Rogers, who was always staunch to his friends and spaniel, Sam Darling, and a few more of them, did not look in to "pull up the score." His jockeys were not much troubled with orders from him beyond, "*Ride as thoo likest, only mind and win.*" Of all his racehorses he loved best to discourse of Stockport, and he ought to have known his form to an ounce, as he

never wearied of trying him on Delamere Forest. His Liverpool was also a favourite theme, but when he boasted about selling him for seventeen hundred, he always wound up the recital with some dark grievance of "*thirteen pun for the togs.*"

Michael Brunton.

Any one who conversed with Michael Brunton about horses, was sure to hear of Atalanta. "*Bless you,*" he was wont to say, when they pressed him with modern cracks, "*old Atalanta would have snuffed them up her nose.*" Physician was always his delight, more especially for his delicate step, which "wouldn't crush an egg." His betting creed was concise, and based mainly on the principle, that "none are so good to bet with as trainers; if there are twenty of them in a race they've all got a good horse." He never took less than 3 to 1, or laid more than 5 to 2, and if he lost, he watched night and day for his man till he paid him. No one lost with better grace, and "*Bubbled again!*" was his only ebullition.

The Old School of Yorkshire Trainers—Thuytes.

The trainers in drab breeches and gaiters of the period were strictly in keeping with these old-fashioned odd-dealers. Thuytes of Middleham was quite a character among them, and hailed for a time from Tupgill. It was there that he first enunciated to a friend his great theory of Perpetual Motion. "By the Godlins, I can find out how to save a horse's legs, and mak him run for ever:—tak a feed of corn off a day." He was one of the first Northern trainers who adopted long tails, and he did it on the ground that "horses came into the world with them, and didn't want besom stumps." He thought a good deal on this subject, and highly approved of the old horse-dealer, who, to all seeming, seldom cared to do more than pass his hand down to the dock. If it was a strong one, he took the backbone for granted, "only a continuation of it,—Maister."

His Views on Tails and Training.

Mark Plews.

Mark Plews was a mixture of a blacksmith and a farmer, and if there was a Richmond horse in the St. Leger, he invariably stood it. When Vingt-un from Belle Isle was all the rage, Mark and his wife got on without telling each other, one to win 25*l.* for himself, and the other 4*l.* in partnership with Mrs. Pierse. These daring ventures got bruited about, and hence when the town express, which was managed on state occasions by sending horses on to Ferrybridge the day before, arrived at midnight with the news of the defeat, one of the large party which sat up for it, could think of no other consolation than hoaxing "Old Mark." The window was not far from the ground, and the delegate was enabled to report, word for word, the matrimonial colloquy which followed the shout of "*Vingt-un's won.*" Mark was furious when the truth came out in the morning, and threatened in vain to walk all over Yorkshire, if he could only discover the owner of the voice.

His Interview with the Marquis of Queensberry.

He always delivered his mind about man or horse, without fear or favour; and was looked upon by some as no mean authority. When the Marquis of Queensberry, whose waist was quite as capacious as his own, requested him to come and give him his confidential opinion of Caledonian's chance for the Leger, he mounted his spectacles and took a protracted survey. His rainbow neck he dismissed in silence, and then he broke out with, "*He wants what you and me has gitten, my Lord —hinder ribs, hinder ribs;*" and in went his spectacles to their case once more.

John Smith.

The Marquis had John Smith for his trainer both in Scotland and at Middleham, and then he went to the Duke of Cleveland at Raby. In all these wanderings, his heart still turned to the Streatlam of his younger days (where he first wooed and won his Peggy, who was housekeeper at

the Castle), and the lot he trained for Lord Strathmore. If a friend came to see him, as soon as "only some thin ribs of mutton and a *crate* pie," which is, being interpreted, a most excellent dinner, was over, his first toast was to that master's memory. "*He was the best master*," he used to say, "*that I ever served; he made me a Tory.*" Still his loyalty to his dead Lord was quite equalled by that which one of his own Middleham stable lads showed towards himself. As he was setting out with his horses for Lancaster, he suddenly recollected that he had left his hair-brush, and sent Jem Alderson, *alias* "Botty"* (who was under-valet at the time to Cartwright, *alias* "Harrogate,") in immediate search of it. "Botty" began doing up his mare, and for a time quite forgot his commission; and then snatching the brush out of the dressing-case rushed wildly after the lot on the road to Kettlewell, which was the first stage. The horses were nearly done up for the night, when one of the lads ran to tell his master that they had caught a glimpse of "Botty," running in his shirt-sleeves, and without his cap, and brought him out of the inn with a rush, under the firm impression that some disaster had happened at home. "*Please sir, I've brought you your hair-brush*," said the gasping lad; but "*Get into the stable, and don't let any one see that I've such a fool about me*," was his only welcome. However, Smith gave him the fullest credit in his heart, and had him conveyed the eighteen miles back in a miller's wagon, which happened to be passing. Such perseverance was certain to succeed, and when "Botty" became too heavy and had saved a good deal of money from presents, he became groom to Mr. Christy, the great hat-maker, and was eventually placed in one of his farms.

Smith was severe with his lads, but he always

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* In the Yorkshire dialect, "above himself."

hedged by saying during the ash-plant process, "*Thou'lt come to me in ten years' time, and thank me on thy knees for saving thee from the gallows.*" "Only cruel to be kind" had never a finer exemplification. His "poor Peggy" was a rare helpmate, but she still sighed for Middleham (where their charity and kindness will long be remembered), during her Raby sojourn. "Anything that comes from Middleham must be fed at all ends," was her spouse's invariable remark, when he found her giving an apple out of the window to Maria, the dam of Euclid and Theon, or any of her especials, which would regularly stop to claim it on their way from exercise; and he lived under a moral conviction, that "poor Peggy and Maria betwixt them will break all the glass about the place." The wish of the former to return to Middleham was fulfilled, and she and her John died at their house directly opposite "Croft's old stables," from whence the four first horses for the St. Leger, and three of them Comuses, set out for Doncaster in Theodore's year, and had their deeds recorded on their trainer's marble.

Mrs. Smith's Love for Middleham.

Tommy Sykes was a great advocate for long steady work on Langton Wold, and he could have stayed any distance over cards. He was of grim aspect, and most rigidly orthodox in his silence during the game, except when he felt it salutary to say to his partner, "*Thoo mak's a very poor tew of it.*" A Malton landlady, who knew his *forte*, implored him to counsel and shield her husband, when he had got up a little card party on the sly. "*Do go up, Mr. Sykes,*" she said, "*and see after my poor Jacky; I fear he's only got among a baddish lot.*" A very few minutes satisfied Tommy how matters stood, and he was shortly enabled to descend with a clear conscience, and beg the anxious wife "*not to trouble yourself, for Jacky's the biggest rogue amongst them.*"

Old Sykes and his Card Inspection.

Billy Pierse.

Billy Pierse had a wife who looked still more wisely after his interests, and made the most admirable Clary wine. It was, in fact, quite a moot point with him, whether he did not prefer it to that pipe of port which Sir William Gerard sent him when he won the Oaks on his Oriana, and which, with another from the same hand, lasted him his life. His belief that "If I ever saved a shilling, my wife saved sixpence," was fully verified after his death, as his son Tom succeeded to a stable full of horses, with six hunded bushels in the corn chamber, and no debts. For three years he had no luck at Belle Isle, and was about to migrate to Hambleton, when his wife entreated him to stay "just one year more," and then came their harvest home. Mr. Kay, the banker, who used occasionally to invest a fiver on his advice, admired his character so much, that he was always believed to be the invisible friend, who presented him with the place. Billy was never known to quarrel with any one in Richmond, and he was so popular with the little freehold owners round there, that by way of homage they used to lead manure on to his land, and top-dress it without leave.

Mrs. Pierse took a large share in the management of the stable, and her husband always said that she had the quickest eye of the two for finding out if a horse was lame. She was, in short, the exact counterpart in the North, of Grandmother Day, with her walking-stick and black crunch bonnet, in the South.

Mrs. Pierse's Training Tact.

Morning after morning, she would stand at the door, with her hands behind her, marking each horse as it left the yard; and if there came, "*I say, turn him back, mun, that horse is leame, I see,*" in the broad dialect of Yorkshire, there could be no mistake about it. In domestic matters, Billy never interfered, except, firstly by enforcing a goose every Sunday during the season (which he never thoroughly believed in, "except my wife roasts it")

and secondly by always buying and spreading out triumphantly on the dresser, when it arrived, just twice as much meat as was wanted whenever, purse in hand, he had chosen to sally forth to market. On this one point he was so proof to the last against all experience, that the poor people who shared the overplus began to think that his good soul of a wife secretly backed him in the habit. She was always her own almoner, and her plain useful education and sound sense made them quite a pattern couple.

The excessive shortness of his legs rather spoilt her Billy's seat on horseback, and he could not always use them to advantage when he was wasting. Jacques and Ben Smith walked with him once from Lancaster to Ashton Hall, on the morning of the races, but they were obliged to leave him behind at last on the road side, and he returned rather crestfallen in a cart. Riding and training had taught him the great general rule, which he scarcely ever found to fail him—"If a two-year-old wins by half-a-neck, or even a length, with difficulty, depend upon it the whole squad's bad." As a powerful finisher and judge of pace, especially when he was on Haphazard, he stood in the first rank, and although he was such a one to dodge the lads, and knee their elders, when he had a chance, he was looked up to as quite a Lyndhurst in the profession. Mr. Tomline, the judge at Richmond, used often to tell how deftly he stopped a quarrel between Field and Mangles, who had ridden a very punishing finish, and got to high words about the issue. Trotting back past the chair to weigh in, he called out, "*How far did I win, Mr. Tomline?*" "*You, Mr. Pierse? why you were beaten three lengths*," was the response; and even the belligerents could not help laughing when they saw Billy's polite bow, and heard his dry rejoinder, "*Thank you, sir; that alters the case materially.*"

His Test of Two-year-old Form.

Tact in Stopping a Quarrel.

His whole book reading was confined to the Bible and Smith's Wealth of Nations. It was calculated that he had gone through each of them about thirty times, and they were his joy and solace to the last.

His Studies in Political Economy.

With his arms folded on the table he would study Political Economy sternly for hours together. Although he gained largely by always paying ready money, he did not scruple, as we have seen in meat matters, to openly violate all the most cherished doctrines of supply and demand; but, armed with arguments at every point, he would occasionally open his mind to Sir Tatton, even when they were both dressed to ride, on the influx of bullion and the medium of exchange, subjects which threatened at times quite to weigh him down. Why John Day should be the only "Honest" man in the world also puzzled him as sorely, as he did his own friends with the question, whether, in a commercial point of view, "the French will ever get us on to all-fours?" and he carried out his principle of selling in the dearest and buying in the cheapest market, by giving a few of the cordmen in Manchester an occasional stable tip, and carrying back as many yards of corduroy as breeched his stable lads for the year.

The Borodino Tip in the Bedroom.

Mr. Joliff was the repository of one of his most cherished secrets. Billy went over to dine and sleep at his house, and after a very pleasant evening was ended, his host heard unmistakeable signals of distress in one of the guest-chambers. On entering, he found a little bareheaded figure, in a long nightgown, which turned out to be Billy, pacing about the room, quite on the fret, because "my wife has forgotten to put up my nightcap, Mr. Joliff, and I can't sleep without one." He was soon fitted with a substitute, and his peace of mind was restored. "*These are very high beds of yours, Mr. Joliff,*" he observed, "*I can't get in, do*

give me a leg up." This was also done with as much solemnity as if the St. Leger bell was ringing. Billy was tucked in, and felt at once warm and grateful. "*Mr. Joliff,*" said he, "*you've been very kind and neighbourly to me to-day, Mr. Joliff—I wish to make some return—it goes no further—Borodino's a race-horse—Good night, Sir!*"

He never betted, and hated to hear of either trainers or jockeys doing much that way; and his last mount was on Sir Walter, at Richmond, in 1819, for Col. Cradock, who thought very highly of him, and in later years always had him as his carriage companion to Doncaster and back. One of the most striking pictures of him is that in which he and Tom are looking at the Shuttle mare, with Simon at her foot. She was originally given to Billy by Sir William Gerard, after she broke her fetlock, and she nearly equalled the fame of Pratt of Askrigg's Squirt mare (twelve of whose seventeen foals turned out well), by throwing nineteen, with Swiss amongst them. Simon proved himself in a rough gallop, as a yearling, to be nearly as good as the three-year-old Canteen, from the Greystone In; but he died very soon afterwards from rupture of the heart.

Old Forth.

Old Forth was another of those trainer-jockeys, of which Yorkshire has been pretty prolific, but he became so naturalized at Mitchell Grove, that the Southrons seemed to claim him. To the last he kept his "Frederick weight," and rode in trials with the same fine patience and tact. He loved to come through with the old one, and considered that "two year olds would do much greater things with each other than threes." Frederick, Little Wonder, and Merry Monarch were all trained by him, and through them he framed the rule, that "if you try a two-year-old a reeker for a quarter-of-a-mile at even weights with a Derby winner, and the young un cannot win, depend upon it he's not worth backing

for Epsom." The Goodwood Cup was the race he loved best, and he was sure, that "if a horse wins that really well trained, it is all up with him for the Leger." Even for it or anything else, he would never try more than a mile and a quarter, and if they could get that distance well, he was "quite ready to take the rest on credit." Buckle and Jim Robinson were his jockey idols, and he used to say that he would gladly have given 500*l.* a-year to have the first call of "Old Frank." He delighted to dwell on those finishes in which Buckle brought his horse with such energy on the post, "that the very plates flew into the air."

Buckle, Robinson, and Chifney.

John Day's decided opinion about "Old Frank" was, that if you threw him up in the air in any part of the country, he would be certain to fall on a horse at the post, all ready to begin. His courage was quite on a par with the bull-dog's, which never left his heels; and when a man nearly twice his weight annoyed him at The Star, it took five or six to choke him off again. His weakest point was his judgment in a trial and on horses generally; and it was calculated that he must have lost hundreds of pounds by bad hack bargains alone. Still, take *him* for all in all, Jim Robinson, with his short heads on the post, and Sam Chifney with his mighty rushes, we cannot wonder that the old school of Turfites dwell very fondly on the past, and declare that it was "quite worth all the meeting's expenses to see those three ride." As for Sam, they said that it was equal to a tenner, just to watch him canter an awkward horse. "*Of Newmarket*" may well be the solitary and stately comment on his head-stone at Hove; but still our senior jockeys generally acknowledge, and none more cordially than John and Alfred Day, that Jim was "the schoolmaster" from whom they formed their style.

Old Chifney rode so long, that he hardly seemed

to rise in his saddle, and his son as well as Tom Goodisson carried the practice to an extreme. Tom suffered from it two or three times on the Heath, and more especially when Grandfather Day, who was two-and-twenty stone, and always the boy for a lark, caught him upon the road after Exeter races, and gammoned him to put on his cap and jacket, fasten his hack to the gigshafts, and ride it as leader for him into Devonport. The crowd, which rolled up like a snowball to see the great sight, frightened the hack by their cheers, and bolting into a shop window, it landed Tom headforemost among a pile of shawls. He rode no more leaders to the day of his death, and never at any period of his life did he look like a jockey, although he was a very good and fortunate one. There was no absence of mind in the saddle; but if he asked a friend to dine, it was just as likely as not that he would take up a little thumb-piece, walk round the table chewing it in silence, and depart to a glass and a pipe elsewhere for the remainder of the evening. Owing to his height, Wheatley had much difficulty in wasting, and although he won the Derby on Prince Leopold and Spaniel, and was entrusted with Velocipede for the St. Leger, the impression left on posterity was, that he had great splay feet, and would always stick them out. Copperbottom was the first horse that Clift looked after, when he went into the Marquis of Rockingham's stables, under Kit Skaife, and the name well foreshadowed the future riding and walking powers of the lad. He was forty-four when he received the Fitzwilliam green jacket, and he held it till he could ride no more, and Harry Edwards succeeded him. Once only did he win the St. Leger, and then it was snatched not out of the fire, but the ditch, into which he and Paulina were driven. The lodge on the north side of Wentworth Park still retains his name, and if no jockey can say *ditto* to his winning the Derby in a

Grandfather Day and Tom Goodisson.

Wheatley and Clift.

trot, they are equally unable to boast that they ever judged at Ashdown.

Bill Arnull on Money Matters.

Bill Arnull infinitely preferred cock-fighting to coursing, and saving money to both. His friends used to tell him that he would go without victuals for a month, if he saw his way to a sovereign. This feeling grew upon him after he lost an action at Cambridge, and for years, as he reflected on those painful costs and damages, he would remark "I've never swallowed that four hundred yet." To realize when you can was his prevailing idea, and "I'd put my horse in Button Park," was the mode in which he conveyed it. Robinson could always outride him; but he had a high saddle repute, and quite a mania for winning both in public and private. Hence he would stop the pace so cleverly on the trial horse, that he could invariably win on him, and then blame the lads for not getting theirs out. The thing happened so often, that the Exeter stable at last put some one else up to come right away. He was very gouty, and a wretched walker in consequence, and it was curious to see him get off "his great grey like a giraffe," and helped with a straight leg on to the horse he had to steer.

William Edwards.

William Edwards (who won his maiden race over Newmarket, in 1800), is the Southern Nestor among jockeys; and he and Sir Tatton had all the wins to themselves on the last day of Doncaster, four years later, one with Gratitude and Lady Brough, and the other with his brother's Sir Pertinax. What Will most grudged losing was the Doncaster Cup, which was then nearly a four-mile race, on Lord Fitzwilliam's Orville. He was a mere feather at the time, and he begged hard for a curb-bridle; but the trainer knew his colt to be such a slug that he only said "*the farther he runs away the more he'll beat them.*"

Plot to make Orville run away.

Jackson on Alonzo and Shepherd on Sir Solomon thought very

differently, and decided, in a hasty council of war, that it was their bounden duty to make the Leger winner run away. Accordingly they got the lad between them, and one, by sly taps of the whip, and the other by sundry toe administrations, waked up his colt most effectually for him. It was in vain for him to shout when he saw *their* game, "*I'll tell the Jockey Club of you;*" and Jackson finished up the matter, by kneeing him on to the rails. Three hundred guineas was Mr. Watt's present to George Edwards for winning the One Thousand on Cara, and that daring horseman well deserved such a sweetener. His brother Harry had still more power, and fairly drove his horse before him, sitting back in his set-to like Robinson, and spurring in front of the girths. No man got himself up better, and when he and Sam Darling were side by side, the one might be seen turning up his cuffs for the fray, and the other pulling down his ruffles.

John Jackson.

Although Jackson was only one Leger short of Bill Scott, and had for many years the finest practice in the North, he just lacked Bill's dash, and with a first-class rider he would get into difficulties at the finish. John Shepherd was a splendid judge of pace, and very fond, as a young man, of coming to meetings in a chaise and pair, when others were glad to hack it. Some of his finest races were won on Sir Solomon, whose power of making his own play in a four-mile race was as remarkable as his rider's seat. Shepherd held himself so bolt upright, that there was quite a hollow in the middle of his back, and he kept his foot straight out before him, to the point of the horse's shoulder. Ben Smith's patience and loyalty were nobly conspicuous, when he refused to dismount from the Duke of Hamilton's Ironsides, after a horse had broken his leg with a kick, and he won the race as he deserved. It was a deed worthy of the good,

Ben Smith.

simple-hearted creature, and the connexion with the stable was only ended by the Duke's death. Two St. Legers fell to their lot in the course of it, and it is remarkable that the two he won for Mr. Gascoigne, resulted from the only mounts that gentleman ever gave him.

Malaprop Sayings of Ben.

His Malapropisms formed a fund of amusement to the county, and were duly repeated as "Ben's last." When, however, it transpired that he had gone forth to commune with Nature at Studley, and had spoken on his return to Middleham, of "fine ravenues and turpentine walks," Yorkshire shook her head, and wouldn't have it. There was plenty of the genuine article without drawing on fancy. An affidavit could have been sworn, if necessary, that on more than one occasion he had observed to an owner, "*I should say, Sir, that horse of yours is fifteen four or five.*" "*If you'll only buy that horse, Sir,*" he remarked to another, "*I'll warrant he'll win all the Maiden Plates in Scotland.*" His only comment on three Sir Peters, which Mr. Baillie of Mellerstein showed him, was to the effect: "*I'll lay, Sir, thou maans them to be in the rear;*" and he used his favourite adjuration, "*By the Lord Harry, that's a fine colt,*" to such an extent, when Mr. Henry Peirse of Bedale invited him to a similar inspection, that his host might well ask rather tartly after his departure, "What on earth did the fellow mean '*Harrying*' me every minute?" With all his quiet ways, he did a little of the kneeing business occasionally; but when he began it with Jackson, there came the fierce North Riding challenge: "*By thee heart, my lad, thoo's trying it on. I'll gie it thee,*" and at it they both went, and after fairly cutting each other's jackets off their backs, returned to scale in peace.

Early Humours of Bob Johnson.

Bob Johnson was an equally good-hearted fellow, though much rougher in his speech, full of activity and a quick

starter, but in far too great a hurry to get home. He was born at Sunderland, and was apprenticed to a quack doctor. This gentleman also did a little in smuggled spirits, and often sent Bob out to his customers, with two tin cases full of gin on his shoulders. On one of his journeys, he met the Lambton hounds, and his pony becoming excited by the cry, and the flapping of the empty cases, carried him with a tremendous cannon against Sir Hedworth Williamson, who was at first disposed to be very angry. However, the lad's enthusiasm under difficulties disarmed the baronet, and he often told the story when Bob had become famous. The budding apothecary soon deserted the herb and spirit business, and after a probation at Ellerker's of Hart's, he become a lightweight at Croft's. Ottrington, who, as he elegantly remarked, "had tired like muck," in all his other races, was the first St. Leger winner he rode. His orders were to watch Manuella, and when he found his horse living on, and the Oaks mare sinking, he irreverently exclaimed as he swept past the old Richmond jock, "*Hoo do ye like me, Mr. Pierse?*" Well might Billy say afterwards, in his anguish, that "for cheek that Bob Johnson beats them all."

First Mount on General Chassé.

His first connexion with General Chassé was brought about rather oddly. Sir James Boswell came to see his string, which were at Ashgill for a short time, and consulted with Fobert, as to whom he should get to ride the chestnut, in his maiden race at Liverpool. "*Yonder's Robert Johnson breaking sticks, Sir James; he's nearly as good as any of them,*" said Fobert, pointing in the direction of Tupgill, where the ever-busy Robert then resided; "*he's just the man for him.*" "*In course I can ride him,*" said Bob, when he had been waved up; "*we've nought in, have we, Mr. Fobert?*" This question was absolutely necessary, as he left everything to his brother-in-

law Watson Lonsdale, and Robert Hill his hea lad.

Even if any one asked him about a pedigree (whic they took care to do pretty often), he gave his in variable answer, "*In course thou knaws, he's by t'au horse, out of t'aud meer.*" However, if he forgot thei pedigrees, or rather never learnt them, he gave a pretty vivid sketch of their capabilities when he had scale in. He had not ridden Chassé in his trial, and di not therefore expect to find him such a lurcher, an Sir James was equally unprepared for his definition o the chestnut, as "*a nice donkey of a divil—donkey tell ther.*" Still, owners felt great confidence in him and if Bill Scott carried off four St. Legers in suc cession, Bob, Mangles, and Ben Smith were the only jockeys who could boast of having won it three years out of four. Relying on this prestige, his friends were wont to consult him at Doncaster as to his chance but they never got much more out of him than "*In course, thoo may back me to be third—likely enough t'aud place—I never get forwarder.*"

His Perpetual Thirds for the St. Leger.

That was true enough after St. Patrick' year. When the Barefoot St. Leger was run twic over, he held that place each time on Comte d'Artois and Emancipation, La Fille Mal Gardée, Bedlamite General Chassé, and Beeswing only riveted the spel Bedlamite suffered severely from that terrible showe which almost washed away horse and man during th first parade that was ever made for the great rac and Bob, who was always up early, and away toward the distance to "try his stirrups," resolutely refuse to accept the umbrella and great coats which wer pressed upon him, and ended, as in General Chassé case, with making his run too soon.

His Fall at Doncaster.

He got an ugly fall over Doncaster c the Nutwith day. Trainers were the allowed to ride on the course when the horses we running, and Tom Dawson, in galloping up from th

distance to encourage the sulky Aristides, ran against him on his pony, and left him lying on his face with the force of the concussion. He picked himself up just in time to hear that Job had beaten the Malton crack, and subsequently informed Tom Dawson of his accident, which, he stuck to it, had been caused by "a great divil with a red coat on a grey meer," and quite fought out the point with Tom, when he explained and apologized.

Colloquies and Correspondence with Mr. Ord.

A perfect Ordiana might be made up of the scenes between him and the lord of Beeswing. They duly decided, after accepting sixpence for the purpose from a facetious friend at Ascot, to "let t'aud meer win first, and get shaved afterwards." Again they were heard to take counsel together about the state of Mr. Ord's betting book. "*I've taken fifteen sovereigns to two, Robert, about the mare*," said that gentleman, most meekly. "*Shall I hedge?*" "*In course, nowt of the sort*," was the prompt answer. "*Stan it out; be a man or a mouse.*" Once when this comical pair were separated, Bob suddenly felt constrained by a sense of duty to communicate stable intelligence; and Will Beresford, who used to tell the story in his best style, was requested to act as his secretary. "*Sir, the meer's weel, I'm weel, we're all weel*," was the result of Bob's dictation, and he declined to furnish any other address than "Ord, Esq., Northumberland." It must, however, be explained that the original draft was much more voluminous, and that Bob had thus remonstrated when it was read over to him: "In course, thou knows, Mr. Beresford, I didn't tell thee to put in '*In course*' all that number of times. Now, I'll gie it ye plain." After this, he felt it more politic to commit his own feelings to paper, and having left Tupgill with a cause of anxiety upon him, he announced his return to convalescence at Liverpool, in these spousal words: "*Peg, all's well; Robert Johnson.*"

The Pilgrim's Rest, at Gosforth.

In his wasting days Bob was an eminent member of that School of Industry, which met during the Newcastle race-mornings in the Servants' Hall at Gosforth. Mr. Brandling liked the custom kept up, and often a muffled troop of Sim, Jacques, Scott, Harry Edwards, Holmes, Garbutt, Cartwright, Lye, Oates, Gray, &c., would be found there about ten o'clock, sipping the warm ale which the butler always had in readiness for them after their three miles' walk from the Grand Stand, and listening, if Bill Scott was not just i' the vein, to Bob Johnson's comments on nags and men. One morning Bob did not get on with his ale, and Mr. Brandling asked him if there was anything else he would like better. "*I don't knaw, Sir*," he said, "*but I should like a bottle of your champeagne.*" It was accordingly brought, and Bob considered that he put his host up to such a good thing for the day while they were drinking it, that he wound up with "*Weel, I think I should like another away with me, Mr. Brandling, to drink your health when I've won.*" His companion protested in vain, but Mr. Brandling was intensely amused, and sided so energetically with Bob, that another was fetched, and duly stuffed into his pocket, and away he went rejoicing, and verified his Gosforth tip by beating Sim cleverly. Jacques turned that Pilgrim's Rest to high account once, as he was in it three times in four-and-twenty hours, and in spite of the butler's request to consider his health, took off about 17lbs. in the time, rather than lose his mount. Two ounces of Epsom salts, a little tea with gin in it, to make him break out freely, a dry biscuit, and a poached egg with vinegar, were all that passed his lips. He excelled as much in wasting as he did in corner-cutting, and if fifteen or sixteen started on a Doncaster morning to Rossington Bridge and back, he and Sim and Jack Holmes would invariably be seen leading up the old elm-avenue at the finish.

Sam Darling, who ceased to ride in 1844, was another of the hard wasters, and seemed to view it merely in the light of a constitutional. His walks in the sweaters alone, for fully twenty-five years, averaged some five hundred miles, as he often went, whether he had weight to get off or not. To the last he could manage eight two with hard pinching on a 4lb. saddle, to which he was peculiarly partial. He quite knocked up John Day junior, who was always a bit of a piper, in a strong twelve mile walk from Newmarket to the Swan at Bottisham and back. John's sweaters got slack, and he was so completely beat that he gave in near the toll-bar. Coach-riding was Sam's aversion, as travelling in that style, especially by night, has an immense tendency to put on weight, although it "comes off like butter." He perhaps never galloped from Manchester to York in an afternoon, as Sim, Gray, and Garbutt once did; but in 1832, one of the best seasons he ever had, he rode in 174 races, and won seventy-three, many of them heats, in all parts of the country. One year after riding in the St. Leger, he borrowed a clever hack from a brother jockey, and catching the coach at Sheffield, won twice at Shrewsbury the next day, and had time to waste as well. His delight was to get a great raking horse to make play with, and in the science of going in front to stop or force a pace, there was no more able practitioner. Sam Darling's Wastes.

The habit of rather closing one eye gave him a very knowing look, and his friend Horsley used to have a joke against him on this head. He had backed a horse with some stranger on the course for two sovereigns, and was asked for the money next day. "*Dash me*," said Sam, opening both his eyes as if he was quite astonished at the request, "*I bet you two sovereigns!*" "*Oh! I beg your pardon, Sir*," said the man, quite submissively, "*The gentleman I bet it with had only one eye—I've made* Mr. Horsley's Story of Sam.

some mistake," and he was moving off to renew the search when Sam called him back and paid. Such was poor Horsley's version of the story, but Sam always said that he made it. Isaac is the horse with which his name is linked, but Major Ormsby Gore's Hesperus, which he also trained, was the luckiest for him. The Gloucestershire Stakes, one of the earliest and most important handicaps, made part and parcel of this horse's thirty-four victories in his hands, and he was beaten in the only race in which Sam did not ride him. Four times over was Sam cheered as the winner of the Chester Cup, and perhaps no one ever rode so many different animals, all by the same horse, as he did when Lord Exeter and Mr. Houldsworth were making such a run upon Sultan.

Winning the St. Leger on Rockingham.

Only one of the three great races, to wit, the St. Leger with Rockingham, fell to his lot, and he never took a mount with less heart. He was engaged, as he considered, by Mr. Watt to ride Belshazzar, and was about to dress for him, when Dick Shepherd called him aside, and said, "*I want thee; thee must ride in the white cap to-day; thee'd win.*" Sam's countenance fell, as he had just put a pony on Belshazzar, but there was no remedy. "*I hee'd win, I tell thee,*" resumed the relentless Dick in a louder key; "*coom and have a glass of sherry for luck, and doan't look so sulky.*" Under these grim blandishments, he very reluctantly gave up the harlequin cap to Nicholson, and saddled the big pheasant-looking son of Humphrey Clinker, whose temper seemed none of the sweetest. The joints of the narrow-looking Belshazzar fairly "snocked" as he walked, and Tommy with his "spurs down-hill" as usual, made all the running with him; but long before they reached the Red House, Sam found out that it was the white cap's day, and got two hundred from Mr. Watt for wearing it.

There were only a few years between John and

Sam Day, and clever as the brothers were, they got regularly picked up in the morning of life, when they went off together to the diversions at Lyndhurst. John had a wonderful little brown pony, with which he expected to clear out the whole lot of Hampshire yokels, and he was so haunted with the fear of her being "got at," that he persuaded Sam, nothing loth for a game of that sort, to get into a crate in the stable, and watch her all the forenoon. Sam's position was one of undoubted peril. He was a tight fit to begin with, and the truss of hay, which the cautious John had piled over him, gradually became so diminished, that at last he was within an ace of having the pitch-fork in his spine. Those who have known him, whether on Mendicant at the Oaks post (where his mare was nearly kicked out of time) or in later years as banker at the Danebury Steward's Stand, will feel assured that he bore up under the dispensation; but when he did rejoin the outer world, it was only to face worse things. The brothers proceeded to the course, but it got buzzed about who they were, and how high they had tried their pony, and no one cared to be beaten. However, a country lad suddenly came forward in an apron and high-lows, and very humbly trusted that John would not take it amiss if "I run my old pony out of a cart there against you." "*Who are you, Sir, may I ask?*" said John, drawing himself up with native dignity; "*put down your ten pounds, and then I'll see about it.*" The money came out so promptly that John rather began to smell a rat, but there was no retreating. John mounted, and the young man mounted with his butcher's apron twisted round his arm, and when the Danebury pony had been beaten some twenty yards, John learnt that he had been matching her against Gulliver, whose fame was in all the West Countrie.

John and Sam Day's First Pony Race.

Sam in the Crate.

Sam had quite his share of winnings in the pony

way, but he had the ill-luck to meet Macdonald on Mat o' the Mint at Sherborne, and to find that Mat's sister was pounds below his form. He also rode at Barnet for the Duke of St. Albans, and then he had six years with Cooper, who trained for the Duke of York at Newmarket, while "Our Jim" was riding exercise at Robson's. His brother John learnt his rudiments from his father, "an out and out fellow," as Hampshire says to this day. Sitting in his low-crowned hat and brown leggings, on his pony Black Jack, and with Lord Palmerston at his side, watching Hougomont at work on Houghton Downs, he was as completely the model of the old John Bull trainer, as his son Sam was of the elegant muscular jockey, when Lord Rivers placed his statuette by the side of Tom Cribb's in his collection of man-models. John was first apprenticed at Newmarket with Smallman, who then trained the Prince Regent's horses. His salary was only ten guineas a-year, and two suits of livery; but he steadily rose the ranks, and when he did get into riding practice, his hack's shoes had scarcely time to cool. With a saddle round his waist, and huge saddle-bags flapping at his side, he might be seen year after year on circuit, and two summers in succession, with Tom Dilly to cheer the way, he rode through the night from Exeter to Southampton, so as to catch a mount at both the meetings.

Grandfather Day.

Perhaps he was greatest as a jockey in his earlier days, when he had not so much training and betting on his mind. Latterly he presumed very much on his own training; and liked to "feel my own condition under me." He was all activity, and very fond of a rush, and no one could handle a hard-pulling or bad-mouthed horse more ably. Touchstone, for instance, he held as if he was in a vice, and unlike Sam Chifney, who abhorred them, he gloried in curb-bridles. Still there was a

John Day as a Jockey.

lack of ease and style about his seat, as well as his son Sam's, whose patience and hands were undeniable. Strange to say, old John never won a Derby, though he made up for it by five Oaks. Some of his pleasantest jockey recollections were his beating Priam and Conolly on Lord Berners's Chapman, and the recital of how he made play, and then stopped his horse for a few strides, and let the crack reach his girths, was given with a solemnity and emphasis befitting a passage out of the Old Fathers. Defeating Buckle for the Riddlesworth was another sunny memory, and so was The Column, which he snatched out of the fire on the Duke of Portland's Amphitrite. "*His Grace*," he would say, "*gave me his own orders; 'John, you make play behind!' and I did. Jim Robinson went on Mixbury; and then he suffered; and I came thirty yards from the post, and I got first run, and he never quite reached me—that was a great victory for me.*" Coldrenick was a rare miler, but he did not deceive him at last, and there was nothing for it but to "bear up for him," and try and save some of the Derby money. John's severe system of training hardly suited a horse of that stamp, as he worked him instead of stopping him, and made matters rather worse than better. Still he wrought wonders in his time, and it would have made half-a-dozen trainers' reputations to have brought Crucifix with such a faulty sinew to the Oaks post, or get Grey Momus through The Port on such doubtful fore-legs.

His Race on Amphitrite.

Never did any one lead a harder life in and out of the saddle. He went to bed quite early, and was never asleep after four in summer, or letting any one else sleep. He took nearly an hour to dress, always tying his white cravat with the most scrupulous care. The horses were all done up again by eight, and then after a slender breakfast of tea and bread and butter, he went wasting for a couple of hours. The wind might be high, and the

His Waste Walk.

rain might pelt, but in that path of duty he defied the elements. A mile walk, which Alfred Day often used, was cut out for him round Sadler's Plantation, and when the March winds whistled keenly round young John's home at Longstock, he too deserted his daily trudge to Tidcomb Bridge or "the Lily Roarer" (*Anglicè* White Lion) at Wherwell, and piped away towards the afternoon in the same sheltered grove. The umbrella, which never left Old John's grasp except for a whip, was not forgotten in his waste walk; and he held it aloft on a wet morning, and swung his arms by turn. He generally began at nine stone ten, but it came off very freely, and at his latest effort in '45 he rode 8st. 11lb. on Wilderness for the Ham Stakes in a 3lb. saddle. His stable lads were kept in the highest state of discipline, and after the two Sunday services, he never failed to assemble them in the dinner-room, and read one of Blair's Discourses. His whip hung up behind him, and with a rush as electric as that on Amphitrite, he had it down from its peg, and across the back of any of the unlucky sleepers.

and Danebury Discipline.

With his round hat, scarlet coat, and massive silver-handled whip (which John Day rigidly preserves as his staff of office) he made up admirably as a clerk of the course at the Stockbridge Meeting. When he had resigned that office and the stables to his son, he never missed coming over to the meetings to shake his old friends by the hand, and we remember how in 1854, he solemnly indorsed John's demand that "my boy William,"—who whipped in for the Four-Year-Old Triennial on the peacocky Pharos, which he had just purchased for twenty-seven guineas at Tattersall's—should pass the post and "not disgrace the family by being distanced." Those were times when Sir John Mills with his four bays and the red-cuff postilions, was seen driving up to Danebury for lunch before the races

Sir John Mills at Stockbridge Races.

began, and then leading the way to the Stand. But the cavalcade did not go straight back to Mottisfont from the Stand, when Aitchbone and Alfred in the "all blue" had won the Champagne Stakes. The postilions nearly pulled down one of the Danebury gate-posts in their zeal to come in at a trot. The old baronet had another cigar and some more champagne, and gave the gout notice to look out for itself; every bit of blue ribbon that the ladies or the lasses could rifle off cap, bonnet, or watch-case, was pressed into the service for streamers and rosettes; and the church bells rung many a merry peal, as they did in after years for Giantess and the Warwickshire Handicap, when Mottisfont heard the news. Old John was in the thick of it, as delighted as any of them, at the success of the lord of the soil, but the meeting of '59 was the last both for him and Isaac Day.

Isaac Day.

"No relation, but the best of friends," was always full of his kidding, and actively proposing during that visit to ride his black cob against a man on foot for a hundred yards. Good cobs were a great point with him, but he was happiest when he had a screw to doctor, and his very highest ambition was to be talked about. "The Vicar" had a remarkable time of it with his patron, before whom he used to stand most reverentially, hat in hand, as if he had been the Archbishop of Northleach. Still he could not make out what game Isaac would be up to next with him, when he once darkly observed on the authority of a late Duke of Grafton, that "no jockey was a jockey unless he could cross country," and that as he (The Vicar) was no longer a young man, it was high time that it should be seen by the world how he could perform in that line. The apparition of all John Osborne's lads, determined to eat out their entrance shilling, was not one whit less startling to the office-bearers at a recent Middleham tea-fight, than the next announcement that Sparta was in training

for the Liverpool, and that he was to ride her. However, to Aintree the trio went, and Isaac had the laugh he yearned for, when he learnt from Tom Oliver, through the medium of an image of which Swift and Addison in their best form never dreamed, that the face of "The Vicar" in the scramble at Becher's Brook reminded him of a man "who had swallowed a wagon-load of monkeys."

Uncle Sam in the Epsom Paddock.

Like his friend Isaac, the celebrated "Uncle Sam" was always a "light 'arted 'oss," and we may say, quite the Sam Weller of the Turf. We hardly ever saw that great steersman of Gustavus, Priam, Pyrrhus, and Mendicant look perfectly grave, except when he was lately leaning on his staff under the hawthorn canopy in the Epsom Paddock, drawing shrewd mental parallels between the past and the present, as twice the eighteen walked round him, and finally delivering judgment that one "was made at a pottery," and another "at six." No man had such a string of accidents, and plucked up under them so wonderfully. He broke nearly every limb he had but the right arm, "skull and jaw included," riding for Dick Goodison, and then one leg was broken twice, once by jumping out of a carriage into a rut at Goodwood, when an omnibus backed into it, and again by slipping up in the Hall at Mr. Ben Way's. His spirits, however, knew no decay; and music soothed his soul. He would have hold of a tin-pipe, when he was on his back after the first accident for nearly nine months, and played a variety of pastoral and martial airs with a taste and brilliancy which astonished the Singleton farmers. They never just knew where they had him on that pipe. At times, he would blow a hurricane, or go as low as a Southern Hound. "He could," as he was wont to observe, "kill a town wasting, and when he was in his golden prime, which, barring his leg, never

Uncle Sam on the Pipe.

seems to leave him, he was not far wrong. For instance, when he was at supper at Robson's, a letter came from Lord Henry Fitzroy, that the Duke of Grafton's mare Loo was to run next day in an A. F. race, and that the money was on. Sam finished his helping, and then mounted the weighing-machine, which made him 8st. 4lbs. without his coat, but he went at it like a Briton, and, with physic and a fourteen-mile walk, got off the 12lbs., and won.

His Lecture on Waste.

The announcement of a lecture by him to the young jockeys and society in general on "My Wasting Days," would have filled Covent Garden thrice over. First he would have treated of liquors on this wise: "*Drink inflates you just like a balloon; champagne and light wines are all rubbish; they only blow a fellow's roof off.*" He would then have tackled the eating part of the business in very different terms: "*No man can work if he can't eat; you can't get light without eating; have a good mutton-chop, that's my style; it gives a tone to the stomach.*" We might then have had a pleasing digression to the days when he was an eleven-six farmer near Reading, and took to the racing-saddle once more, accompanied by a variety of Robson anecdotes; but most assuredly the curtain would have fallen to this great moral tag, "*Depend upon it a man doesn't enjoy the comforts of life unless he knows the wasting part of the business.*"

His London Practice.

The history of his residence in London when he was at that business for the second time, would have been one of his finest "bits." He wanted to draw 8st. 7lbs., and he was two months doing it. Sometimes he showed his ruddy, streaming face among the quiet dwellers at Wimbledon, and departed like a flash, before they could make out his mission, leaving the very wildest surmises in his track. Again, he would be found walking in his woollen attire on Greenwich Hill during Easter, and not only

getting scratched himself, but investing a penny on the spot, running after a large field of girls (who called him "The Mysterious Stranger,") and doing immense execution with his scratcher in return. At all events it was fine fun, and he was not only "*fit to fight a windmill after it,*" but to win the Derby and the Oaks as well.

Early Tuition of John and Bill Scott.

John and Bill Scott began well by being born at Chippenham, near Newmarket, but they were not in the same stable, from the time they left their father, who became the landlord of The Ship at Oxford, till they met in 1814 at Croft's of Middleham. Mr. Scott, sen., who had ridden for Sir Sitwell Sitwell when he had Clinker and Gooseander (the dam of Sailor and Shoveller) in his stable, destined them both for the saddle, and placed John at Bourton under Stevens, and Will at Sadler's of Allworth. Boyce and Tiny Edwards gave them respectively "a Newmarket polish," and John had three-quarters of a year with Franks at Middleham, before he joined Croft, and looked after Sir William Maxwell's grey cup horse, Viscount. Starting for himself he had a few months at Hambleton, where he trained No Go, and when the great match was made between Filho da Puta and Sir Joshua, he was requested by Croft, whose health was very delicate, to undertake the responsible charge of the crack of the North on his Newmarket journey. The training of this fine-tempered, leggy, and near-sighted colt was a very anxious task, and John had not much credit out of it after all. True to the great code of his life, he wanted to run him rather above himself; but when Croft came, he thought he had not done work enough. The Brothers Chifney, who had backed him, and were made Friends in Council, sided with the elder, so he was sent along again, and as John says with a sigh to this day, "*That cooked*

Filho da Puta's Match.

him." John's eye for condition is of a very universal kind, and no one made a more accurate calculation of the time it would require to get them "fit," when the supposed "young Wackford Squeers" and a batch of pupils, rode down with him on the coach from London to Yorkshire. Looking over the Squeers' Lot.

The fame of the match brought shoals of visitors to Filho da Puta's stable, and one of them walked in and made himself so much at home, that the young trainer was quite taken aback, and supposed that he must be a friend of the Maxwell family. However, when the horse was sheeted up again, it struck him that he had been a little too good-natured, and he ventured to ask the stranger if he would favour him with his name. "*My name*," he said, "*with all pleasure—Mr. Hogg from town,—in the silk way*," and with a most magnificent bow and strut he departed. The horse lost some lengths at starting by nearly going on to his head, and Goodisson drove him after that; but the match was the making of John Scott, and it ended in Mr. Houldsworth's buying Filho for 3000 guineas, and taking the young trainer with him to Mansfield. It is worthy of note that on the great match afternoon, Sam Darling, who wore the Houldsworth colours so long and well in Beresford's day, made his Heath *début* on one of Mr. West's horses. The Sporting Bagman.

Bill Scott won the Doncaster and the Richmond Cups on Filho, after running clean out of the course in the latter race. As a sire Filho paid well for a time, and Sherwood, the second for the St. Leger, and Miller of Mansfield, were his principal legacies to the green and gold. His St. Leger was a very remarkable one, from the fact that at the close of the betting, the four first horses were exactly placed. The weight of money which Filho and Dinmont carried was enormous, as Croft had never been more confident, and hence Sir William Performances of Filho.

Maxwell might well thrust his stick for a safety-valve to his feelings, at night, through all the pier-glasses at the Rein Deer, and long in his rapture for more. The

Dispute about his Name.

name of his horse was rather a puzzler to the hardware youths, who had a vague notion that it was Fill the Pewter, and it led to a little difficulty between two of them, who had seen the race from a carriage-wheel. "*Noo Jack, what wil't have for a croon?*" said one; and "*Hang it, man, I'll have Filler,*" was the reply. "*Wil'ter?*" said his mate. "*Dang it, then, I'll have Pewter;*" and anon when the winner's name was shouted, there came such an angry skirmish of "*I'se won; Filler's won. Dang it, thoo's a le'er; Pewter's won, &c.,*" succeeded by a battle royal, that the police had to interfere and explain.

John's Riding.

John had quite given up the saddle before he settled at Mansfield, and as he jocularly used to say, "Bill turned me out of training." His first win was the Freemen's Plate, four mile heats, at 4st. 4lbs. over the Oxford Port Meadows. Wasting never suited him, and after getting from ten stone to 7st. 7lbs. in a very short time, to ride for a Seventy Pound Plate at Lancaster, which he lost by a neck, and half killing himself by the effort, he was glad to let it alone. His last appearance was in a private trial of eleven cocktails at Malton, in which he rode Rufus, but his Brother Bill and Sim ran him out at the last turn, and "ruined my prospects entirely."

Life on Sherwood Forest.

With the exception of a few of Pratt's leather-platers, not a horse had as yet been trained on Sherwood Forest, when John went into residence there, and began operations with a stable at the top of the Windmill Hill. The gallops were laid out on the Forest land, and extended nearly up to Sherwood Hall, and Filho and the young stock stood at Farnfield. Although Cataline and Magistrate by Camillus, a perfect beauty of a horse and bought

for 500*l.* from Major Bower of Welham, were the only other good things through his hands, John had a pleasant enough time of it. Mr. Houldsworth scarcely knew his horses by sight, and to the end of his life, if he took a nomination, he invariably said, "*I don't know what I have for it; put down my name; and I'll write to my man.*" The Rufford Hunt in "Black Jack's" day had few more constant attendants than John in his drab-breeches and cherry-coloured tops; and Bill, who was then first jockey to Mr. Powlett, and also rode for Mr. Houldsworth, was nearly as well known with them during the season, as he was in after-years with Sir Tatton's. John Jones (and latterly Sharpe) was huntsman, and Jem Davis (father to the present Jack) and "Johnny Walker of Wynnstay," whipped in to him. It was a merry sort of life "under the greenwood tree" for the young trainer, as the master and the Duke of Portland gave him full liberty of the Forest. Railways were then undreamt of in those sylvan solitudes, and no telegraph-posts in black, white, and green array near Wellow Wood suggested names for foxhounds. He could have coursed for twenty miles, and he killed some ninety-three hares in one season, a feat which pleased him nearly as much as beating thirty dogs in a Scurry Stakes, with his Glaucus, after he had been busy among the scuts all day.

Forest Privileges.

If he had just missed one St. Leger for Mr. Houldsworth with Sherwood, he found "the missing link" to victory during the short time which he spent at Mansfield, between leaving that gentleman's service and entering on Mr. Petre's. At his advice, old Juliana had come to Magistrate, and was standing at the stable of a lawyer near the Swan Inn. About four o'clock on May morning, a lad came running to his lodgings with the news that she had foaled, and that they thought it was a colt. John thought so too, at first, from its excessive acti-

Birth of Matilda.

vity, although in size it looked "like a buck rabbit, with a black list stripe down its back." Its arrival created a very great sensation even at that early hour, and Mrs. Stirrup, the landlady of The Swan, and own sister to the celebrated George Clark of Barnby Moor, ran out to see it, in her shift. In spite of his disappointment, John's gallantry did not wax cold, when he found that she had come to do honour to one of her own sex, and his offer to "*stand you a new quarter piece, Mam, if this Comus filly wins the Leger*," was quickly made and accepted. The word was lightly spoken, but the little bay, which was soon skipping everywhere about the box, ripened into "Matilda,"—the first of Mr. Petre's memorable St. Leger trio, and the first of the Whitewall fifteen—and the silk was not forgotten.

Mr. Petre's Career.

She was in fact the load-star of John's fortunes, and refusing a very tempting offer from Sir Thomas Mostyn to go to Holywell, he cast in his lot with Mr. Petre at Whitewall (whose twenty-four stalls are now trebled), with Veluti, Ivanhoff, and a few more cast-offs, in the Martinmas of '24. A hundred sovereign match over the St. Leger course that year with Tramper, was the first Scott victory of "the pink and black," and it only missed a 450 Sovereign Stake with Saladin, a half-brother to Matilda, by half-a-head. It was somewhat remarkable that in this race John should beat his old master, and that Mr. Petre should be worsted by a mare of Mr. Lambton's, whose parties, equipages, and racing stud had stirred up his keenest emulation. His Whitewall career was as short as it was merry. He was at the same time master of the Badsworth, with Jack Richards from Sir Bellingham Graham as his huntsman, and there "was a sound of revelry by night" as well as day, at Stapleton Park. Still, when all had crumbled in his hand, he had at least something to boast of He had led back a St. Leger winner to scale, who started at 200 to 1; he had scored three

St. Leger victories in succession, and in this respect has never known his master, save in Lord Archibald Hamilton. His horses had beaten Voltaire, Sir Hercules, Velocipede, Zinganee, Lottery, and Laurel; and he had sold a six-year-old, good enough even in his decline to give 17lbs. for his two years, and collar the great Camarine for the Ascot Cup. Well may John Scott have a tender recollection of his first Whitewall master, and say in our hearing to one who had so often shared his triumphs, "*If we were among them, Sim, with another Mr. Petre, we should not take a deal of harm.*"

Bill Scott's Jockeyship.

To write of Bill Scott is to master the inner history of four Derbies, nine St. Legers, and as many Champagne Stakes, three Oaks, and a succession of the best stakes of the North and South for thirty years, until we recall him wending his way back to scale in his yellow and blue cap for the last time, on Snowball, at York. Still there is something in Tommy Nicholson's facetious boast that he (Tommy) was best man over Doncaster; as in Jack Spigot's year, he had a mount in fourteen out of the twenty-one races, and only lost once. Two years before that, Bill's and Tommy's claim to have ridden the St. Leger winner was in abeyance for sixteen days, and then the Jockey Club decided that the first start was valid, and that Tommy's Antonio win must stand. If Bill lost the St. Leger on Sherwood, it gave him an opinion of Barefoot which he turned to good account, when that Tramp chestnut ran for the Oatlands and carried seven hundred of his money. He often declared, "*It was the first good money I ever won. I knew from the Leger what a game beggar he was.*" Bill perhaps a little over-did it in that race by making such a strong pace with Sherwood, but his Doncaster recipe to the last was to make severe running to the top of the hill. "*If you can't get a pull and go on again,*" he was wont to say, "*you'll never*

win; what's the use of condition if you don't use it?" No one ever knew him lose a race if he once had the best of it, and if thirty were in it, he could tell with one of his Parthian glances, exactly what every one of them was doing. His brother always considers that his riding of Satirist in the St. Leger, and of Mundig in the Derby were the finest specimens of his style, which as far as daring and decision went, has perhaps never been matched. He was out of humour with Col. Anson for starting Attila, with 9lbs. extra, and the St. Leger in view, and hence he cut the colt up sadly in the Drawing Room Stakes, when Robinson on Envoy had him as dead as a stone. In the St. Leger again he went off with him at score, and enabled Heseltine on Eboracum before they got to the Red House triumphantly to carry out his threat, —"*I'll run at Bill Scott as long as my horse can wag a leg.*"

His Riding of Attila.

His Amusements.

Bill was wonderfully fond of chaffing Nat, and dropped it into him rather heavily one day at "the Squire's;" but still his pleasantry was very neat, when he chose. "*Well, my Lord,*" was his salute to Lord Maidstone, when the (1) was entered against the "gorge de pigeon" jacket, in Mr. Clark's book, after the Molecomb, and his lordship met him coming back to scale on The Caster, who had run half way up the hill. "*We've set the caster the first time.*" In his hunters he was very choice, and the likeness between him and Ben Morgan, on horseback, has always been so striking that the East Riding men often say, that they seem to have him still amongst them, at Firby Wood side. For one grey horse, Ainderby, he was bid 450 guineas, and he rode the hollow-backed Heslington, of Northumberland Plate fame, with Sir Tatton's, for two or three seasons after he had steeple-chased him, but he never made much out.

In other respects he was not a keen sportsman.

He liked to have his greyhound, Major, at his heels, but did not care to run him much. Sometimes he fished in the Ouse, and if the fish did not rise properly, away would go rod and creel into the water; and when, after frightening a few rooks, he eventually knocked himself down with his gun, he gave it away to Isaac Blades. He was always in high spirits when he got to Harrogate, and in his latest visit, the Tewit waters seemed quite to set him up. Markwell was with him as *aide-de-camp*, and one day, at Bill's suggestion, the pair went to Brimham Rocks, not only in a donkey carriage, but in real state, with two more donkey boys as outriders.

Visit to Harrogate.

William Oates and his father looked after his colt Sir Tatton Sykes for him, but he was very seldom "up" himself during his preparation. The colt took plenty of work, and Driffield had the schooling of him over a mile-and-a-half round Wise's Farm. They had only one spin together on Langton Wold, when his pupil gave him four stone easily. Old George Oates rode the young one in the trial, and despite his recollections of Lottery, he declared that he had never been on anything like him, and that he never half got him out. Still he was far riper for the St. Leger than he was on the Derby day; and William Oates was so anxious, that he went to the course all dressed to ride him, in case his owner, who had wasted very severely, should feel unfit at the last moment. How such a sluggish horse got through his task was a wonder to every one; as half-way up the distance Bill fairly dropped forward on to his neck, from exhaustion, and couldn't drive him at all.

Training of his Colt Sir Tatton Sykes.

Many a rich story has fallen from the ips of "The Wizard" in that little snug- gery on the left, when he goes back to the good old lays, and dashes off in one pregnant sentence, the

The Whitewall Snuggery.

form of each stable favourite, till we can almost see Bill, and Frank, and Nat, in the saddle once more, and silently filing before us. What merry, and yet what anxious groups have mustered there, round the trio of spirit decanters, with their varied pace and colour emblems of horse and game cock—white pile and grey, dun and chestnut, brown-red, and bay! Colonel Anson knew that council chamber well, and it was there that many a crafty Derby attack was planned; and "all white," "red and blue," or "all black" was selected to silence the "Kentish fire," or turn the Danebury flank. Sim, Jack Holmes, and Nelson would all be on duty; and if it was a great trial, Bill would start from his house at York after nightfall, to put the double on the touts, who stood, with a perseverance hardly natural to man, watching his every movement about Epsom-tide. No one wished for the dawn, when he had come with an ever-fresh stock of anecdotes and ethics, enough to set up half-a-dozen wits in trade.

Pictures of the Cracks.

As the light flashes back on the walls, we read, from Herring's hand, the silent canvas record of those days. Hornsea of the wall eye, Don John, and Industry take up the Bretby tale; Mundig, the first "member for Streatlam" is there to catch the eye and jog the memory of many a speaker, and so is Cotherstone, whose merits, to the Colonel's utter astonishment, were enforced in Bill's most emphatic speech, when the party had come back from Langton Wold on that morning which sealed Gaper's doom. There, too, among the family pictures of the little girl in the red cloak on the spotted donkey, are the late General Norcliffe, the owner of the Wold, and Sir Tatton and his trusty henchman, Tom Carter, as they appeared when the scarlets were hung on the nail, and the cubs at play, with no Proctor or Cruiser to rally them. Harry Hall and Ferneley also bear their part among the "Cracks of the Turf." Holmes

pulling Maroon double for the St. Leger, is the first painting on the left; and if poor Jack ever mourned over his riding orders of that day, within earshot of Sim, he was pretty sure to be reminded that his resolution had not always been so rigid, and that neither his memory nor all the shouting at his girths could prevail upon him, at Richmond, to pull Delphine to one side, and let Sim win the stable money on Matilda. Touchstone has his *In Memoriam* in the Doncaster Cup, in which Hornsea separated him and his old foe General Chassé once more. Attila, Canezou, "a good mare, but not a smasher," Fazzoletto, little Daniel, The West, and Songstress tell the story of their years: and there, too, in a pleasant tree and water group, are Frailty of Filho's blood, the dam of Cyprian, and Mrs. Bang-up, with Morgan Rattler by Velocipede at her foot.

The Whitewall Dining-room.

The elegant little Matilda, defying the rush of Sam and the mighty stride of Mameluke, has her place in the dining-room, with Charles and Euclid fighting out their dead-heat. Velocipede holds the post of honour over the sideboard, flanked by Cotherstone and Princess, the son and daughter of the great Ascot Cup rivals, and under their shadow, among Durham, Pontefract, and Malton Cups, the steel-armed shank bones of Tramp know no rest from man, when a round or silver-edge of beef is between them. The Petre chestnut days live again in Rowton and The Colonel; and Cyprian, of the vicious eye and ear, bears testimony to that punishing finish, in which she taught the Houldsworth stable that it was not their destiny to win the Oaks. Frank and John himself are on guard over the fire-place, and there, too, is the Roland which carried the flying huntress, who introduced the first three-pommel saddle into Leicestershire, and made Captain White's sing out as she topped her first fence, "*Look to yourself, Heycock, or you'll be cut down by a woman!*"

The Guests at Whitewall.

What a multifarious miscellany of men have sat at that bountiful board!—peers, baronets, barons, and Queen's counsel learned in the law; foreigners, who have reverently journeyed to it and Sir Tatton's, within a week of landing, as if to a shrine; squires, farmers, jockeys, trainers, and authors,

"Pricking a Cockney ear,"

and jealously treasuring up each waif and stray for the time, when all Yorkshire is in its delicious September simmer, and the talk in every harvest field, and at every ram-letting, is of what John Scott will run for the Leger, and when he intends to try. Baron Alderson only wrote half his recollections of his visit. He might have told how he questioned Frank, on the whole art of riding; how he wondered not so much at the condition of the horses, as where the supply of boys came from, and the solution of the difficulty; how he noted down, at Jim Perren's dictation, some of their most remarkable titles, "Spider," "Cudjoe," "Frog," "Weasel," "Squeaky," &c., and how, when the contents of Jacob's cock-bag were duly unfolded, nothing but the sternest Whitewall head-shake checked Frank's itching fingers from having a regular carpet set-to.

Baron Alderson's Visit.

Old Cyprian.

And so we draw near Cyprian's barn, and turn aside to see that ancient bag of bones, with nigh eight-and-twenty summers on her head, and enough malice to make a short run, and a finish of every visitor in turn. Her death-warrant had been duly signed; and when John Scott next took his way to visit Isaac Walker and "the infants" at Streatlam Castle, the barn knew her no more; but a couple of thousand guinea and three five-hundred guinea foals, with Meteora to head them, are placed to her credit, with Weatherby. Then passing by I'Anson's paddock, where Queen Mary and her

daughter Blink Bonny raise their white faces at our approach, we are through the wicket gate on to the Wolds.

Every one seems out that morning. Cyprian's old friend Johnny Gray, who could ride six stone seven when he was fifty, is there at seventy-odd, and blazing away upon Willie Wright. John Scott spies him forthwith, and doesn't forget to tell of Bill's frisk at Knutsford races, when he slept in the same room with Johnny and Ben Smith. Little Baker with the big straw hat, "the tall man from Newcastle," and eight or ten others, are on duty along the outposts, gathering "such information as no other gentleman possibly can have," from their tan gallop survey. Balnamoon is there, and they little think, as a despised brown ball of a filly bounds along by herself, that she is duly fated to lower the pride of the great Kettledrum. Cape Flyaway, as true a tryer as Dilkoosh or Backbiter, leads Sweetsauce, who, in his white quarter piece, and with Jack Charlton up, comes striding along as if the Goodwood Cup field were at his heels once more. The next are a lot of Barbatuses, and the Miss Whip colt fresh from a Knavesmire Stakes victory at York; and The Wizard, with Bob Cliffe still true to him, in sunshine or in shade, comes up, nearly pulling double over his schoolmaster, the ever bold Benbow.

Scene on Langton Wolds.

Then the green furze at the distance is suddenly alive with sterns, and the word is passed :—"*There are Morgan and the hounds*" coming over the Wold from Birdsall. Ben draws them up on a little knoll, and John Scott gets out of his phaeton, to give them greeting, and beckons Jim Perren to bring up the horses, and "let them walk near us in a ring." *The Malton Messenger*, big with prophecy, and on his white steed of fate, keeps, like ourselves, to the scarlets, while Jack Charlton with his grey's rein on his arm,

The Schoolmaster at Home on Langton Wold.

and Ashmall on I'Anson's rare eleven-season hunter, Kettle, half-sister to Fisherman, join the morning consultation. "*Don't take off too much at once, Jim, from The Drone.*" "*Now you may go home with Sweetsauce, you've done enough for this morning;*" "*Walk Longrange, and bring him steadily along a mile; mind keep your hands down, Ginger!*" "*Jack, just get up again, and lead him!*" float to us occasionally, as John, with his adjutant, scans each of the troop.

Arrival of "Ben" and the Hounds.

Now, the council is over, and he turns once more to the hounds. He has, of course, his old fling at Ben, for assuring him that his country was "like the Grampians, and even The West couldn't live with them." Then Bill is in his mind once more, and he tells us of the run from Millington Wood, when "he rode a Whalebone horse, and I was only nine stone." Gameboy and Warlock lie blinking lazily, and half-dreaming, it may be, of the greatest day of the next season, from Garrowby to Warter; or of the still more memorable Christmas Eve of '61, over three rivers and nineteen parishes. There, too, are Dexter and Dimity, of the Grove Duster sort, "and not a bad sort either," as John Scott observes. Again, he picks out Woodman, "one of the Proctor sort in the picture for a thousand;" and "*Hang it, he's a slasher,*" is his terse commentary, as Rochester, with his stern up, walks proudly past him. Now Perren has a word, and asks about a Grove Rector, in a spirit of anxious inquiry, which makes his captain predict that "Jim will be a great kennel huntsman yet." Then the scarlets and the "spotted darlings" are lost among the distant furzes, and once more the Whitewall thirty-nine, with Benbow still in command, file homeward through the Rifleman Dell, and the morning's work is over.

John Scott's Commentaries.

Robson delighted to see jockeys do their travel-

ling on horseback, and he was once known to say to a very eminent one, "*Now, I saw you come in a chaise; you don't ride for me all this week.*" Conolly and Pavis were great epicures in this way, and liked to go about with their gigs and servants. On one occasion they passed Darling and Chapple riding into Abingdon, with their saddle-bags at their sides and their light saddles round their waists. When they again met on their arrival at The Lamb, Pavis told them that they were "*a disgrace to go about with their pots*," but quiet Jemmy only clapped his hand on his saddle-bags, and retorted, "*I'll lay there's been more in these pots than there ever will be in all your fine gigs.*" Sam got his best rise out of Pavis, at Wells, whither the natty one had gone down for Mazeppa in the Mendip Stakes. At the eleventh hour, Isaac Day determined to start Little Boy Blue, and brought Sam to ride him. Pavis had been elected king of the revels at the inn, and was bouncing most valiantly of what he was going to do next day, when the fatal forms of Sam and Isaac loomed in the door-way. Little Arthur nearly dropped under the table at the sight, and years after Isaac would go solemnly through the scene, with increasing humour at each performance. Chapple's great country successes were with Spectre, and his *forte* was waiting with a quiet horse, and taking a beautiful measure. Somehow or other, the country knew his value better than they did at headquarters, and this he felt so keenly, that it somewhat hardened and crisped his manner. They were ready enough to offer him engagements after he won the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire, and it was no very cynical asperity in him to decline them.

Pavis and Conolly.

Isaac Day's Descent with Little Boy Blue.

Jemmy Chapple.

It was Nat's misfortune to have outlived his fame, and the baseless objections which were taken to his mode of riding Toxophi-

A Word on Nat.

lite (who was "never half a good horse"), for the Derby, made it the fashion to call him "old Nat," and to say that he was nervous. For our own part, we believe that the public (who had always praised his riding most extravagantly up to that point) merely followed suit, and that his brother-jockeys are right in saying that he was as good as ever to the last. At no period of his career had he been quite a first-class man; but still a most efficient rider, a respectful servant, and as honest as the day. He had been creeping well up for four or five seasons; but the death of Pavis in 1839, at a time when he could ride 6st. 10lbs. cleverly, and there were no "Tinies" or "Bantams," gave him an opening which he knew well how to use. He was the first Newmarket jockey that ever regularly got a footing at the Northern meetings; and Garbutt, whose practice had all but departed from him, did not much like this innovation. On one occasion, Jem made the running very good in a race at Newton, and turning round in his rough way, he contemptuously bellowed out to him as they returned to the scale, "*There, Mr. Newmarket, what do you think of that to a pace?*"

Weight always favoured him, as he was barely 11lbs. heavier at fifty than he was at twenty-nine. His great knack was his quickness at a T.Y.C. post; and, although he just kept within the line and avoided being fined, he often put the starter's temper sadly to the test by his determination if possible to anticipate the "*Go along.*" We should call him rather a good jockey by profession, than a great horseman by intuition. He seldom did anything brilliant, but his good head and fine patience served him, and he rarely made a mistake as regards measure in the last few strides. A tremendous finish, when a horse had to be ridden home from below the distance, was not his *forte;* and it put him all abroad if he had to make running. His thighs were so short that he hadn't sufficient purchase

from the knee to use a sluggish horse, and if he had a free goer he was a little apt to overdo it. In his *annus mirabilis* 1848, he scored 104 victories; but it was generally believed that he made most in Orlando's year, and entered about 5000*l.* to the credit side of his riding book in fees and presents alone. His illness was very painful and wearing. As the spring came on, he seemed to recover a little, and got out, we believe, a few times, in a carriage; but when he went up to London to have the best advice during the July meeting, he learnt that there was no hope for him, and quietly returned to Newmarket to die. Strange to say, it was one of his last requests that he should not be buried in the cemetery at the entrance of the Heath.

Job Marson.

He was not very sociable in his temper, or popular with his brother-jockeys, and between him and poor Job Marson there was always a sort of secret feud, and nothing delighted the latter so much as to beat him in a finish. Job was best on a very free goer, as he could hold anything, and preferred it to having to ride them all the way. There was less of the Chifney style about him than Frank, as he was never fond of lying too much away, and then trusting so implicitly to the creeping business, which once put Frank quite wrong on Nunnykirk at York. According to his own notions, the A.F. match on Colleen Bawn when he beat Frank on Leopard in the Newmarket Craven of 1847, and his Humdrum victory over the same jockey and Wolfdog for the Queen's Plate the same spring, after a most terrific finish from the Plantation, were about the best things Job ever did; and the men were worthy of each other. His anxiety to pull off a great race for Mr. Bouverie and his uncle, after their Derby disappointment, rather upset his nerve in the Chester Cup, and he always believed that he had won his race with War Eagle at the Castle Pole, and that if he had waited

longer under that crushing weight, he might have landed their money.

It was somewhat singular that both Job and Frank should have been each specially known during their last season, in connexion with the horse they loved best of all. Job made his last great finish for the Doncaster Cup on Fandango, and Frank's sun set gloriously in "The West." The first connexion of the latter couple was rather an odd one. Frank had been on him at Whitewall, but never expected that he was coming for the Criterion. His astonishment was unbounded when he first learnt the news from John Scott's lips at the Newmarket Station. "*What!*" said he, "*you don't mean to say you've brought the big bay horse with you; we've tried a rare good un, and I've backed him for a devil of a lot of money!*" "I'm very sorry for it," replied John, "but we've had Sim and Jack up, and we like him, and Mr. Bowes has backed him for the Derby,—the money's all on—and you're to stand the odds to fifty." There was no help for it, and so Frank went and told his brother that Rogers would have to take the Sittingbourne mount. He strictly obeyed his orders to "ride him tenderly up the hill, for fear he flounders in the dirt," but the horse could not move in it, and Speed the Plough dropped on to him at the finish.

Frank Butler's Surprise with The West.

Frank's opinion of "the big bay horse" underwent a great change after the Glasgow Stakes, and he thought all the winter of what he and "my hack" were to do. He had liked what he had seen of the colt in the previous summer, though he never expected him to be got fit that year. In the August of Daniel's year, when he was riding back with Isaac Walker from the Hunderthwaite Moors to Streatlam, he thus broke out, "Isaac, I've been thinking how wonderful it would be if we should win the Derby next year for Mr. Bowes. I've got a rough customer for them; I've won with a

Colloquy with Isaac Walker on the Moors.

little one this year, and I shouldn't be surprised if I pull through with a big un next." He came down to Durham for the grouse-shooting both years, but there was a great change in him in '53. No day was too long for him in Daniel's year, but the next August he could not follow his game. He wanted constant flask refreshers, and he was glad to sit down on the heather with the daily paper, and talk about what they had been doing at Egham. His fund of anecdote and chaff, which he delivered in a thick, husky voice, and with a visage as grave as a mustard-pot, seemed to have failed him, and there was no "Fine Old English Gentleman," or "Return of the Admiral" at night. Isaac still sadly remembers how they visited Tom Flint at Raby, and how out of that party of six he alone remains.

The Old Victory Jacket.

Frank never exactly alluded to his growing weakness; but it was in these pleasant summer days that he promised Isaac to give him his Bowes jacket, whenever he died. "*All the boys*," as he used to say when he spoke of the bequest, "*when they don't go for the stuff, they put on the flash jacket, but I always put on the old Victory.*" Next month when he came out of the weighing-house after the St. Leger, and gravely asked Isaac if he had ridden him quite to orders, he slapped his hand on his jacket breast, and repeated the promise: "*You'll never breed another West*," he added, "*I never knew what he was, I only touched him with the spur once in the Derby, and I was glad to get him stopped.*" It was to Hobby Horse that he could positively give 6st. in a rough gallop, and strangely enough, it was on that wretch that Frank weighed in for the last time on the Houghton Saturday of '53. Sore as the trial was, he kept at 8st. 7lbs. till this last afternoon, and won two matches, the second of them on Ariosto against his old opponent Nat.

Acrobat had been his Derby delight ever since he

Last Days of Frank.

got off him after the Doncaster Two-Year-Old Stakes, with a prophecy in his mouth, and Dervish was his abhorrence; but he never saw them put together with Boiardo, at three Two years old. He was at the Ditch Stables on the Thousand day, just about a stone over weight, and led Sim on Boiardo their canter; and he took his saddle down to Goodwood that July in the hope of meeting The West once more, and getting upon him at exercise. His first master, Colonel Anson, lingered before going to India just to see The West win at Doncaster, and he had arranged to meet John Scott when it was over, near the Rubbing House, that they might say good-bye. Both had, however, a melancholy consciousness that they should never see each other again, and when John did not trust himself to come, the other knew "the reason why," and with the kindest of farewell letters they parted. Jockey and master died almost together, the one in his tent at Poonah, on Ellington's Derby day; and when we pass by that low St. Margaret's church wall, and glance over the "P. C. 1842" stone of little Conolly, and the grave of cheery Will Beresford beside him, towards the railings in the Nunnery corner, we may well think of the glorious time of Whitewall, and Frank in the "all white," and trust that, like his old master, he sleeps well.

Mr. Theobald, of Stockwell.

Mr. Theobald, of Stockwell, was one of the most remarkable of the Southern patriarchs. The old gentleman swore by Whalebone, Whisker, and Orville; and Camel of the Whalebone and Selim blood, whom he bought from Lord Egremont, held the undisputed premiership of his stud.

Camel.

This horse was as good as an 800*l.* annuity for some seasons after Touchstone had brought him out, and Caravan, Wapiti, and Callisto carried on the game. When the Americans arrived and bid Mr. Theobald 5000 guineas, he "gave

a verdict without turning round in the box." In fact, he did not even allow Lowry time to strip the brown before he refused the offer. The horse was then rising seventeen, and he lived for six seasons more. Nothing delighted the old man more than to stroll into the paddock, with General Wemyss and Bransby Cooper, to visit my "bit of Whalebone," and his fairy genius the white rabbit. Mr. Cooper used invariably to visit Stockwell on a Sunday, and Camel was always stripped as a relish before dinner. The great surgeon always maintained that he never looked over a more powerful piece of anatomy. His gaskins were enormous, and his leverage and mettle so great, that when Lowry lunged him, he could leap mid air almost to the last, to the full extent of a caveçon-rein. Mr. Theobald used to tell how Banter came there from Moor Park in the shape of a low lengthy mare of fifteen-two, but she was on a visit to Peter Lely when her first fruits appeared in the frail-looking foal Touchstone.

Mr. Bransby Cooper's opinion of him.

Camel, Smolensko, and the little thirteen-hand racing pony Mat-o'-the-Mint were buried in that paddock along with Laurel, Cydnus, Norfolk Phenomenon, and the rest, but there were no tablets. "That would have touched the old gentleman up," and there was not even a tree to mark them. He had another bit of Whalebone in the grey Exquisite, the second to Frederick in the Derby, and the subject of Old Forth's bet about placing two; but he served only a few hack mares, and that was also the line, though in a more eminent degree, of the short, thickset Caccia Piatti by Whisker. Cydnus, who beat Serab, was a chestnut by Quiz, and good for long distances in his day, and for half-breds in his decline; and even old Fibbertigibbet, a blind chestnut by Comus from a Selim mare, was added to his collection from Jemmy Messer's of Welwyn. Tarrare by Catton was a great strapping sire for job horses,

Other Sires at Stockwell.

after his mud tour with Tommy Nicholson at Doncaster; but "the coarse and larky coach-horse" Laurel, who had under the same guidance avenged himself on both Matilda and Mameluke, and put Longwaist, Medora, Purity, and Mulatto to shame in the greatest of his eight cup victories, never made or had much chance of making himself a name at Stockwell, or anywhere else. The big, leggy Muley Moloch found a quiet refuge here, when he was compelled to abdicate in favour of Lancecost at Walm Gate Bar Without, and held it till the old gentleman died. Rockingham, Calmuck, Belgrade, and The Baron were also in residence; Sorella was rather a favourite purchase; and Pocahontas came in the course of a city transaction from Mr. Greatrex.

His Love of being in the Fashion.

Mr. Theobald's highest ambition was to have the best of everything, cost what it might. Mat-o'-the-Mint was the result of this feeling, and so was a dun trotting mare. He also owned Rochester, who did the five miles on the Bourne Bridge Road in 15 minutes 38 seconds, against the Squire's hunting-looking Rattler; and Macdonald never handled anything much better than his Rockingham, who with his shaggy mane and low-set tail, reminded bystanders more of a lion than a horse. In short, the Squire of Stockwell carried out the fashion of the day in everything, and pushed it to the very extreme. Cost what it might, he would be in the front. Sometimes his harness was smothered in brass, and then plated would come up once more, and he had the best of that. All his bacon was cured on the premises, and he defied Yorkshire or Cumberland to beat it. He brewed ale, which he was ready to match for a hundred a-side against the Sledmere or Trinity College audit; and yet amid all this rivalry with the great, "he ne'er forgot the small," and kept four or five cows specially for the poor's milk.

His Dress and Dogs.

At one time he dressed like the Prince Regent, and he finally subsided into buckskins, brown-tops, blue-coat, with gilt-buttons, buff-waistcoat, white handkerchief, and a broad-brimmed hat. His weight was about twenty stone. He breakfasted regularly at half-past ten in his little parlour, whose walls James Ward, R.A., and Herring had covered with their racers and trotters. The blood-hound lay blinking on the rug, and quietly waiting for his share of the plate with those mysterious eleven slices of thick bread and butter, which the housekeeper placed each morning at her master's side. Before starting for town, the old man made it a rule of life to walk to the wicket-gate where five cats and as many more dogs were duly in waiting, but they learnt to know by the church bells that they had to look out for Sunday's breakfast elsewhere. A yellow "pill-box" always took him to his place of business in Skinner-street, and a roan, brown, or chestnut, each of them worth about 200 guineas at the very least, was between the shafts. The pace was always first-class, and his man returned for him in the afternoon with a fresh horse. After dinner, if he was alone, John Lowry appeared, and read *The Advertiser*, beginning of course, with the racing and "Vates." On Saturday night his master would sometimes produce a roll of bank-notes, and be off betimes in the yellow chariot, with John on the box, to Newmarket for the week. Such was his love of pace, that he would not condescend to divide the Doncaster journey into three days, as others did, but he dozed all the way and slept at the Bull at Witham Common the first night, and arrived on the second at his lodgings near the Betting Rooms, which he shared with his friends Tattersall and Peter Cloves. He was hearty and bulky, and had the keenest enjoyment of a race to the last, and it was not any disease of old age,

Trap Horses.

Trips to Doncaster and Newmarket.

but a mere casual ailment which laid him, at eighty-five, low in Kensal Green, nearly three years before Stockwell secured him his A 1 register among breeders.

The Late Mr. Tattersall.

For three years before his death, Mr. Richard or rather "Dick" Tattersall, never mounted the rostrum, and even then his memory had begun slightly to fail, and his son never left his side. It was only on this point that he showed signs of decay, as his general health continued good, and he died very suddenly (1858), at Dover, in his seventy-fourth year, merely from exhaustion brought on by the heat; and was buried on the Goodwood Cup day. He was a man who from his simple honesty and unusually straightforward, decisive manner it was impossible to misunderstand, and it has been well said of him, that "the best men liked him best." To rogues and dodgers he was a perfect terror, as he spoke his mind to every one, peer or groom alike, whom he didn't consider to be going straight, and always conveyed his sentiments in pretty unmistakable terms. If the servant or any other agent of the owner bid when the sale was "without reserve," he has been known to send the whole stud away, after the first horse, declaring in tones like the view holloa of "*The* Squire," "piercing the heavens, Boys," that he "*would tell a lie for no man alive.*"

To professional betting he had a most inveterate dislike, and beyond perhaps taking the odds to a fiver for the Derby or St. Leger, often only on the morning of the race, and very seldom winning, except in Phos-

Dislike to Betting.

phorus' year (when he took 100 to 1, out of respect to Lord Berners), he hardly risked a crown. In fact, when young men wrote up to him about becoming members of the Rooms, he as often as not wrote a line in reply to say that betting was certain to ruin them, and they had, therefore, far better keep their two guineas in their

pockets. His feelings, both on this and many other points, kept very large sums out of his ledger; but it was the confidence of the public, not money, that he cared for. Still The Rooms were an institution which hardly admitted of being conducted in any other than a pure matter of fact way; and as inconvenience arose out of his scruples, he felt it best to hand over the management of them entirely to a committee. His opinion, like Bill Scott's, was made up by his first glance at a man or horse, and his laconic analysis of a lot, which seldom failed to put his audience in a roar, and the way in which he dropped on to any dodging bidders, or pert would-be questionists, were always grand in the extreme.

His Entry on the Business.

His father, Mr. Edmund Tattersall, died suddenly from brain fever, and he thus assumed the sole command at The Corner, when he was only twenty-five. For some years he did all the business himself, and was then joined by his brother Edmund, and under their joint auspices, and that of his son and nephew, the firm has well held its own. A stag-hound difference between "Dick" and Colonel Maberley led to the establishment of the Baker-street Bazaar, but as Horace Walpole said of a certain Court beauty, the old spot "required a vast of ruining."

The Yard at Tattersall's.

His grandfather "Old Tat," who first established the concern, died in 1792, and was buried near Highflyer Hall. That "family horse" was not foaled, and Bay Malton had just made the pace strong enough in a four-mile race over York to burst a blood-vessel in King Herod's head, when the 99 years' lease of the place was first signed with Lord Grosvenor. Old Tat showed his loyalty by surmounting the pump cupola with a bust of the Prince Regent, modelled when he was only seventeen. It was lost during the repairs, and missing for several years, after being

searched for high and low, and was then found by the merest chance among some waste stones in a builder's yard and duly replaced. When the lease was signed, in 1766, "The Five Fields" stood on the site of Belgrave Square, and cows and footpads shared them. There was in fact nothing but fields, where partridges still dared to "jug," as late as 1812, between Hyde Park Corner and Chelsea, and back fare had to be paid to the ancient jarveys if they took a fare off the stones up to the present Prince's Gate. Mr. Richard Tattersall's house was for many years the London head-quarters of the Jockey Club, who had a regular cook and coffee-room; and all the Newmarket business was transacted at the office of the late Mr. Weatherby, who was in practice there as a solicitor.

Mr. Tattersall's Connexion with the Prince.

Mr. Tattersall's father and the Prince Regent had been partners in the *Morning Post*, and cast in 5000*l.* damages for "a delicate Court disclosure." Although the paper passed into other hands, the royal connexion with the son remained firm, and only once was there an interruption of good feeling on George Guelph's part, and then only for a few hours. Count Münster was the Hanoverian Ambassador to the Court of St. James, and shared with His Majesty the guardianship of a certain reigning Duke. The latter felt himself aggrieved at some money matters, and his equerry requested Mr. Tattersall to convey a letter to the Count. Not suspecting anything, he took Wimbledon in his afternoon's ride, and as the Count was not at home, he gave the letter to the valet. His astonishment and indignation were most unmeasured, when *The Times* of the next day announced that a challenge had been sent to the Count, and that Mr. Tattersall had been the bearer of it. It was, of course, construed by the King into an insult to himself, as co-guardian; but

Difficulties with H.R.H. about a Challenge.

an explanation soon set matters right between them, and it transpired that, if the letter had not met with such convoy, it would have been left by an attorney's clerk.

His Majesty's Care for old Chums.

When George Guelph became King, he honourably paid off every outstanding liability, and sending for Mr. Tattersall, he said to him, "You've known all the men I've known in my youth; when any of them ever get into difficulties, send me word." And so he did most faithfully, and a royal cheque for all amounts from 100*l.* to 500*l.* would arrive, whenever the out-of-elbows office was given.

Mr. Tattersall as a Hunting Man.

Mr. Tattersall's lameness began when he was quite a boy, and was always attributed to the groom's habit of giving him a leg up very roughly on to his pony. He had been limping for some months before his family took much notice of it, and even Dr. Hunter pledged his word that the bone was not out of the socket. Time said differently, but not until all cure was hopeless. Still this sad misfortune did not dwell on his mind or stand in the way of his hunting, a sport which he loved far beyond racing; and after Lord Derby's grandfather gave up the Surrey staghounds, and Mr. Maberley tired, he managed them for three or four seasons.

He was one of the most regular staggers when his lordship lived at The Oaks. Jonathan Griffin, on his grey, came out in state, with his whips and prickers on their 200-guinea horses, and Lord Fitzwilliam, Sir Hedworth Williamson, the Hon. Fitzroy Stanhope, the Hon. George and John Coventry, Lord Leconfield and his brother General Wyndham, and the Hon. Berkeley Craven were seldom missing from among the scarlets, when Smitham Bottom was the meet. Mr. Tattersall was also a constant frequenter of the cover-side; and in order to meet Earl Fitzwilliam's, he would sometimes have three hacks posted for him, and

starting as soon as his Monday's sale labours were over, ride all the way to Stamford, where he arrived in the dead of night. In consequence of his infirmity, he liked to have the horse on his arms, and hence any one who had a very hard-puller or rusher, at about five-and-thirty pounds, knew pretty generally where there was a customer for it. He had no purchase with one knee, and simply rode by balance, steadying himself at a leap by a handle at the back of his saddle. If he could succeed in having three or four falls in a day, he was all the better pleased with himself; and said that he never had a good run without them. He quite enjoyed hearing those who did not know him, exclaim as he limped across the field after his horse—"*Poor fellow! look how he's hurt himself.*"

Understanding with Highwaymen.

The days when the white horse of a leading road practitioner was styled "Auld Robin Gray" were not over, when he took his lonely night rides into the Midlands: but the highwaymen all knew him, and he rode unscathed among masks and pistols. The pikeman near Grantham once said to him, when he was on his way to meet "The Duke's," "*Don't go on, sir; I've had several through to-night, and they've all been robbed.*" "*Never mind, my man,*" said the little hero, "*no one ever stops me,*" and on he went. Two miles further, and a masked horseman was at his side, and they rode silently for some two hundred yards together. At last there came the husky voice of the night, "*I think your name's Tattersall.*" "*Tattersall!—of course it is,*" was the reply, "*Richard Tattersall all the world over.*" This was quite enough, and with the courteous rejoinder, "*Ah, I thought so; I beg your pardon, sir,*" and a mutual "good night," they parted.

Sir Clement Dormer in Difficulties.

He was seldom heard to tell this story without dwelling in contrast upon the woes of Sir Clement Dormer, who was

Master of the Ceremonies at St. James's. Sir Clement was fond of riding up to London on a very large horse, and talked on horse matters to every one he saw. Coming out of Beaconsfield one day he overtook another horseman. "*Going to town, sir?*" he began. "*Yes, Sir Clement, I am,*" was the reply. "*What! you know me, then? we'll ride together.*" And on they went. "*That's a very nice horse you're on,*" said Sir Clement. "*Yes, he is,*" said the man. "*Would you like to see him go?*" They were under Bulstrode Park wall at the time, and the man trotted away to a turn of the road, where he could see half a mile before him. The coast was clear both ways, and when Sir Clement arrived full of admiration, his new friend promptly put a pistol to his head. There was nothing for it but to produce his purse, and receive the sorry consolation in exchange, "*Now, Sir Clement, do let me advise you to give up that bad habit of talking to every one about their horse.*"

Mr. Tattersall bore a charmed pocket in town, and once when it was picked of a handkerchief, remorse seized the appropriator, when he was proceeding to pick out the name, and it was "returned with compliments—taken quite by mistake." One cracksman was, however, much less scrupulous, as he broke into the office and took 500*l.* Suspicion rather fell upon the too celebrated "Slender Billy," who was then a great man with the Corinthians, and had cocks, badgers, rats, bears, and terriers, ready to go into action at any moment. His pit in the Willow Walk, Tothill Fields, was a perfect conjuror's bottle in this respect, and if there was likely to be "a call of the house," on any very important occasion, he could knock up a bull-ring as well. The Bow Street runners were all terrified at him, and haunted with a legend, that when their august body had once girded up their loins for a descent upon him, Billy had vindicated the majesty of the spot in his

His Stories of Slender Billy.

peculiar way, by unloosing the bears. They knew him ostensibly as a knacker, but it was whispered that he "was wanted" for a little affair about the communion plate at St. Paul's. A still heavier suspicion hung over him, and "*Oh! master, to think that I should go and boil an exciseman!*" was his invariable mode of parrying the question which was so often propounded to him on that head. He seemed to look upon any allusion to it as rather a delicate compliment than otherwise, and there was an impression on the mind of the executive, that the unhappy gauger, who could never be traced beyond, had visited Billy's premises once too often, and had been popped bodily into the flesh copper.

Boiling the Exciseman.

Billy's Warning Voice.

Under all these rumours, Billy preserved a pleasing and courteous exterior, and in such perilous times it was prudent for virtue and respectability to stand in with him, just so far as to have his good word if they were robbed. One evening, a leading man was sitting down to dinner, when the presence of "The slender one" in the servants' hall was announced. "*Do ask Billy what he wants with me at this time of night,*" was the testy message; but Billy refused to unbosom by proxy. There was nothing for it, and as it was not safe to alienate Billy's affections by neglect, the parties met at once, and conversed on this wise: "*Well, Billy, what's up now?*" "*You've lost one of your fat pigs, master.*" "*Yes, I have, Billy, and I'll make the fellows pay for it pretty sharply.*" "*Now, look here, master, I'll just tell you what it is; if you go on as you're doing, kicking up such a confounded row,* YOU'LL LOSE THE OTHER." "*Well, Billy, it's a bad job; but perhaps I'll take your advice, and say no more about it.*" And so Billy departed, and the bereft one became bacon in peace.

and his Execution.

Billy came to grief and the gallows at last, under the operation of the Forgery

Act. It was proved that he could neither read nor write, but that mattered very little. When Bow Street, stimulated to unusual energy by the taunts of its superior, dropped upon him, he had the flash-notes in his hand, and not only thrust them into the fire, but held them there. Having only his "left duke" at liberty, he could not defend his hearth position long enough, and sufficient fragments were rescued to give the assayer his cue. Mr. Tattersall visited him in the condemned cell, and urged him to confess his associates, and for a few minutes he sat on his box, with his heavily chained hands to his face, apparently absorbed in thought. Then he broke out: "*No, master, they'll never say that Slender Billy split on his pals; if every hair on my head was alive, and had to be hung separate, I wouldn't.*" And die he did, walking second in the procession of nine on to the Newgate Scaffold, and some would have it that Dan Dawson, who wore the fatal nightcap on Cambridge gaol next spring, when he had cost the Jockey Club 1500*l.* to prosecute him, had stood near St. Sepulchre's church that very morning, and marked that "Billy was game."

Parson Harvey.

Parson Harvey was wont to hang about the office at Tattersall's on sale days, in his dirty white cravat and suit of rusty black. Mr. Tattersall would never let them wake him if he snored in his chair, with the butt end of a pound of mutton chops sticking out of his pocket. "*Let him sleep, poor fellow! it's a sweeter place than the garret in Pimlico.*" His only connexion with the Church latterly consisted in almost daily visits to Westminster Abbey, to hear the anthem, and he rode his stallions there by turn. To avoid ostlers' fees, they were left at a farrier's while he lingered about the nave, and one new shoe was put on at a time, that he might have a pretext for the convenience as often as possible. Mr. Tattersall had always some fresh story about him, and if there was an

odd anecdote about man or horse, the master of "The Corner" generally gave it first.

Mr. Vernon on Long Preaching.

He delighted to tell of the great racing man Mr. Vernon, who had been quite a Waterton in his wanderings, and rode a horse, which he had painted like a leopard, on his return. Long sermons were not to his mind. Hence he presented his parish church with a hollow sounding board, craftily connected by a secret spring to his pew, and when on the first Sunday the sermon had reached a certain length, and showed no symptoms of ending, he dropped it like an extinguisher on the preacher. Poachers and steel traps were alike his horror; and as his notices, spring guns, and steel traps gradually became stale, he wrote up in three-inch letters: "*Every one found trespassing on these grounds shall be spifflicated*," and the menace of such unknown torture was effectual at last.

Coaching, Dogs, and Fists.

Driving the Peterbro' coach was great fancy of Mr. Tattersall's, and he was quite as *au fait* at road language as John Warde, who invariably worked the Hungerford coach up, on his non-hunting days. Still he always confessed himself to be quite in shadow, when he told how the master of the Craven had admonished a "box seat," who wore immensely high collars, in language more graphic than polite, of the ultimate injury he might inflict on his health. Dogs he was exceedingly fond of, and the best one he ever had, wandered into his yard by accident. The groom misunderstood the extent of his orders to "give the poor wretch something to eat," and kept it for two months. There was then nothing for it but to be put through the mill, and by way of trying high enough, it was tumbled bodily into a tub with two badgers. A tremendous scuffle of five minutes was followed by an ominous lull; but the dog had won the day most decisively, and nothing would face it for 100 guineas a-side. Once it was challenged by its

old owner in Piccadilly, but as it would let no one but Mr. Tattersall touch it, the offers to "*take him, if you can,*"—was a perfectly safe one.

Theatre Rows.

It never left its adopted master's side in his walks, and waited for him outside the theatres. It was well that it did not penetrate further, or it would have taken a most dangerous part in some of the light skirmishes which came off there almost nightly. There were no police to keep disorderlies in check, and numerous "little difficulties" were arranged by fists in the lobby. Mr. Tattersall, who was immensely powerful, and had enjoyed many a private glove bout with Jackson in the old betting rooms, was not unfrequently engaged, and the box-keeper would seize up a bench, and run to him, in order that by seating himself, and daring his man to sit opposite him, and fight it out, he might never be at a discount. Sir Tatton promptly offered to act for him when the foe, who had been very offensive, seemed far above his weight, in the Doncaster theatre, but his blood was up, and he wouldn't hear of it.

The Late John Warde.

The great John Warde was one of Mr. Tattersall's most intimate friends, and Monday after Monday his portly form would be seen at dinner there, facing Col. Dan Mackinnon. The room was in keeping with the company. Highflyer and "Old Tat" looked down on them from its walls, and so did Warrior, Tandem, and Mambrino, and "Dick" himself on the bay Bonaparte, with his little white terrier at his side, going as if the dickens kicked them, across Surrey. This Monday feast commenced before his father died, and the old man, who said that hunting talk was hardly in his line, gave up his room for the day, and "left the boys to themselves." At these times the Doncaster Cup, of the two horse-handles, won by Crookshanks in 1781, always held the punch. The pipe of port, which the host and his brother Edmund laid down annually between them

from Harmer's, had also a heavy tax laid on it, as each man had to drink John Warde and the Noble Science, in a silver fox-head, which held nearly a pint, and admitted of no heel taps. None stood the process better than "glorious John" himself, and he would rise from the table as steady as a rock, and never leave till he had gone up to the drawing-room, in the short hours, to bid Mrs. Tattersall good-bye.

Mr. Tattersall's Derby Dinner.

The Derby dinner, which was held late in the week before Epsom, would have seemed as nothing without him to represent fox-hunting, and true as the dial to the sun, he would, a few minutes before six, issue from his yellow chariot, in his silver knee and shoe buckles. His servants wore that same style of low-crowned hat which the Blue Ruin and Betsy picture has immortalized, and their brown coats were edged with silver braid. A large cold game-pie held its pride of place at the feast, and the host especially plumed himself on the Rhenish hock which his foreign friends sent him. The venison was from Goodwood, where he was often a guest during the races, and the Duke and Lord Stradbroke were at his last festival. With his brother, and latterly his son Richard, to face him, no host held his party together better, or told such old-fashioned stories from behind his stiff white choker, and it was only when his memory began to fail him, and his jokes would not come out quite so crisp and neat as of yore, that he reluctantly gave it up.

The First Guests.

Death has been busy with hosts and guests since John Warde's place knew him no more. Kit Wilson, the Father of the Turf, Jack Musters, and the florid Duke of Holstein,—who bought the Duke of York's mares and loved a field-day among the badgers in the Five Fields Pit,—all dined there once, and adjourned to a ball at Carlton House in the evening. There, too, came Ormsby Gore, the master of Hesperus, "Plenipo Batson" from

Gogmagog, and Captain Meynell, who won the Derby Club Cup for his host, with a cocktail, when they were confederates in '16. Val Kingston, a wine merchant, who had a share of his Ruby and Ratcatcher, never failed to show; nor did the hapless Berkeley Craven, whose Oaks book would have brought him back more than the amount for which his Derby one beat him. Bedfordshire sent her best Nimrod, Sam Ongley, to face John Warde, and those who had

> "Seen him at the time,
> When Melon glittered in his prime;
> And one by one the scattered train
> Came up to question or explain,"—

dare not dispute the title. The stately Charles Young, with his fine baritone voice, was another, and the evening never passed without a call on him for "The Old English Gentleman." Years after he was gone, two rival authors quarrelled about this song, and Mr. Fitzroy Stanhope knocked them both out of the betting, by stating that he had heard his friend Charles sing it almost before they were born.

Humours of Chas. Mathews, Sen.

Young was a beautiful foil for his vivacious friend Charles Mathews, who always had a bet on the Derby, and was never more "At Home" than at his friend Tat's house. He would mimic his selling manner to the life, and his "*Take Care!*" was absolutely tremendous. Another of his annual encores was in the story of the foreigner, who went to purchase blood-stock at Newmarket, and utterly confounded the trainer by asking "*What* years he has?" If he was in his best form, he would go behind the curtain, and come out quite a different man, just as when he dined with a rich pawnbroker, and slipping out of the room unobserved, appeared in the shop below, and pawned him his own knives and forks.

Drawing the Derby Lottery.

In the Derby Lottery of the evening, he was of course Mr. Tat-

tersall's deputy. The stakes were two sovereigns each, and of the eighteen or twenty subscribers one always took the field. The lots were placed in a claret-cup, and drawn after dinner, and those who did not like their horse's chance, or wanted to hedge, had it put up for sale. Mathews knew his Calendar and Corner quotations right well, and could dilate to any extent on the merits of a favourite, which he sometimes sold as high as 20*l.* "Some say Glaucus, some Forester, and others Whale, but I say that Astra—*can* win the Derby," was one of his neatest hits in 1833.

Frightening the Chesterford Post-boy.

He nearly frightened a post-boy out of his wits, when he accompanied Mr. Tattersall and his son Richard to Newmarket. They had dined at Chesterford (whose old waiter never wore a hat except when he came to London to receive his half-yearly dividends), and had got about a mile on the road, when Mathews put his head out of the window, and imitated the cry of a child which had been run over. The post-boy pulled up with a jerk, but being very short and humpbacked, he was unable to get off, and had to run along the pole, and so to earth by the splinter-bar. Once there, he groped about hopelessly in the dark for the sufferer, till Mr. Tattersall ordered him to ascend once more. Beyond Bourne Bridge, the screams were again heard, and descending still more swiftly, he was not content this time with crawling under the carriage to make sure that he had not committed infanticide, but drew the neighbouring hedges blank as well. Again the same agonizing scream startled the night; but the little man could bear it no longer, and going at his horses, hand and heel, he raced them past Six-mile Bottom, roaring that he would stop for no one, and that there was "something evil in the chaise."

As a breeder of blood stock, Mr. Tattersall was

not particularly successful. He always sold when he could, and his foreign customers cleared him out so often, that his brood mares and yearlings were but little tested. It seemed his duty to keep the thing going, and as he quaintly told a committee of the House of Commons, with a low bow, he "did not wish to see an end of horse racing and your humble servant." He bought The Colonel out of pure loyalty at the Hampton Court sale, because he did not consider that France ought to have him so cheap; but neither him nor Glaucus, nor Ratcatcher (a very great favourite) did much for him. Charles XII., Sir Hercules, and Harkaway were also hired by him to stand at Dawley or Willesden. The "race Sunday" there never quite looked itself unless Mr. Tattersall appeared in his wonted seat of honour at old St. George's, making the responses in a deep, sonorous voice, along with the Marquis of Westminster (who seldom quitted the borough all September), from the front row of the Corporation pew. Scarcely an alderman or common councillor was absent from the rear of the mace that day; and never did men look so important as they marched down Baxter Gate in procession.

Mr. Tattersall as a Breeder of Blood Stock.

His collection of horse portraits, which is far the largest in England, was Mr. Tattersall's great delight, and each member of that congress of cracks, lies like a veiled prophet under silver paper, with its performances written out by the collector himself, in small round-hand. Lord Lonsdale's collection merged in it, and it goes back to Cedbury, 1734, who was "for justness of shape the most beautiful." Stubbs begins in 1768, with Dambrino, of the lofty style, and the forefather of some of the best American trotters. Firetail's head is a remarkable specimen; and in Jupiter we have the softer line of Gilpin, about 1790, and again in Sir Peter Teazle. According to the picture of

Mr. Tattersall's Scrap-book.

Orville and Selim, they must have been giraffes of a trifle under nineteen hands, and their painter need hardly have made such a point of drinking "The Arts," as the last toast wherever he dined. High-flyer's 113 winners stand, in rows of nine, opposite him, and close by the original deed of conveyance which Lord Bolingbroke literally sealed with his thumb. The new era of steel engraving seems to dawn with Ben Marshall, and Haphazard. Quiz (1808) is remarkable for its curious Newmarket background in which the Duke's Stand, a heavy-sterned jockey, a soldier, and a man with a wooden leg, have not been forgotten; and Rubens, after Barenger, and supposed to be in training, is as fat as a Dutch vrow.

James Ward, R.A.

The late Mr. James Ward, R.A., is well represented in that strange turn missal. He was related by marriage to Morland, and took to the same line of art, with such success as to become quite the first animal painter of the early part of the century. "He showed," as an eminent critic writes us, "wonderful facility in the management of white animals, particularly bulls; and painted the skins of his horses most delightfully, and his Earl Powis's Arabian and portrait of a Hunter, exhibited in the Royal Academy about 1818, are marvellous both in colour and execution. Unfortunately he did not let well alone, but began to study Rubens; and in all his after backgrounds there were the heavy blues and purples so conspicuous in that great master's works, but which were quite out of place in the portrait of a horse or other animal. Instead of continuing his beautiful skins, he now sought to give more texture and consequently exchanged the satin for the door-mat. He was, it has been considered, a good anatomist; but now he made a bad use of his knowledge for some of his horses looked as if they were skinned. Arabians and thoroughbreds show this to a great extent, but never as drawn by him. This he called

"giving character;" but he forgot that, by adopting crooked lines where they should be straight, in many instances he introduced that which gave the appearance of disease—*i. e.*, curbs, thorough-pins, spavins, splints, and ringbones. He also introduced so many lines and veins into his horses' heads, and more particularly into the eyes and nostrils, that, instead of producing the effect he intended to express, they quite looked as if they were laughing. His "Doctor Syntax" has some strange drawing in the under-lip, and also in the hind-legs: but his "Phantom" is better.

Mr. Ferneley.

Mr. Ferneley's father was a wheelwright at Thrussington (where the future painter was born on the 18th of May, 1782), and obliged him to follow that trade until he was twenty-one. He had, however, chosen his own line long before that; and every leisure moment was spent in preparing his colours and canvas, and copying pictures lent him by a gentleman in the neighbourhood. His father soon found that it was no use contesting the point, and accordingly sent him in 1803, to study under Ben Marshall, the great horse-painter of that day. After a year's tuition from his brilliant but lazy tutor, he started to seek his fortune in Ireland. In 1806 he turned up at Quorn, about the time when Mr. Assheton Smith bought the hounds; and achieved, as it were, his Leicestershire diploma by painting some hunting pictures for "*Le Grand Chasseur*," beginning with little Will Burton and Manager. The next three years were spent between England and Ireland. He then retraced his steps to Thrussington, and was married; and 1814 found him regularly settled at Melton Mowbray, where he painted two generations of Leicestershire hard riders and stable beauties, and received a very extensive patronage from other hunts. His works since that date amount to some hundreds, several of them of a

very large size. Among the earliest of them was "Mr. Assheton Smith and his Hounds," for the Earl of Plymouth. He seldom recurred to this picture without telling how one day, when he strolled out as a lad to the meet, the Leicestershire hunting-field first became cognisant of Mr. Smith's existence by seeing a young man (of whom nothing more was then known, except that he was a guest at Belvoir) put his chestnut, Jack-a-Lantern, eight or nine times at a flight of rails, before he could get him over.

Principal Pictures.

The late Marquis of Westminster, Mr. Foljambe, Mr. Russell, of Brancepeth Castle; the Earl of Kintore, Mr. Ralph Lambton, and Sir Bellingham Graham were also among his large hunting-picture patrons; and the latter selected as his subject "The Meet at Kirby Gate." One also adorned the lobby of the late Master of the Hurworth; and Mr. Craufurd, of Langton Hall, has a large "Scurry" from his hand, with portraits of Sir Harry Goodricke, Mr. Osbaldeston, and Sir Francis Holyoake. The study for these three was a very favourite one, and hung in his studio, like a sacred relic of the good old times, as long as the little, enfeebled form of the hoary devotee to art could bend over the easel. There, too, was another and a smaller "Scurry" of modern scarlets, which Earl Wilton won in a raffle; a half-finished picture of Sir Harry Goodricke, with Mumford and his whips, Will Derry and Beers at the Whaw-Hoop; and a sort of caricature of hard riding, in which Sir Francis Holyoake, on his white-legged chestnut Brilliant, is trying to catch the fox, and within an ace of succeeding. "Silver Firs" was also a well-known shooting picture of his, and the Duke of Rutland had many hunters from his hand. Miss Burdett Coutts honoured him as well with an order for an equestrian portrait of her late father; and his last professional journey was undertaken in company with his daughters, to paint

some hunters for Lord Middleton, in Yorkshire. Racehorses were less in his line; but a commission from Lord Jersey included Filagree and Cobweb, with their foals; and Velocipede and The Cur (for Mr. Craufurd) are among his Turf memorials.

His Habits.

He was a man of unwearied industry and perseverance; and although he had been a great invalid for the last two years, he never gave up his habit of early rising till a very short time before his death. However sleepless and painful the night might have been, it seemed a relief to him to be back, with the morning light, in his studio. Every June found him up in London for his annual visit to the exhibitions; and, if we remember rightly, his last sketching expedition was into the Vale of Belvoir; and he showed us the stable-interiors he had gathered in that quarter with particular delight, from some connexion they had with the hunting days of Mr. Musters. Amongst his latest works were two very large ones of "The Horse Fair" and "The Cattle Market," containing portraits of celebrated horses and horse-characters in the neighbourhood. The chase was, after all, his great *forte*. He loved it best; and hence he painted it best; and his pictures were real bits of Cream Gorse memory. In his plain groups of horses there was more mannerism, and his outline and shadows were often rather too hard; but although he lacked any very remarkable finish, there were the higher qualities of feeling and breadth about everything he handled. Beyond what they were doing at Belvoir, the hunting of the present had but little interest for him. He sighed for the old régime when "George the Fourth was king," and when Moore, Maxse, and Maher were names of Melton renown.

Visit to Mr. Herring at Meopham.

"*Him go vip, vip, vip! Vot he know about horses?*" said a jealous old artist, when Herring, the well-known coachman

of the London and York Highflyer, had thrown aside the reins in Jack Spigot's year, and fairly cast in his lot with the mahl-stick. We thought of the saying as, under the guidance of "Sailor Jack," another of the North Road men who had followed Mr. Herring's fortunes, and then looked after his Arabs, we bowled over the three miles from Tonbridge to Meopham Park. Even in the tender sunshine of a May morning, the hop-fields with their countless wigwams of poles wore a very dreary air, and made us long for the autumn, when their rich green clusters will once more claim to be Barley Brides. The carriage-drive shaded by oaks with large fantastic arms, which would have made Parson Gilpin of the New Forest gaze for a moment and then rush for relief to his pencil, is kept in faultless "Quicksilver mail order," as a memento of the old whip days.

Scarcely a wheel has touched it since Charles Herring was borne over it in 1856 to his grave, and it is really sacred to his memory. And well it may be, as a better son or a more skilful lover of art for his years never passed to his rest.

White and red rosebuds just bursting into bloom, clustered round the verandah, and from it the outline of the pleasant woods of Penshurst, which

> "Heard the sounds of Sydney's song,
> Perchance of Surrey's reed,"

was just visible in the drowsy distance. Partridges were feeding on the lawn, and scarcely caring to rise on the wing, or run behind the purple beech at your approach; and the deep coo of the wood-pigeons as they perched on the Scotch and silver firs, which towered above the thickly interlaced grove of holly and laburnum, so vocal with its song of spring, was all in harmony with a painter's home.

Horse and Donkey Models.

Jack, the thirty-seven inch pony, is nearly as free to range, and he mounted

the steps of the front-door and walked gravely into the room, in search of his gingerbread, or to inquire if he was wanted for the basket that day. Favourite as he is, we did not meet with him on canvas, and in this respect he differs widely from the white Arab Imaum, of which the story goes that he has not been seen to lie down for at least eight years. He sleeps leaning against his stall, and like the oldest Alderney, and the donkey which runs unicorn in the bush-harrow and roller team, and wins half the saddles in the neighbourhood when so disposed, he is on canvas all the world over, in nearly a hundred positions. Sometimes an Ironside stables him in a cathedral nave, or he waits for some boisterous cavalier, hard by an alehouse bench.

The Arab Imaum.

He was one of the four first horses that was ever sent over by the Imaum of Muscat to Her Majesty; and was made a present to the Clerk of the Royal Stable, who sold him at Tattersall's. When it became necessary to have a model for the dead horses, which Mr. Herring was to have introduced into the Battle of Waterloo at the Gallery of Illustration, he sent for Pedro, a black man from Batty's Circus, and had him taught to lie down. With a few lessons he became so complete a trick horse, that Pedro declared he wanted nothing but youth to beat the Bedas, and the other time-honoured pets of the horse ballet, quite out of the field. He looks peaky and worn now, and his tricks have rather departed from him; but in his prime, Mr. Herring was followed by a gentleman into a yard in Piccadilly, and had 200 guineas bid for him there and then. In spite of the prejudice against Arabs, he was wonderfully stout, and when his master drove him from Camberwell to Stevenage and back, about 75 miles in one day, to paint The Switcher and other "Steeple-Chase Cracks" for Lord Strathmore, he was fresher than the English black, who was in the phaeton

with him, and who had never shirked his work by comparison before. Her Majesty hearing of Mr. Herring's severe asthma, which for some time quite disabled him from leaving home, sent down three of her horses for him to paint. They included Korseed (a white Arab), Bagdad, a black charger of the late Prince Albert's, and Said, the Arab on which Mr. Meyer instructed the royal children. The latter is among the Osborne collection, with a background of white sand and Arab tents, in the composition of which his friend Mr. D. Roberts, R.A., gave Mr. Herring the advantage of all his Eastern lore.

The painting-room almost adjoins the stable, but it has been but little used since his son's death. A model of a coach in a case rests upon some packing-boxes, and the original sketch for the picture which he took of the beautiful Attila, just before he went abroad, is the only tenant of the easel; but the sketch, like that fatal journey, was never completed.

Mr. Herring was then about sixty-seven, or just the mean in age between his old friends John and William Scott. Doncaster and its Town Moor associations naturally whetted his zeal for the brush long before he took to it as a profession, and many a little horse or mail-coach sketch by him crept on to the tavern walls, and the signs. His earliest anatomy study was the fractured leg of Spartan, one of whose small bones near the pastern was completely pulverized by his break down; and Smolensko and Comus were the racers on which his "prentice han" was tried.

Mr. Herring's First Efforts.

Other Subjects.

A gigantic "Horse Fair" adorns the lobby, which is, as Mr. Herring's pictures so invariably are, "all daylight." The mail is again in requisition, following in the wake of a gig, whose horse trots right out of the picture, and whose driver casts a glance at the troops of nags and stallions, which are dispersing to their stalls when business is

over. All kinds have mustered there, and the supply of ginger-nuts and ginger in the raw has been of course unlimited. Then we get among the Eight Day-Waggons and a pair of the blue jacket and white hat line, stopping for refreshment at one of the old road-side inns near the orthodox trough and tree. Wood-piling and hop-picking are not forgotten. It seems that there is a family in the neighbourhood who especially pride themselves on the accomplishment; and accordingly, at half-past six one summer morning, Mr. Herring sallied out, and caught them by appointment, just at the most picturesque crisis, when the timber is slung aloft, and the truck is being backed under it. In the other, the artist in a straw-hat, with a black ribbon and mahogany tops, plays "Farmer Oldfield," and does not look, as he gazes complacently at the fast-filling bins, as if the iron of Gladstone was piercing his soul so acutely. The jaunty ribbons and tunics of the hop-pickers blend very prettily with the green avenues which they are so ruthlessly rifling, and the farmer's daughter with her bonnet carelessly tossed back is taking the tally as the widow brings up her bin to be measured.

Interior of his Studio.

At that time Mr. Herring painted in his dining-room, which was hung all round with prints from his works, of which "Distinguished Members of the Temperance Society" was the premier. It is there that he loved to grapple with the Giant Foreshortening, who has given the cross-buttock to so many, and flung him in picture after picture. Leading lines have always been his great guide for perspective, and he invariably works from left to right. His great racing pictures were generally got by the aid of a sketch-book, with ideal horses and jockeys, which a few strokes from life at the post converted into portraits. Of Vision he had no sight at all, but sketched her, years after her death, merely from the description of Will Beresford, who

pronounced the likeness perfect. All the elder heroes caught our eye, as we turned from a gigantic* Dutchman galloping, and scanned the oil treasures of his portfolio. Sultan was there, with his beautiful Arab head and dish nose, not more beautiful but more masculine in its expression than Attila's. Langar's was another of the glorious heads, and so was Dr. Syntax's, Mameluke's, Partisan's, and Venison's, with his deep jowl and tapering nose. Mr. Herring considers that the coarsest thorough-bred horse he ever painted was Ardrossan, the sire of Jack Spigot (the first of his St. Leger winning series), as his neck was really heavier than even Stubbs's sketch of the Godolphin Arabian; and Welbeck, the sire of the neat little Bedlamite ranks nearly as high in his list of the Ugly Club. Mr. Lambton's Don Juan by Orville, who wrought wonders among the Cleveland mares, was quite one of his delights, and so were Magistrate, and Filho da Puta; while The Duchess (who always ran in high company) was his prima donna among the small, and Crucifix and Queen of Trumps among the larger-sized mares.

Recollections of his "Book of Beauty."

Painting Bay Middleton.

We trace in a pictured line the Cotherstone pedigree on both sides, till the Whalebone and Whisker strains united; and in essaying The Dutchman's, we came across the original sketch of Bay Middleton, just as it was left about a quarter of a century ago. It occupied only 1 hour 10 min., but it looks like the work of a day. No horse impressed Mr. Herring more firmly than this son of Sultan with the belief that he had the heart and

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* *Apropos* of this picture, Mr. Herring told a landlord of an inn, the sign of which was a half moon, that if he would get his licence altered to The Flying Dutchman, he would make him a present of a new sign, which Boniface considering too good for a sign, never hung outside, and refused a very long sum for, although painted on the Half Moon wood.

the muscular energy to do what he liked with his fields. "George Villiers" too stood by the easel, watching every stroke as it was dashed in; and never had painter a higher stimulus to bring all his manhood to his hand.

Baron Petroffski.

If we want to sketch an enthusiast among Continental sportsmen, we need only turn for a space to the Romanoff dominions and its Baron Ippolyte Petroffski. The Baron, who is better known in the thirty-six-letter alphabet of his country as "Ummoiuml Nemjsobevez," resides at Petroffski Park, a short distance out of Moscow. The house is a two-storied one, built in the oriental style, among beautiful gardens, and with a large set of stables attached. These are, after all, merely his head-quarters during the season of ice and snow, and hardly furnish any index to the magnitude of his possessions, which consist of three large estates in the interior. On each of them he keeps nearly a thousand serfs; but his sway is not of a very iron kind, and those who are not engaged in agriculture are all brought up to some trade. Everything necessary for himself and this huge family is produced on his own estates, from sheep-skins down to his renowned kish-le-shee, a species of mead of an aromatic rose flavour, and compounded from apple juice, honey, and flour and water.

His Love of Sport.

Sixty-five summers have done very little towards blanching his hair or dimming his sharp hazel eyes, and he still carries his light wiry frame erect, as beseems a captain of the Imperial Guard. No one who has visited him can forget that quiet, courteous bearing, or the delight with which he speaks of everything English. Sir Joseph Hawley and John Scott are breathing types to his imagination of everything cute in connexion with horse management; and if a Witch of Endor gave him his choice as to what spirit among the departed thoroughbreds he should recall from the Happy

Pastures to his delighted gaze for a season, he would decide for old Waxy or Orville. His fowls, sheep, pigs, and dogs (not forgetting the favourite black terrier which has been painted in one of his pictures), are all English; but we are not so sure as to the nativity of his fighting geese. They are stouter than the common geese, and on shorter legs, and are put down just like game cocks on to the green sod for the fray, which they solemnly conduct by seizing each other by the beak, and striking furiously with the butts of their wings. Such is his passion for the sport, that for one of the most warlike he paid no less than 500 silver roubles.

His Race-horse Breeding.

The Baron breeds his horses at one of his estates, and trains at another, where his string do their work in the winter, without shoes, on frozen snow regularly harrowed for the purpose. The ground is, however, mostly flat, without any extent or variety of gallops. His breeding farm is bordered by a noble river of great width, and in summer, when the flies teaze the young foals to distraction, they dash in and swim, while their dams watch them placidly from the bank, and occasionally join in the sport. If a ten-stone by five-feet-eight figure is seen standing by, in a blue tunic, and trowsers tucked inside his boots, it is even betting that it is the Baron himself, meditating on Moscow or Crenavoy Meetings to come. Many of them have excellent hind-leg action, and their owner invariably attributes it to their early swimming habits. The brood mares alone number about 160, some of which are still unbroken, and most of them never trained. The blood is, strictly speaking, a cross between the Russian and Arab mares, and the horses imported by Government—Memnon, General Chassé, Van Tromp, Andover, &c.; and the stock are generally browns, of great length and on short legs, having all the Arab deficiency of shoulder, but catching the Eastern cha-

racter in their fine eye and small nostrils, and bearing the Sir Hercules crest at the root of their tails. In 1859 his racing stud consisted of seventeen horses in training, fifty brood mares, twenty-five two-year-olds, nearly as many yearlings and foals respectively, while Signal, Granite, and Bombardier were the principal sires, and the Signals his best racing stock.

Racing in Russia.

The spring opens for training in April, and early in June the racing season begins at Moscow, where the Baron gives 500 silver roubles in prizes. The Moscow Meeting then lasts for a month; they race for three days out of the seven, and run off four or five races per day. The Jockey Club, of which Baron Petroffski is an active member, have a stand of their own, and the horses are entered the night before at their rooms. There is very little betting, and that has been principally introduced by the English jockeys, who are, alas! too true to their old Tattersall's instincts. The Toola meeting is on July 8th, and on August 18th the one at Tsarskey Sela begins. Lebedan, on September 12th, is the fourth and last meeting; and here, in 1859, the Petroffski "boy in yellow" literally carried off every prize.

Training Troubles.

Of his training troubles, however, the Baron shall speak for himself: "You like the horses of old stock," he says, in writing to a friend, "and old form, just the same, which I prefer to the new-fashioned, who win great races on a short distance. Such a horse is the same as the card at the play of bank, only by accident ready at time. I would like very much to try the best English race-horse with my poor fellows. I call my horses poor fellows. We have only two months to prepare them for the races, that is May and June. The horses are led 500 versts, with all the road inconveniences. They change water and food, and suffer much before they come to the racing place. All that is not easy to support for a

racing horse. Our prizes are not worth carrying food and water, and the horse itself in equipage. It would be supportable yet to run once, having passed 500 versts, but they go again 200 versts and run, and then again 500 versts, and yet 200 versts and run again."

The English Stud Book is his Koran, and in his library may also be found every Racing Calendar and Sporting Magazine that has ever seen the light. He is himself an author, and has been at the pains of publishing, in the Russian language, a most complete synopsis of the celebrated stallions in England from 1811. It enters with the greatest accuracy into the number of years they were at the stud, the price at which they covered, and the dams of their most celebrated winners. Upwards of 135 paintings or engravings of racers and sporting subjects adorn his rooms; and if there was an alarm of fire, we are afraid that his valuable gallery of old Dutch and Italian masters would be left to take their chance, till those dearly-loved forms of Derby and St. Leger renown were safe out of harm's way.

CHAPTER II.

EXMOOR TO WIT.

"I ride as good a galloway
As any man in town;
He'll trot you sixteen miles an hour,
I'll bet you half-a-crown;
He's such a one to bend the knee,
And tuck his haunches in;
And to throw the dirt into your face,
He never deems a sin."

DEVONSHIRE had done its best to naturalize us. Its clotted cream had appealed to our feelings through the tart and the teacup; and its junket had whispered "Stay!" We had borne our part in our pleasant pastorals among the deep shady lanes and orchard clusters of Barton. We had viewed that grave Wittenagemote of the red-line elders of the West, which met under old Frank Quartly's picture in the black wainscoted parlour at Champson, and arose from their rump cuts and cider, to "try a fall" for the Flowers and the Pictures of that grand old stock. Still the gipsy element of our nature was strong upon us, and we longed to wander afield. It may be that our labours had been too much in one groove. After four long days among the cattle, we might well wish for a change, and even consider that Locke of Lynemouth, who roasted an Exmoor pony for his friends after one of the Simon's Bath sales, judiciously sympathized with Tartar tastes. Both sheep and ponies acted as a magnet in our case. We bade good-bye to our kind host and his chestnut hack, without one ounce of saddle ache, as a forget-me-not

The Road to Exmoor.

at parting; and Flitton Oak, that far-famed tryst of the Poltimore hounds was soon upon our lee. The time of nuts was not yet come, and it was rather exasperating to see them brush the gig with their clusters as we toiled up the rutty lanes. Mist was fast closing over the land of the Devons when we reached North Molton Ridge, and then the long dark line of forest wall bade us welcome to Somerset, and the pony glories of its Exmoor hills.

Emmett's Grange.

The lights in Emmett's Grange, about a mile to the right, acted as a still more cheery beacon, and the white gates, dotted here and there, as guardians to the richly irrigated tracts, of which Philip Pusey so loved to talk, told too surely that the glorious days of hound and horse, when "Fred Knight" led the field over Exmoor, will ere long live only in hearth-side story, or the songs of the Somerset dames. The Red men of North America have already succumbed before the dread fire-water, and the red deer are equally certain in their turn to bow their antlered heads before Mr. Robert Smith and his water-sluices.

Mr. Robert Smith's Cob Breeding

Ponies and mountain sheep were his first Exmoor aim, but as cultivation grew apace, and irrigation laid its green velvet hand on the meadows, where the rushy swamp and the snipe had flourished amicably since the days of William Rufus, the former gave way in the natural order of things to galloways. The necessity of sticking to mountain produce ceased, when only 250 acres out of the 700 were left unenclosed; and hence the only ponies on the Emmett's Grange holding consist of some twenty-five short-legged brood mares of about thirteen-two. Three parts of the year these mares live on the mountain land, while the farm is making beef and mutton below, and supporting the Taunton sale lot of that autumn to boot. Their foals are carefully wintered in paddocks with the yearlings, and if

the weather is very severe, the two-year-olds have hay as well. The paddocks are principally four acres in extent; little open sheds, neatly thatched, nestle in cunning nooks, to shelter the young stock, and when its whole array is marshalled on to the lowlands, the stud is about 120 strong. At first Mr. Smith used neighbouring sires, among whom Old Port, the first-born of Sir Hercules and Beeswing, had the lead, and at length started on his own account with "Exmoor." His dam was one of the seven mares, with hunting blemishes, which migrated to Emmett's Grange from Burley; but they were all sold off with the exception of a Redgauntlet, after adding some high-priced entries to the ledger.

Bobby.

The renowned fourteen-hand Bobby then came from Dr. Beevor, for two seasons, and won the Champion prize, and a two-guinea bonus at "The Bath and West of England," at Barnstaple. He looked more than his height, and the officials measured him three times before the fourteen-hand chain was allowed. The greybeards of Devon were, one and all, amazed at his remarkable likeness to the renowned Katerfelto of their youth. Both of them had the same Eastern blood in their escutcheons. Bobby could trace his descent through two degrees on his dam's side to Borax, who beat all the best horses, under high weights, at Madras; and Katerfelto's dam, after being stolen by some gypsies, was recovered in foal with him to an Arab. Independently of his fine stock, which is still referred to in nearly every pedigree, Katerfelto was a mighty hunter, and earned deathless glory, both for himself and his owner, a lusty farmer, by taking the bit between his teeth on the Barkham Hills, and carrying him bodily over a twenty-foot gap in an old Roman iron mine. Bobby's stock so far have almost invariably fallen bays, and nearly all of them have a star. Twenty-five foals, with their chubby chieftain "Master Bobby," from a black

mare were running with their dams, so that *The Life's* query, "*Where are the Bobbies?*" receives a highly practical answer from Somersetshire. They are so thick that the clerical visitor, who broke out into an exclamation, "*I can only describe them as bantam cocks!*" did not draw his description bow at a venture. An Arab has succeeded Bobby, and if he only proves a second Katerfelto, the day may come when the poet, who summed up mere human felicity under six heads, and placed "the gentle wife" behind "the haunch of good buck" and "the glass of Madeira old," may feel that the "Exmoor" has as good a right as the "Norfolk" cob, in the fifth.

The Inn at Simon's Bath.

The mist was thick upon Long Halcombe, and the rain was rattling down on to the devoted "Bobbies" as we took our first glance at Exmoor by broad daylight, and it seemed like an act of sheer self-immolation to wander forth on the hills that day. However, it cleared up towards ten o'clock, and we were soon on our road towards Simon's Bath Lodge. The most inveterate stickler for blood would have been satisfied with his mounts, as "Sambo," a grandson of old Beeswing, was alloted us for the first day, this being "positively his last appearance" before his departure for Cornwall; and as if to aid our Newcastle Cup recollections, we found ourselves next day on "The Comet," a grandson of Lanercost's—who was also fourteen-two, and from an Exmoor pony dam. The original colour of the Exmoor seems to have been a buffy bay, with a mealy nose, and it is supposed to have preserved its characteristics ever since the Phœnicians brought it over, when they visited the shores of Cornwall, to trade in tin and metals. The climate was propitious; and thus the private sale at the Simon's Bath Inn gradually became a sort of rustic *fête*. The aspirants to the Cann and Polkinghorne line of business met there, and showed rude feats of wrestling, not only with each

other, but at the expense of the ponies, which they seized and dragged out of the fold, with all a giant's thew. "*Seventy years ago, sir,*" said a bailiff to us, "*there were only five men and a woman and a little girl on Exmoor, and my mother was that little girl. She drew beer at the Simon's Bath public-house;—they were a rough lot of customers there, I promise you.*" And no doubt they were. The Doons who had retired to Badgery, and carried out their Commonwealth yearnings, by becoming the Moss-troopers of the West, had taken their last leap from the cart, one after another, at Taunton Assizes, or "saved their lives by dying in jail." After them, the illicit love of mutton extended to spirits. Smugglers slung their kegs across their "Scrambling Jacks" at night, and, if they did not care to hide their treasure in the rocks, or leave it at a certain gate, till the next mystic hand in that living chain should give it his allotted lift on its road towards Exeter, there were always friendly cellars under the ale-house at Simon's Bath. The ale was decent, and the landlady was judiciously deaf, and hence its old ingle, where the date 1654 still lingers on a beam, shorn or built into half its length, heard many a roystering tale of prime brandy and extra-parochial enormities, bad enough to make a beadle blush and an exciseman groan.

Origin of the Exmoor Ponies.

The time of pony memory for all practical purposes goes back to Sir Thomas Acland, who rented a great part of Exmoor from the Crown. When it was disforested in 1818, the father of the present Mr. Frederick Knight, M.P., bought the 10,000-acre Crown allotment, and by the subsequent purchase of 6000 more, became the owner of at least four-fifths. The ponies had for some years past only fetched from 4*l.* to 6*l.*, and in spite of "the anchor brand," and the death code, the Exmoor shepherds took very liberal tithe of them, as well as the sheep, and passed them at nightfall over

the hills to their crafty Wiltshire customers. Sir Thomas carried away his original uncrossed stock to the Winsford Hills, and only about a dozen mare ponies were left to preserve the line. Luckily, an after-dinner conversation led Mr. Knight, senior, to consider the great pony-question in all its bearings. The party met at Sir Joseph Banks's, the eminent naturalist, in the days when Soho Square was equivalent to Belgravia in fashionable ears, and Bruce's Abyssinian stories were all the rage. Passing from live beef-steaks, they discussed the merits of the Dongala horse, which "the travelling giant" had described as an Arab of sixteen hands, and peculiar to the regions round Nubia.

The Dongalas.

Sir Joseph proposed to the party to get them some of the breed, and accordingly Lords Headley, Morton, and Dundas, and Mr. Knight then and there gave him a joint 1000*l.*-cheque as a deposit for the expenses. The English Consul in Egypt was applied to in due course, and the horses and mares which he sent over bore out Bruce's description to the letter. It was said that they were got through the agency of a High Priest, who "had his price;" and after trying unsuccessfully for two years, dissembled most artfully at the end. The Moorish Princes felt that they had been duped, and a century of bullocks was offered in vain as the ransom. In addition to their fine height, they were rather Roman-nosed, with a very fine texture of skin, well-chiselled under the jowl, and as clear-winded as all their race. Their action was quite of the "knee-in-the-curb-chain" school; and they had short thick backs, and great hind-quarters. Still, there were three or four points against these "gaudy blacks," in the shape of flattish ribs, drooping croups, and rather long white legs.

As *manège* horses they were perfect; and the dusky Nubian, who brought them over, delighted to gallop

them at a wall in the riding-school, and make them stop dead when they reached it. About ten or twelve arrived, and Mr. Knight was so pleased with them, that, acting on the advice of the late Marquis of Anglesey, who considered that they "would improve any breed alive," he bought Lord Headley's share. Lord Dundas bred a good many from his lot in Scotland, and one especially nice white one sprang from the stock. Mr. Knight's two sires and three mares were brought to Simon's Bath at once, where he had established a stud of seven or eight thorough-bred mares, and thirty half-breds of the coaching Cleveland sort. A dozen twelve-hand pony mares were also put to one of the Dongalas, and the produce generally came fourteen-two, and very seldom black. The first cross knocked out the mealy nose, as completely as the Leicester destroys the Exmoor horn; but the buffy stood true to its colour, and thus the type was never quite lost. The half-Dongalas did wonderfully well with the West Somerset, which often came to Exmoor to draw for a fox, and they managed to get down the difficult hills so well, and crossed the brook so close up with the hounds, that the vocation of the white-clad guides on chase days gradually fell into disuse. One of the Dongalas was never put to the stud, and preceded the Quicksilver colts in Mr. Frederick Knight's hunting stable. This cross-out was only intended for size, and not for character, as no sire of half Dongala blood was used, and the mares which did not retain as much as possible of the Exmoor type were drafted forthwith.

Thoroughbred Crosses.

Pandarus, a whole-coloured fifteen-hand son of Whalebone, was the first important successor of the Dongala; but though he confirmed the original bay, he reduced the standard to thirteen hands or thirteen and a half. The fine breeding as well as the "Pandarus bay" were kept up by Canopus, a grandson of Velocipede, and while the experi-

ment was in progress, the colts were better wintered on limed land, which enabled them to bear up pretty well against the climate. When, however, the farms were let by the present Mr. Knight, they had to go back *en masse* to the naked moor, and then it was found that even if the mares with the first cross could put up with the fare and climate, they grew far too thin to give any milk, while those which were of the old stock stood it well with their foals. Hence, about the year 1844, the whole pony stud was remodelled, the lighter mares were drafted, and Mr. Knight determined to stick henceforth to his own ponies, with the buffy bay sire. So strict has been this rule, that for many years, with the exception of the chestnut Hero, whose massive form and Pandarus dam preserved him from "Schedule G," and the grey Lillias, whose original Acland blood knows but little alloy, no other colour has been used.

The First Pony Sales.

They were disposed of by private contract until 1850, when the public sales were established. At the first, the whole of the hunting stock were sold along with some forty ponies. Sir Thomas Sebright gave 16*l.* for a pony which had rather a large-sized cross in him, and Mr. Pole Carey, M.P., 41*l.* for three, which were an exact bay unicorn match, with the exception of one slight star. The hunters had long been under the charge of Robert Milton, Lord Portsmouth's training groom, who got old Tory and the other steeple-chase denizens of the eight-stall stable, so well up to their "flag line" form, and they fetched good prices, along with the colts, which were principally of the Dongala and Quicksilver blood. The stock of ponies was sold up so close, that no more were brought out for sale until the autumn of 1853, when Stony Plot, the knoll with its belt of quartz boulders, on which the picturesque new parish church stands, had a hammer auditory of

two hundred. The average was an improvement over that of other years; but the plan of selling in the heart of the wilds was far too primitive, and in the following autumn the venue was changed to Bampton fair, fourteen miles nearer the rail. Then they were broken and brought as far as Reading, with Kettledrum and Dundee, "names worth all the money" (as the auctioneer observed) among them; and afterwards the foals were weaned in October, and fed more highly, instead of running with their dams all winter

Mr. Knight's Pony Stock.

The pony stock in 1863 consisted of about 400, of which nearly a fourth were brood mares, of all ages from one to thirteen. The mares were put to the horses at three, and up to that age they shared the 800 heather acres of Badgery, with the red deer and the blackcock, protected on all sides by high stone walls, which even Lillias, the gay Lothario of the moor, could not jump in his moonlit rambles. The average height was 12½ hands, but the smaller mares were being gradually drafted. In order to keep up the size, one hundred and thirty acres of the pasture land and water meadows round Simon's Bath have been taken in hand, to winter the foals and weakly yearlings. The foals came in for the first time in '59, and the effect upon the two-year-olds and yearlings was most encouraging. This wintering begins after the marking in November, and the meadows are shut up for hay again on the 1st of May. The older ponies live on the hills all winter, and seek the most sheltered spots during the continuance of the wind and wet, which are much more the features of the climate, than extreme cold. These favourite nooks are well-known to the herdsmen, who build up stacks of hay, straw, and rushes, and dole forth their out-door relief over the rails, without any regard to the Union dietary scale. Still, like honest, hard-working labourers, the ponies

Their Mode of Life.

never assemble at the wicket, till they have exhausted every means of self-support, by scratching with their fore-feet in the snow, for the last remnants of the summer tufts; and drag wearily behind them an ever-lengthening chain of snow-balls.

Habits and Battles of the Sires.

The bays and the buffy bays (a description of yellow), both with mealy noses, are in a majority of at least three to one, but there are several browns and greys, half-a-dozen blacks, and a few chestnuts, which have strained back to their great grandsire Velocipede. They are grouped about on certain hills, and "The Sparkham pony" (a son of the beautiful mare Bay Lillias), soon earned his name from such constancy. He won the head prize at Barnstaple in '59, with Cheriton second, and a Pandarus pony third, and the instant the three shook off civilization and its halters on their return, they galloped off several miles, as straight as a minié ball, to their respective hills. The ten sires are all wintered together in an allotment, until the 1st May, apart from the mares; but Lillias, who had more of the old pony blood in him than any of them, twice scrambled over at least a score of six-feet walls, and away to his loved North Forest.

It is a very beautiful sight to see them jealously beating the bounds, when they are once more in their own domains; and they would, if they wore shoes, break every bone in a usurper's skin. The challenge to a battle royal is given with a snort, and then they commence by rearing up against each other's necks, so as to get the finest leverage for a worry. When they are weary of that, they turn tail to tail, and commence a series of heavy exchanges, till the least exhausted pony of the two watches his opportunity, and whisking round, gives his antagonist a broadside in the ribs, which fairly echoes down the glen. In the closing scene, they face each other once more, and begin like bull-dogs to manœuvre for their favourite bite on the

arm. The first which is caught off his guard, goes down like a shot, and then scurries off, with the victor in hot pursuit, savagely "weaving," while his head nearly touches the ground, and his "flag" waves triumphantly in the air. With the exception of Lillias, the ten were generally pretty content, each with their one thousand acres of territory, and like Sayers and Heenan they are ultimately "reconciled," —in November.

Annual Marking of the Hoofs.

Stock is taken of the whole in the second week of this month, when the hills are swept by the three "hard-riding Dicks," for a couple of days, and the four hundred are brought into a paddock at Simon's Bath in lots. The first process is the separation of them into ages, and placing them in distinct paddocks for marking. The foals are then branded on the saddle place, with "the forest mark," which has been changed from the Acland anchor, to the spur, which forms part of the crest of the Knight family. It is burnt in with a hot iron, just sufficiently to sear the roots of the hair, and no age eradicates it. If a pony wanders away, and there is any dispute, the hair is clipped off to make the identity more perfect, and on one occasion a white sire was discovered by the head herdsman's brother, after he had been lost for three seasons. The spur has only one heel, and as the brand can be made with the rowel pointing in four directions (beginning towards the neck), on each side of the pony, it coincides with an eight year cycle, and serves as a guide, in case the foot-marks are prematurely worn out. The foal is of course not marked on the foot, but an exact record is taken of his dam and all his marks, by the land-steward, who stands book in hand under all weathers, for at least a week, to act as the Weatherby of the hills.

The mares then come under review, and if any are absent, the stud-book tells its infallible tale. A mare

and two yearlings were missing one November, and the herdsmen set forth on their search so completely primed with these stud-book data, that the two were very shortly discovered. The register hoof-marks are then renewed on the mares, &c., and the Dominical letter of their year of entry is placed upon the yearlings. The marks are twofold, to wit, that of the year, which began with B in 1848, on the off hoof, and the register figure of the dam from the stud-book, on the near. They are marked as close to the coronet as possible, as it is found that in all the ages, the hoof has the faculty of reproducing itself in twelve months. In the older ones it grows more rapidly, and not unfrequently the spur mark has to be referred to as a guide. The letters A and I have proved excessively troublesome, as the one broke away towards the end of the year in the shape of a triangular fissure; while the other merged into a species of sand-crack.

Average of Casualties.

Under the old system, when the mares and their foals were never separated, it was not unusual to see one of the matrons with two or three of her progeny trotting after her, and trying to get a stray suck; but since the foals were weaned, and drafted into their Simon's Bath quarters, the family tie is quite broken, and the new winter associations foreshadow the hill groupings of the summer. The percentage of deaths is comparatively small, and during the winter of '59, when many of the old ponies fairly gave in on the neighbouring hills, Mr. Knight's mares fought through it, but five or six of them died from exhaustion at foaling, or slipped foals at ten months. Their greatest peril is when they are tempted into the bogs about that period, by the green bait of the early aquatic grasses, and flounder about under weakness and heavy pressure, till they die. The stud-book contains some very curious records. "*Died of old age in the snow,*" forms quite a

pathetic St. Bernard sort of entry. "*Found dead in a bog*" has less poetry about it. "*Iron grey, found dead with a broken leg, at the foot of a hill,*" is rather an odd mortality comment on such a chamois-footed race; while "*Grey mare C 22, and grey yearling missing; both found, mare with foal at her foot,*" gives us rather a more cheery glimpse of forest history.

The Herdsmen.

Will Court, the head herdsman, and his two aides-de-camp, Bill Shapland and Will Scott, formed the staff of the pony department: and the latter had been gazetted from the Scotch hills, *vice* Jack Huxtable, promoted to be ground-keeper on Larkborough and Badgery. Will Court had been bred up among "our ponies" from a boy, and treated "the droop-rumped mongrels" on the adjacent hills with the most magnificent disdain. He was a perfect Follett in his advocacy of "the old sort" on the review-day, and unwavering in his fealty to Lillias as a lineal descendant of the anchor brand. The trio had two ponies apiece, besides occasional young ones in breaking; and Will's boast about Exmoor endurance receives strong confirmation from the fact, that his men, who like himself were no feather weights, could ride a pony incessantly through a ten-hour herding-day.

A Ride by the Barle.

If we had prefaced all this pony lore in the true G. P. James fashion, by saying that it was morning, &c., and that two men on horseback were seen in conversation, as they wound their way, &c., we should be pretty nearly describing ourselves on Sambo, and our informant on the stag-loving Rattler, as we rode towards Simon's Bath Lodge, with a very promising sky overhead. There had been nothing but a common-place succession of pasture and moorlands, varied with "Bobby foals" and iron-ore piles (which a private railway is destined to carry Wales-ward to the Bristol Channel); but a turn in the road brought us on to a sort of plateau, and revealed the heather and gorse-clad rocks of Cornham

Brake, with the Barle rippling quietly along its valley, to join the Exe, near Dulverton.

A herd of nearly three dozen Devons were marching in slow, Indian file along the opposite bank, and foxhunters tell that nearly half as many cubs were "at home" in the Brake, when the North Devon drew it some seasons ago. Milton, by Old Port, whom Mr. Knight has used for a good brown cross, was grazing at the water's edge, with a pony mare of Burley and Dongala blood. The patriarchs Hero and Nelson, the son of the Forest *prima donna* Nelly, then told by their joint pasture presence, on the opposite side, of the proximity of the Simon's Bath stables. The renowned Pocket Hercules of Exmoor lifted his white Velocipede forehead, and shook his shaggy chestnut forelock more assiduously than ever into his eyes, as he gave back an answering cheer to our Sambo; while the massive Nelson (whose sire pined himself to death to escape the indignity of the breaking bit) ate calmly on, as befitted the deposed head of the buffy bays, or perchance reserved his greeting for one of his great namesake's lieutenants, who had long since risen to admiral's estate, and had just arrived, "as green as grass," for a cruise among the hills, in his poncha.

On Exmoor.

The day had quite broken long before noon, and hence there was nothing for it but to mount a military cloak, which the rain of the tropics could hardly soak, and with a second companion cased in oilskin, and on a bit of Dongala blood at our side, and Will Court making strong running on his pet sister to the Sparkham pony, we were soon pointing across the deer park for the South Forest. Hundreds of red and fallow deer used to consider this as their sanctuary, but they have been shot or hunted down, or have fallen back for a last stand amongst the old haunts of the Doons of Badgery. The moor was like a sponge; but the clay pan which holds up the peaty surface has since been broken by Fowler's

subsoil plough, and a top-dressing of railway-brought lime completed this great measure of Reform.

A perfect parliament of sale ponies, sixty strong, was met at the corner of the South Forest, after the most active whip on the part of Scott and Shapland, who kept them steadily in position till we got up. Some of the draft brood mares had foals at their sides, and all the horse ponies dated from the May or June of '56. Buffy Bay was quite in the ascendant, and five or six Lillias greys formed that Stump element which has hitherto given such pleasant character to the thorough-bred Sledmere park troop. Some dark browns added life to the whole, and one of them, with a piece of bracken hanging carelessly in his mane tresses, would have reminded us of Herring's fine study of Muley Moloch and Rebecca. A solitary Devon kept running among them, vainly claiming kindred; but their sympathies had evidently been too much for a brown in his strangles troubles, as they had licked his ears till they were raw, and the festering blast had converted him into a croppy.

Bringing up the Ponies.

Our military-capped leader then gave the word for the North Forest; and in a few minutes the whole troop were dispersed into little friendly knots once more, while Will and Bill scoured wildly away, with their whips aloft and driving their brothers to Lillias and Tipton Slasher with as much energy as if they were racing for life or a bride. The office was, to *gather the Sparkham and Pinford ponies;* and, heedless of the Exmoor cavaliers, who dashed carelessly down something very little short of a precipice, we accomplished a more cautious, but successful descent in the neighbourhood of an iron mine, whose water-wheel was lazily resting till the railway era sets in. Once across the brook, in which our cloak which already weighed some fourteen pounds, went in gallantly for another, there were no obstacles on the Honeymead and Warren farms. The latter is

said to have sheltered a banished lord, who beguiled his unwilling martyrdom by breeding and eating rabbits.

Not a trace of his furry fancy crossed our path; and in fact, throughout our entire stay, we saw neither red deer nor "heather poult." A leash of wild ducks certainly sailed far above us, into the Buscome mist; while three other flying black specks were seen against the outline of the horizon, in the shape of the two Wills and Bill. In utter despair at their not bringing up the Sparkham pony—the Barnstaple pet of his heart—Will Court had gone off, with an expressive grunt and a Chifney rush on "my Polly," into space, across bogs and heather, to do the deed, or die; and we watched him as he made a series of masterly casts on the Sparkham hill, with his two whips waiting handy to turn them to him. It seemed likely to be a twenty-minutes' job, at least; but as we quietly rested in our saddle—on a knoll near the rushy Pinford bottom, where Mr. Knight saw his first fox found—(a small clump of rushes is often a sure Exmoor draw) a trampling behind us told that Will's grand *coup* was achieved. Up came the Sparkham pony, as if he had dropped from the clouds, with his crest erect and his mane flying in the van, and, drawing himself proudly into attitude for a moment, snorted his defiance, and paced on to his companions. The second prizeman, Cheriton, was not far behind; and the Pandarus pony promptly ran alongside of him, as if to move for a fresh trial on the points which so puzzled the bench at Barnstaple.

The Sparkham Pony.

The bones of a pony, which the foxes and the ravens had pecked bare between them, lay bleaching across our path, as we turned for the Lillias hill. Badgery had been our original point; and as the sun shone out for a brief quarter of an hour, and just lit up the yellow surface of the dying brackens, and tipped the grey boulders in their

The Doons of Badgery.

rich green setting, we felt inclined to make a pilgrimage to its forty fillies, its desolate huts, and the spot where the late Lord Alford got into a bog, and named a pet Pytchley horse in its honour. However, the thin indigo haze on the Culbourne hills behind soon died away; rain followed hard on the train of the rainbow, which spanned the Doons' valley; and Lillias was still unseen. A little chestnut colt, "as thick as a bear," raised countless surmises, as to whether he was one of the race of "Heroes;" while Will and his men, with a most energetic volunteer on a chestnut to aid them, routed up the crafty white from his lair, and drove him past at a smart trot.

After this specimen of Will's "old sort," which has no particular style about him, and looks, as they all do, much larger on the heather than off it, we beguiled the road home by seeing the little twelve-hand brother to Tipton Slasher crawl up a six-feet wall like a cat, after Bill Shapland, and trot away, seemingly "as fresh as a kitten," after his eight hours' enjoyment of something beyond a thirteen-stone hamper. The Hero was waiting at the door of Simon's Bath Lodge, to give its young heir his third taste of saddle-life, as we passed it; and, leaving that last note to memory, we shook up "The Comet" into a smart canter, and chased the groom and our carpet-bag, over hill and heather, to "the boat" at Lynemouth.

CHAPTER III.

TURF CRACKS.

"If our author had lived in the days of the Emperor who made his horse a consul, he would undoubtedly have been the first to propose a vote of confidence in the Government."

County Rivalry in Arabs.

IT is to the rivalry of the county families in the three great Ridings of Yorkshire, even in the days when they were up to their very cruppers in politics, that we may be said to owe the foundation of our finest English blood. The cockfighter, who lies full length on the floor to judge of his champion's action; the naturalist who nearly hatched a fowl's egg in his arm-pit; the gardener "who sat up all night with a sick cactus," and the lunatic lady who, for six long years addressed the editor of a stern Radical newspaper weekly, as "My dearest Alphonso," had not one whit more enthusiasm than these jealous vendees of Turks, Barbs, and Arabians. "To winde their horn, to carry their hawke fair," and to see Matchem Timms riding the pick of their stables for the Gold Cup over Hambleton or Rawcliffe Ings, made up no mean portion of their ancestral pride. Timms went to glory on his own hook with Bald Peg at Hambleton, but his finest victories were on the Earl of Carlisle's Buckhunter, by the Bald Galloway. Not the oldest man who used to totter to Castle Howard, year after year, in the beginning of the century, to see the annual Buck's Head run for by Levy Eckersley and other crack foot-racers of Yorkshire, could remember that renowned chestnut, whose half-sister Roxana was the first consort of the

Godolphin Arabian. This foreign blood still flourished long after 1770, and even Eclipse's 25-guinea Epsom advertisement, and that of "Mask* sire of Eclipse—witness my hand, B. Smith," are almost overshadowed in the *Racing Calendar* by a cloud of Arabs. One of them won the Arabian Plate at Newmarket, and another had been presented by the Emperor of Morocco, "on a particular occasion, to Thomas Adams, merchant of Rotherhithe, whose groom could be enquired for at the Europa Inn."

Indian Blood Sire Contract.

Such were the flea-bitten and "bloody-shouldered" treasures which the East sent us, and it was not until 1861, in compliance with Lord Canning's request, that the Indian Council would export some young blood sires between fifteen-two and three, instead of such half-bred, actionless coachers, that we began systematically to pay back our heavy horse debt to the East. Sir John Lawrence, Sir Erskine Perry, and Sir Frederick Currie, three of the most "stable minds" of the Indian Council, undertook, with Mr. Jex, V. S., of the First Life Guards, the preliminary inspection of the twenty-two which had been sifted by Mr. Phillips, during six months, from upwards of 200. On the day after the private inspection, in which two only were put back, the rest of the Council arrived at Willesden, headed by the President, Sir Charles Wood, a right good man with the Badsworth, and as fond as every other tyke of the side of the horse ring. The Council did not attend in the capacity of a Court of Error, but they freely endorsed the choice which had been made.

Willesden Paddocks.

Willesden Paddocks are very beautifully adapted for such an inspection. The place is so daintily kept, and the green ivy-clustered boxes are so nicely interspersed among the

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* Another reading of "Marske."

foliage and the paddocks, where a choice Southdown or a Leicester disputes the supremacy of the herbage with a blood mare, that on a sunny day it reminds us of one of Madame Vestris's drop scenes. We had no need to dwell on the memories of Harkaway, Charles XII., or Ratcatcher. Vandermulin and Ellington were there in the flesh under the same roof where Pyrrhus the First dwelt; and a little farther on, the tortoise-shell cat, with the leather-collar round her neck, was snoozing on the yellow sheet, which covered the haunches of Voltigeur.

Voltigeur and Sir Edwin Landseer.

When his friend is in the rack, the horse will lift his head affectionately, and she will crawl along his nose and neck to the old spot; and Sir Edwin was so delighted with the partnership, when Lord and Lady Zetland introduced him, that it furnished an idea at once for his canvas. The groom, however, put in a special demurrer, and convinced him, by removing the sheet and placing the cat on the bare back, that she was far too particular to rest on that natural couch, and that therefore painting her there was dead against nature. Fifteen times did Voltigeur wend his way to St. John's Wood, and his canvas *carte de visite*, which adorns the great staircase at Aske, represents him as large as life, with his head down, whispering soft things to his furry friend. Martha Lynn, along with Hersey and Birthday (dam of Lupellus) had departed after their visit to Ellington, and therefore we had not the pleasure of comparing sire and dam together; but the Lion Rampant, the whilom champion of the carriage world, passed the door just as we emerged (pulling at his new mahogany-coloured water-cart with a vigour worthy of the days when the most languid of the park strollers would run to the rails to have a look at "Batthyany's turn out,") and we got up a pleasant contrast between the two browns, so pre-eminent in their peculiar spheres.

About five-and-twenty men are employed about the spot, under Mr. Charles Phillips, who acts as his cousin's secretary. Independently of Mr. Phillips's own mares and foals, the stalls and paddocks are seldom less than half-full. Sometimes a troop of blacks are there, waiting to be passed for the Life Guards. Then there are chargers, hunters, or brood mares, for the King of Italy, or some other of the European potentates, resting a space before they are shipped; and Asia also takes her turn, as the Egyptian cavalry contract brought up four hundred. Newmarket, too, claims its place in the arrangements, and we found some yearlings preparing for Mr. Saville's trainer, and about, we trust, to follow in the footsteps of Parmesan, who drew breath here. The little fellow excited Mr. Phillips's attention so much by his action in the paddock, that he pressed Mr. Saville to overlook his lack of size, and buy him for 60 guineas, and a contingency of half his first five races, which made 250 more.* The Willesden Staff.

Besides Voltigeur, there were eight-and-twenty sires in residence that day, and the great majority of the Indian ones were on ship parade. They had been duly physicked, and cooled down with bran-mashes, and now they stood side by side in blinkers, fastened with white pillar reins, in order to drill them for the long voyage. Seventeen of them "all in a row" in one stable, and champing at their bits, was a sight worth remembering; but alas! *Field Marshal the Duke of Duty, a* chestnut with a very beautiful forehand, by Pyrrhus the First, was sadly belying Mr. Hutchinson's nomenclature, and misconducting himself far worse than any of them. Young Pyrrhus and Apollo were also there, to keep up the Gully chestnut line; and the rare The Selected Sires.

* Nine years after this was written, Favonius and Cremorne brought Parmesan into prominent notice as a sire.

jumper Eremite bore solitary witness for his Hermit Touchstone had only one son, Jasper, amongst them but in direct succession came Garibaldi and Volcano by Orlando, Heart's Delight by Pontifex, and the mouldy-looking Sermon by Surplice, the most beautiful of the lot and the most uncertain in his temper Mr. Rarey had been with him; and his remembrance of the system was still so keen, that he would go down the moment his foot was taken up. Brown Holland with his dark glossy coat, was quite The Dutchman's son, and there too was the sturdy little, white-maned Lord Nelson, who would puzzle all the physiologists to discover where his dashing mile talent could have come from, unless they knew of his Collingwood and Velocipede descent.

Bumble Bee was a good-looking relic of the glorious days of Curraghmore, and beside him stood Young St. Francis, with many traces of the old horse, who learnt the language of the bit from Sam Chifney's hand. Æthiopian was one dark-brown level, from his ears to his croup, as many of the Robert de Gorhams are wont to be. Near him was Ryedale, long, low, and untried, and dubious as to his paternity between Vatican and John O'Gaunt. The Alderman by the Knight of Avenel was so neat, that Tom Dawson could hardly bear to let him go; and Professor Dick and young Marcian (h.b.) were of the hunting field order; Belgium had furnished Namur by Corban, with only three summers on his head, and Ackworth, half-brother to Mincepie, and the best of the score, carried the fortunes of Simoom.

On Shipboard.

Four grooms, two of them appointed by the company (for Mr. Phillips's responsibility ceased the moment the horses were on shipboard), and two of Mr. Green's men, went to attend on them during their voyage. The stalls were built in two lines between decks, with a gangway separating them, to admit of exercise in fine weather,

and were five feet wide, well-padded and laid down with mats. The allowance for the ninety-five days was 10lbs. of compressed hay, 8lbs. of oats, and 1½ bushels of bran for each horse per diem. Twelve loads of hay was the general supply, with 33 quarters of bran, and 60 quarters of oats, the latter pure Riga, and not Scotch "potato." The great London job-masters have long held by the Riga, and old Bob Newman used to say that his greys could face Barnet Hill, and go the eleven mile stage in ten minutes less time, when they were not stuffed up with that "thick-skinned potato stuff." There was also a medicine chest, with a good stock of directions, and as the horses were not allowed to lie down, stays were provided, and adjusted so as to prevent the pressure, which slings too often produce on the intestines. They hang loosely when things are going right; and in case of a horse losing his sea legs by a sudden heave, or becoming unduly weary, he learns to drop and lie upon them. The embarkation was managed nicely enough; as they started from Willesden Paddocks soon after daylight, with their twenty aides-de-camp and a blacksmith. Their shoes were then taken off, and after a little remonstrance on the part of Sermon and Namur, they were all in position between decks by eight o'clock.

The President of the Council, the examiners, and others of the Board, looked in upon them once more, and in ninety days their leagues along the watery way were over, and the Pilgrim Fathers set foot on Eastern ground, without one death in the lot.* Young St.

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* In Bengal there are two Government stud establishments—one called "The North-west Stud," and the other "The Central Stud." The former consists of two depôts—viz., at Hauppu and Scharunpore, with a breeding district; and the latter of four depôts—viz., Ghazeepoor, Bunar, Kurruntadhee, and Poosah, also with a breeding district. The North-west breeding district is conducted on what is called the Zemindaree system. The mares belong to the farmers, but before

Francis, however, broke from his picket one night on the way to his station, and dashed out his brains against a wall.

Arabs in England.

The prejudice against Arabs was not lessened by the strange mixed lot which were brought home after the Crimean war. About that time, if you saw a crowd in the city, and a turban elevated above it, you might be sure that it was some unhappy native on an Arab, as damp as if it had been dragged through a river. Those who have passed their lives in India wonder why the Arab sires will never take in England; and others wonder, in reply, why the "nabobs" who come over do not give them the chance themselves, by buying a

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being covered they are duly registered, and the man is bound to bring the produce to the Deputy Superintendent when he goes on his yearly tour of inspection. If the foal is approved of, and the price agreed to, the foal is purchased, and goes into the Government depôt at once. If the foal is not approved of, it becomes the property of the farmer. Formerly, when entire horses were ridden in the ranks (what a mistake that was, by the way, and what thousands of pounds have been lost by it, through not being able to make use of mares!), colts only were purchased, fillies always belonging to the farmers; now, however, fillies are also purchased, if they appear likely to make troopers.

In the Central Stud the system is different altogether. There the mares belong to Government, and they are given out to the farmers at four years old under the following conditions:—The farmer signs a bond that he will keep the mare in good condition, that she shall want for nothing, that he will bring her and her foal for inspection when called on, &c.; and he has also to give a security. When the mare comes in season she is covered by a Government stallion, the farmer merely paying a groom's fee of two rupees, equivalent to four shillings—as I dare say you know. Both in the North-west and Central Studs the mares are classed to the stallions thought most fitted for them, by the Deputy Superintendents in their yearly tours of inspection. In the Central Stud the mares are inspected in the districts once a month by the district officers, when their condition and everything connected with them is noted down in a book kept for the purpose. Three times in the year the Deputy Superintendent purchases the young stock that are over seven months old. The prices vary from 7*l.* to 13*l.*, being never under the former or above the latter sum, and the following is the system:—

It is considered that, as both the mare and stallion belong to Govern-

few thorough-bred brood mares, and boldly leading the way. Precepts fall dead from the lips of men who have plenty of time and money, and yet dare not back their opinions by stud practice, or claim the 32lb. allowance in the Goodwood Cup, or the 28lbs. in the Royal Ascot Stand Plate.

Mr. Wilson and Omer Pacha.

To judge from Mr. Wilson and his late fifteen-hand bay charge, Omer Pacha, at Althorp, the habits of some of these Arabs are remarkable. This horse was ridden ninety miles in one day, without drawing rein, by Omer Pacha's messenger, with the news of the Russian repulse, from Silistria to Varna; and although *he* was none the worse, the unhappy rider died. Mr. Wilson does

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ment, and she was classed to that particular horse by a Government servant, if the farmer has invariably done justice to the mare and foal, it is not his fault if the latter prove worthless, and consequently it is a standing rule that if a man's mare and foal have always been mustered good, he gets the highest price—13*l.* for the latter, whatever it may be like. If, however, the farmer has at any time neglected the mare in any way, he at once forfeits this privilege. You may probably think these prices low; but when I tell you that if a man sells a foal for 130 rupees (13*l.*), he can, without loss, keep the mare for three years, even if she does not have another foal—in other words, that 13*l.* will keep the mare for four years—you will, I think, consider the remuneration sufficient. When these foals are purchased, the colts go to the Bunar and Kurruntadhee depôts, from whence they are at three years old transferred to Ghazeepoor, where they remain till they go into the service at four years old. The fillies all go to Poosah (there are generally upwards of 1500 there), and remain there till they are four years old, when the best go into the districts as brood mares, the second-best go into the Light Cavalry regiments and batteries, and the others are sold in the Calcutta and other markets, where they realize fair prices. The stallions are stationed in the districts, and each has about thirty mares allotted to him. The situation of the stable of course depends on the number of mares in the vicinity. At some stands there are six stallions, at others only one.

Those horses that are now coming out will be kept in the depôts until they are in good condition, when they will be sent into the districts; but if, when the hot weather comes on, any of them show signs of feeling the heat, they will be at once brought to the depôt again. From the 15th June till the 15th October all covering is stopped, and the horses come into the depôt.—*Sporting Magazine.*

not wonder at that, as he believes "that nothing short of a cast-iron man could sit on him for six hours." He certainly speaks from a pretty vast experience, as he rode him out every morning on his rounds. Their matutinal progress was not unfrequently marked by a succession of pirouettes. Owing to his peculiar military training, he has acquired a habit of always keeping a leg in reserve. If he is cantering, it is with only three legs, and he is trotting with the other; and then he will suddenly reverse matters. Again, seized by a sudden fit of martial enthusiasm, he would gallop across the paddock at thirty miles an hour, then stop dead, and wheel round on one leg for a pivot. He was given by Omer Pacha to Sir Richard Airey, and was bought by the late Lord Spencer for 200 guineas, quite weak and almost hairless from the effects of the voyage. When his present lordship gave up his stud, he was given to his agent Mr. Beaseley, who has since let him to Mr. Smith, to follow up the Katerfelto cross at Exmoor.

Mr. Elliot on Arab Champions.

Mr. Elliot, late of the Bombay Presidency, in an article in the *India Sporting Review* (1852), gives it as his deliberate opinion, that up to that point the silver-grey Barefoot* was of the purest Arabian blood he had met with. To The Child of the Islands he assigns the palm of racing

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* The following is the description given by Major Gwatkin of Barefoot in 1828:—Barefoot is of the Nedgdee caste, eight years old, stands 14 hands 2 inches; is a silvery grey, with a dark skin; blood head, full eye, large thropple, light neck; the shoulders are flat, with the muscular lines very distinct; withers well raised; a good arm; legs flat, and the sinews large and well detached from the bone; pasterns of a moderate length. His back and loins are particularly beautiful, and convey the idea of great strength. His quarters are finely turned and very muscular. His temper is exceedingly good. When led out to start, he appears to great advantage, full of fire, yet very temperate; and when at work no horse could evince more vigour and determined courage.

superiority at 9st. 7lb. and under; and selects Elepoo, whose race with the Cape horse Sir Benjamin, was described in these terms—which, if they had been embodied in a telegram, would have sorely puzzled Lord John and the Foreign Office,—"*Asia gave Africa a stone and a beating,*" as the Champion of the Heavy Weights. Taking, however, purity of breed and goodness combined, there has, perhaps, been nothing to beat Barefoot, who was imported in 1820, and after running at Bombay, and Baroda, passed over into the hands of Major Gwatkin, and distinguished himself at Meerut and Cawnpore. He was only fourteen hands two inches, and of the Nedgdee caste, and his owner at one time intended to have sent him to the stud in England, but Mr. Weatherby did not think he would take, and dissuaded him from it.*

Landing of Arabs at Bombay.

Bagdad is the great emporium at which the Arabs are collected for India, and shipped thence to Bombay in droves of forty to seventy, where the great dealers from Calcutta and Madras await them. They begin to arrive about October 1st, and never cease till the middle of March. Formerly they used to come as threes and fours, but of late years the system has been changed. The buyers like them with more age on them, and they require at least a year's seasoning before they can be got into racing condition. From 6000 to 9000 are landed at the Apollo pier annually, the majority of them grey sires, which become quite white at eight. The prices range generally from 45*l.* to 60*l.*, but no good charger for a 12st. man can be got under 100*l.* to 150*l.*, while a racer will fetch his 150*l.* to 250*l.* The landing is a very picturesque sight, as the native dealers in long yellow robes and turbans struggle with

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* Mr. Elliott ranks Ruby next to Barefoot.

their charges on the landing boards, and hand them over to little African boys, who flock down to the pier, and ride them to the different stables with nothing but a halter.

Many of them have never seen a carriage in their lives before, and there is not unfrequently some terrible devilry among them in consequence. They rush from one side of the street to another, till they are one mass of foam, and occasionally dash headlong through the Bazaar, and perhaps kill a child. The voyage varies from thirty to seventy days, and reduces some of them to mere grey ghosts. Very few mares come, and those are generally barren. Their food on board consists of barley and dates, and what with this, day after day, following on their bad pasture, they get sadly heated, and their legs fill. Barbadoes aloes, and a little soap and ginger, is principally given them on landing, and it not unfrequently removes a plate of pebbles, which they have brought inside them, as a most appropriate memento from Stony Arabia. Their food is changed to gram, which is a species of pulse, and very much resembles dry peas. It is so apt to ferment in the stomach, that it is not possible to give them very much of it, and it is usually mixed with English oats, which are very much better than the oats of the country.

Racing in India.

Madras used to be the Newmarket of India, and its success from 1826-38 may be fairly attributed to the energetic system of the late and "lanky Will Hall," who was then training for General Showers. Till 1838 no Arab had ever run two miles under 3 minutes 54 seconds; but at Madras in the January of 1838, it was first done in 3 minutes 51 seconds, with 7st. 12lb., by the bay four-year-old Samnite.* The courses are measured to a

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* It has been done three times since, in 3 min. 48 secs.

yard, about twelve inches from the inside, in order to make the time test as perfect as possible. Racing at Madras is in a great measure a dead letter now, and the authorities have rather set their faces against the sport everywhere, on account of the great amount of gambling which went on. Calcutta and Barrackpore were the worst in this respect, and the system of lotteries (which is somewhat elaborate and rather different to ours), had grown to such a height, that at times a lac of rupees (10,000*l.*) would be depending on the issue of one race. There are still 100 courses in India, the principal of which are Bombay, Poonah, Mysore, Baroda, Guzerat, Calcutta, and Cawnpore. General McDowell had seldom less than fifty Arabs in training; Colonel Macleane had also a large string, and the late Sir Walter Gilbert's was very renowned at Cawnpore. In Calcutta they begin to race at seven in the morning, but have to wait till nine, sometimes, on account of the fogs; while at Madras and Bombay they begin at three or four in the afternoon.

The "Bombay ducks" consider their racing season to extend through January, February, and part of March. Heats have been abolished; from four to six races are run off in an afternoon, and seldom more than eight or nine start in each. The Maiden Plate at Bombay, for horses imported the previous year, generally ensures a capital start, and as there are sometimes seventy subscribers, it has been known to reach 1200*l.* The course on which it is run is circular, about a mile and a half round, and very flat and hard, as in portions of it there are not more than eight or nine inches of soil above the rock. Arabs and Mahrattas and Parsees all look after the racers in the stables, and lead them at exercise for about three-quarters of an hour before they gallop. The native jockeys (which have been of late years nearly superseded by English ones), are prin-

cipally Mahrattas, and ride to the course on their hacks in true English style; and as a general thing, they do not extend their circuits out of their own presidency.

Breeds and Peculiarities of Arabs.

Arabs are invariably quick beginners, as most horses with hocks well under them are, and it is generally a case of trying to cut down each other from the very post. In point of speed they are not remarkable; but their *forte* is to keep up to the very "top of their foot" for two miles. Their legs are very good naturally, and none the worse for being calf-kneed; but the fetlocks often become ossified with hard work on hard ground. Some of them will run three seasons in this state, and the excessive stiffness only seems to tell against them by their getting off from the post rather slower. As hacks they are inferior, and often stumble most dreadfully. One of their greatest peculiarities is, that owing to their compact form, their over-stepping sometimes goes to the extent of fourteen inches, whereas the English horse seldom does more than just clear his fore-foot print. The Arab dealers lay great stress on this talent, as indicative of the highest racing capacity. With respect to carrying weight, the real test is whether the shoulder is well laid, and the girth deep. Hog hunting is quite in their way, and if their master is a cool hand (which they very soon find out), they are not long in learning how to turn with the boar, and receive his charge with the most unflinching courage. The most approved colours are bays and light greys, and in the case of the latter, it is easy to tell from an examination of the subtle red and black shades under the skin, whether they will be silver grey or flea-bitten; and the tendency to the latter coat developes itself very distinctly at four years old. If the Arabs have a golden chestnut, they love the accompaniment of a blaze, and four white stockings.

The two principal tribes are the Aneza, in the

centre of Arabia, and the Nedgdee, so called after the capital of Stony Arabia. Several of a distinct tribe are bred at Bagdad; but although they are very handsome and showy, they are hardly so pure in blood, and seldom stay a distance so well. The Aneza horses have very great endurance, and during the last twenty years they have gradually got ahead of the Nedgdee, which scarcely ever exceeds fourteen-two, while the Aneza is seldom less than that, and occasionally reaches fifteen. Both are fine in their tempers, though, perhaps, the Nedgdee has the pull in this respect. The Anezas are mostly bays and chestnuts, whereas the most famous Nedgdee tribe of Saglowdie is almost invariably grey. As regards the heads of these desert rivals, that of the Aneza horse is the least pure of the two, and there is, perhaps, a cross of the Turcoman (native dealers say the English) horse in it, which makes the head larger and more Roman-nosed, though the eye is equally good.

In this point, the Nedgdee is remarkably beautiful, and retains the small head, fine eye, neat ears, and clean jowl of his patrician race; and as a general rule, these two tribes are not crossed with each other. One of the leading marks of the pure Nedgdee, is the line at the root of the ear, arising from the practice of sewing the ears together when they are young. As this point is always looked for by purchasers, the dealers take care not to disappoint them, and a hot skewer makes a very fair fac-simile of it. In the Aneza, a white mark above the near hock, caused by the chain attached to the fore-leg, which prevents them from straying in the desert, has been almost made a *sine quâ non*, since Major Seaton first noticed it; but the "Fort Adjutant's mark" gradually came up in horses of apparently such coarse caste, that forgery and friction had no doubt been at work.

Tricks of Native Dealers.

The Early English Cracks.

Horizon, the first of the Eclipses, came out in 1774, and Competitor, the last of them, died towards the close of 1816. Neither the late Mr. Kirby, nor any other of the Turf patriarchs we have talked with, could remember seeing the mighty chestnut, and we have therefore no fresh traditions, wherewith to rush into that profitless controversy which rages at intervals over his bones. Good old Sylvester Reed is also gone; but many a little hint of his, on man and horse, is scattered through these pages. Of Champion, he was wont to say, that he showed remarkable breeding, and had no coarseness about him, except his lop-ears. Hambletonian, although "more of a harness horse," was another of his boyish darlings. This horse was not thought much of as a yearling, when he was in the paddocks at Shipton, with Beningbrough, and his mares were his best runners. In his seventeen starts he was never beaten but once, and then he jumped the cords; but his sister Gipsy gained a most unhappy notoriety, by throwing George Herring (who won nineteen races in succession) three times at Hull, in 1796, and killing him at last on the spot. She was sold as a maiden to Russia, and there have been no races at Hull since.

Hambletonian.

Mr. Reed's invariable story of Crowcatcher, whom John Smith insisted on so naming, when he had seen him deftly behead a wool-stealer *in ipso facto*, led us insensibly on to the Streatlam stud. It is quite the oldest in the North, and well has it held its ground. John Smith entered the tenth Lord Strathmore's service in 1795, and was with him till 1808. Before this, his lordship had quite a small stud at Esher, near Kingston, and Pipator, one of Lord Clermont's breeding, and Queen Mab, the nursing mother of the stud, both came from there. Queen Mab was by Eclipse, from a Tartar mare, and the youngest of

John Smith at Streatlam.

"I see Queen Mab has been with you."

the ten chestnuts, five colts and five fillies, with Jupiter and Mercury among them, which her dam threw to Eclipse in 1772-85. Some would have it that she was foaled when the Tartar mare was thirty-six; but Isaac Walker, after making himself, as in duty bound, a perfect Strype on the subject, cannot find that she was more than twenty-seven.

She was trained at Epsom and Newmarket, but, like one of Captain Meynell's (who had four years of it on the Warren Hill) she never started. Lord Strathmore gave 296*l.* for her, and she was sent, in 1795, to Tattersall's; but as 180 guineas was the highest offer, she did not change hands, and commenced a three hundred mile walk, to Gibside. As regards her looks, Isaac has all the facts and figures of the thing, down to "white nearly up to hock on near hind leg, and a few white hairs close to hoof on near forefoot, &c.;" but it is enough for us to know that she was a thick and lengthy fourteen-three chestnut, with white mane and tail, and wide drooping ears. Her Remembrancer by Pipator won the St. Leger in Ben Smith's hands, and Cassio by Sir Peter, who was born when she was a desperate sufferer from a gathered udder, ran second to Fyldener, and performed most brilliantly the following year. It was, however, through Remembrance by Sir Solomon, and Oblivion by Jerry, that her blood descends in female tail to Forget-me-Not, the dam of Daniel O'Rourke.

The Queen Mab Family at Streatlam.

The three other "blue ribbons" of Streatlam, only inherit a strong collateral dash of her blood through her dark chestnut nephew Hermes by Mercury, from a Woodpecker dam. He went blind from inflammation, at Winchester races, and Lord Strathmore rode him hack, and drove him in his curricle. John Smith was wont to say, that he never rode a faster trotter, and bade the farmers be of good courage, and not mind a fifteen-shilling fee. Hermes died at Gibside in 1814,

but not before he had united the Eclipse and High-flyer strains in his Gibside Fairy, from Vicissitude by Pipator. From the cross of this bloody-looking brown and Whisker, came Emma, the dam of Mundig, Cotherstone, and the grandam of West Australian, and as Isaac triumphantly observes, "*There we have it.*" Vicissitude was foaled at the paddocks, and was forfeited with her dam to his lordship, because her owner left her till the expenses of the keep were far beyond her seeming value. She was the granddaughter of Pyrrha, the produce of those two Northumberland flyers of Mr. Fenwick's, of whom a highly equitable poet observes, in allusion to there not being the weight of a stable-key between them,

> "Matchem he was the best of all,
> But Duchess the flower of Bywell Hall."

Streatlam Trainers.

In 1808, John Smith went to the Marquis of Queensberry, as stud-groom, in Scotland, and from thence with his lordship's horses to Middleham. Dunn succeeded him as trainer at Streatlam, and then Charles Marson, who trained for his lordship till he died, and afterwards entered the Marquis of Exeter's service, taking with him a 2000-guinea colt, by Ardrossan from Vicissitude. After him there was no more training at Streatlam, and a riband of rather greener turf in the park still faintly marks the course, over which he worked the Remembrancer stock, with Lord Foley and Sir John Shelley to look on during the grouse season.

Isaac Walker at Home.

Independent of all this Turf heraldry, the spot is as beautiful a one as you may find in the county of Durham. A large herd of Argyles formed a red, black, and cream array, as they gathered beef in the park, where the Pipators and Remembrancers got rid of it. A herd of fallow deer, which had months before

> "Hung their old heads on the pale,"

were sauntering past the boxes of the fated Night-watch and the bay filly, Culotte de Peau, a name just fresh from Paris, and over the meaning and pronunciation of which we found Isaac fiercely struggling for the mastery, in the recesses of his saddle-room. Among the inner and outer treasures of that cupboard were Obadiah the Quaker musing on the future; and the Doncaster return sheet of The West's year in full. There, too, were the gilt plates of that hero, while one of a larger size represented Mundig. Isaac himself went as a stripling to Mr. George Lane Fox's, of Bramham, and first visited Newmarket, in charge of Macduff, when he beat the Duke of York's Moses, the Derby winner of '22. After a few years there with Bloss, he joined Perren, of Settrington, and putting into Hambleton, in stress of weather, with Euphrosyne, Macduff, New Baith, and Sir Tatton's Negotiator, he first saw his future ally, John Scott. It was a rare harbour of refuge for Yorkshire trainers in hard weather; and there, too, among others, came Dicky Shepherd, with Muta and Manuella, and Bobby Pettit, with Sir R. K. Dick's Ajax and Euphrates.

After this little interlude, near "the white mare of Whissencliffe," Isaac lived three years as pad groom to Mr. Bowes at Cambridge; and when that gentleman sat for South Durham, in the first Reform Parliament, he still held his post. He met Will Goodall, who was there on duty for Mr. Drake, and "on the other side of the question," night after night, under the St. Stephen's horse shed; and when their minds, like the Laird of Cockpen's, were not "ta'en up wi' affairs of the State," during a great division night, they exchanged many a reflection on horse and hound. Isaac's father gave up his place soon after; but he lived to see his son hold it in his room for exactly a third of a century.

Isaac's Interviews with Will Goodall.

The earliest stud recollection of the latter was seeing his father help to drag

The Streatlam Paddock Pets.

out Hermes from his box, to be buried under the hawthorn, close by the precipice of the Lune bank, to the side of which he had galloped even in his blind days, and stopped short like a *manège* horse. A few nettles close by bloom over Pipator and Queen Mab; and the paddocks in which their progeny roamed, still flourish, guarded by those thick holly hedges which the stable lads planted, and John Smith watered with such care. The stones for their high walls came from the old buildings, and Frank never failed to tell Isaac that he knew he "shut up his yearlings for another twelve months, if they were not big enough, and only brought them up honest if they were." The West's paddock is generally reserved for the crack of the year, but Welcome and Ratomski were its doubtful denizens of 'Sixty.

Among the mares, which were a little further on, The Flapper looked like a lengthy, lame poster, and Mowerina, an own sister to Cotherstone, with her chubby-headed old Orange Girl at her side, was quite light enough below the knee. Still there can be no doubt, if you look at her, whence The West catches his beautiful head and shoulders, and Isaac observes to us, as he tenderly passes his hand under her jowl, that "she has no chance of roaring when the machinery is so clean." The year that she went to Bay Middleton she was his only thoroughbred mare, and she lost her colt foal, owing to the man in charge turning idle and riding her for fifteen or sixteen miles. Forget-me-Not was there, with the first and last foal by The West they ever had at these paddocks; and when Isaac is called on for the other curiosities of his Streatlam experience, he will tell you that Balderdale and Lunedale have been the only roarers on the place, that in Cotherstone's year all seven mares produced colts, that he never had twins except the brothers to Klarikoff, and that Gibside Fairy carried Emma for a twelve-month and a day.

Phenomenon had the honour of making roaring as fashionable in the North, as the stock of Cervantes made two-year-old running. Delpini filled it with rather leggy greys, most of which could go four miles. He was the sire of Mr. Garforth's Vesta, who, with her dam, Faith, and her half-sister Marcia, formed the most beautiful trio of greys that ever adorned a stud, Mr. Pierse's not excepted. There were three Delpini greys amongst the eight St. Leger starters in Beningbrough's year; and his grey Symmetry soon afterwards proved his claim to be the sweetest-looking colt that ever won that race. Delpini himself was very closely allied to the Arab in his look, light-bodied, and with a prominent eye and head, which told of desert descent; and even when he was wasted almost to a skeleton, he miraculously retained his beauty. During his last three years, he never shed his coat, and became like the woolly child of caravan lore. The fact was so well known in Yorkshire, that when an old gentleman with very long white hair sat on the Grand Jury for the first time at York, and went up to the foreman to pay his footings, there was heard this pretty audible aside from one of them, "Here comes the Delpini *colt*."

The Yorkshire Greys.

Delpini of the Woolly Coat.

Golumpus was the first sire Sir Tatton ever used, when he began to keep a few mares at Westow, and Sledmere, by Delpini from a Gabriel mare, who went to Sir Bellingham Graham for 800 guineas, was the first good sale he made. Half of this horse belonged to Sir Mark, who had four or five brood mares at Sledmere in 1804, and among them the sisters Miss Teazle Hornpipe and Miss Hornpipe Teazle by Sir Peter from a Trumpator mare. Both of them were sent to Sancho, and they returned in foal with Prime Minister and President. The former beat Tramp, after a most desperate finish in the Four-year-old Subscription at York, and the

Turf Doings at Sledmere.

latter was a little brown horse, which passed into Sir Tatton's hands, and was given by him to an earth-stopper. To the donor he proved rich treasure-trove, as he soon ranked next to Screveton in the North Riding's eyes, and nearly all the young things were fathered on the pair. The Sledmere horses were then trained at Marramat, by George Searle, and while Mr. Bethell, of Rise (who was confederate with Mr. Pratt) confined his racing nomenclature to Green-gage and other fruits, Sir Mark bethought himself of the Knights-of-the-Round-Table, and went in for Sir Sacripant, Sir Bertram, Sir Marinel, and the like.

Sam Chifney in Yorkshire.

Sam Chifney, who had attracted his notice at York, was engaged as jockey at 100*l.* a-year, but his dawdling ways were against him, and he was spoken of, in the Sledmere stable, as "the long, thin, lazy lad." As he lived at Newmarket, a hack had to be sent over frequently by appointment to meet the coach at Malton, and as often as not it returned without him. When Woldsman was to be tried for his Shuttlecock match, over Knavesmire. Sam kept Sir Mark and his brother waiting three or four hours, and then arrived a stone over weight, from a venison feast.

After his discharge on the trial morning, Garbutt, who was, like Snarry, a lad with Searle, rode occasionally for the stable; but Jackson got the best mounts, and never showed finer horsemanship than when he met Petronius with Theresa, at York.

Camillus and Stumps.

Sir Mark gave 500 guineas for Camillus by Hambletonian from Faith, and kept him for eight or nine seasons, till he died. He was barely fifteen-one, and full of Arab quality, and his portrait, with the old coachman at his head, forms one of the *Penates* at Sledmere. One of his fillies was the dam of Negotiator by Prime Minister, a strong, useful horse, but rather a rambling goer, and sold to Lord Kennedy for 700 guineas, at three.

Stumps by Whalebone was the first sire Sir Tatton ever bought, and he combined his favourite fifteen-two standard, with rather light bone, and an aptitude for heats, in which he had beaten Goshawk. He had Delpini's style of head, and it was from his light forelegs, and his stumped-up way of going on them, that he acquired his name.

Two hundred guineas was his Doncaster price, and he was finally given away after five seasons to a tenant in Holderness. His end was a sad one, as he broke away from his leader, who was in his cups, and caught a fatal inflammation from wandering up and down a field in a rainy night, with his sheets dragging at his heels.

Death of Stumps.

But Snarry in his snow-white jacket must step forward now, ashen plant in hand, like the Chorus in the play, and tell his experience of Sledmere past and present. The inspiriting presence of Dick Stockdale, more deep than ever in the Maroon faith since he became his own, was not wanting that day. Both openly and by implication he set forth his praises. We heard of high stepping bays by him, which had worked their way into the Royal Mews, and again that mysterious story of a presumptuous rival, who only lived to break two men, and well nigh caused another to hang himself. And so, passing for the present, over Daniel the delight of Snarry's heart, Colsterdale with whom he has never held more than an armed truce, and Fandango towards whom he has always preserved a highly dignified neutrality, we commenced our journey with The Dialls field. It was high-tide with The Lawyer that summer and Snarry's *Manchester Examiner* was perpetually bringing good tidings. As luck would have it, his dam stood foremost among the eleven mares; and our interpreter spake on this wise.

An Afternoon with Sir Tatton and Snarry.

Diplomatic Relation of Snarry and the Sledmere Sires.

The Dial's Lead.

"That's Lawyer's dam; she's by Hampton, dam by Cervantes, great grandam by Smasher. Lawyer'd have been a lost horse if he'd not been sold at York; he's just got hold of four Queen's Plates in four days. They rode her at Birdsall when the hounds went there, hunter and hack occasionally. That's a half-brother to him by Caster, that chestnut Sir Tatton's on now; Mr. Sykes has another of them in London. The old brown horse, he was shot last week, not very safe at last, he'd carried Sir Tatton sixteen years. I thought I was right on that point, however; I don't think he ever had a name. Hampton?—yes, we must go back a bit; he'd be by Sultan out of Sister to Moses; we had him first in '38; his mares are going off now, Lord Westminster had him; gave 600 guineas for him at the Hampton sale; he was a chestnut; he got us short-legged, strong chestnut mares; Sir Tatton gave three hundred for him; he was a slow beast, did us a deal of good for all that. Cervantes! you want to know about him? he was a compact-looking horse; not so very big; they were pretty fair stayers. That's a Fernhill mare, we had him a season. That's sister to Odd Trick by Sleight, she's got the best foal here, *that's by Daniel.* That's Thornhill's dam; hers'll be by Colsterdale; like him too; second best foal, but a long way behind. We've thirty or forty Colsterdales. That's Greyling's dam there, and sister to Jack Frost, both by Sleight. They've each got one, so has the Jereed mare. That's a Knight of the Whistle; she's one of the best bred ones in England, I'll be bound for it; her foal's by Daniel, and a very good one it is. We had a good way on to a hundred foals, five double ones, seven or eight mares slipped, and some not put to. That mare's by Hampton, dam by Young Phantom out of sister to Barefoot, she's the prettiest mare we have.

"This is Swale's Wold; that will be an ash belt, oaks

don't manage much of a tap-root in these parts. We've four Fernhill mares here; that's one of them, the chestnut; let me see, she's by Pyrrhus from Odd Trick's dam; a Daniel foal too, such a thick one. Pyrrhus was only here one season, and left us large chestnut mares. That's a Burgundy: we'll not say much about her looks, rare bred un for all that, out of a Muley Moloch mare, the foal's a Colsterdale; got his hind-legs to a shaving. Do you mean that white-faced one on the heap? Algebra, best of Mathematician's get. Poor Mr. Drinkald, he *would* send him: she's got a chestnut filly by Daniel, bloody-looking—the white-faced one, I mean. They're ten foals here, all of them fillies. That's a Caster mare, Colsterdale again, and very like him. We had Caster seven or eight seasons, I think you'd put thirty to him one season, Sir Tatton; aye! it would be fully that; he was a thick, short horse, got us little stumpy mares, we've very few of them. That mare's off sister to Spotted Boy's dam;— * * * Yes, it's a good cow, I question whether we've a better about the place. Swale's Wold.

"They call this The Cottage Pasture. There are the mares among those white thorns in the slack: sister to Sauter le Coup, she's a beautiful mare by Sleight of Hand out of Black Tommy's dam; we bred him, he was second for the Derby. That Orlando-looking colt's out of her own sister, and her first foal; you needn't ask if it's a Daniel, when we see the legs and limbs. Yon brown mare, she's by Sleight out of Darling; a grand mare; we've best mares of anybody's, I don't care where they are, we can challenge any stud in England with our Sleight of Hand mares; bring what they like, we'll meet them. That's a Stumps mare, as like the family as aught we have; he had sweet legs and hind-quarters, his fore ones wern't much to crack of; The Cottage Pasture.

she's got a grey, short-looking Daniel; it may make something yet; from grey mares Daniel gets as many grey as anything; we've put her to Fandango,—he's rather starved Daniel; that Stumps mare Wicket we had, she scratched her hip with a nail in the railway-box, and died of lock-jaw. This will be as good as ever she was. That's a Pyrrhus mare, dam by Sleight of Hand, she's sister to Baronet. Colsterdale, he got them half chestnuts the first go off; after that more bay ones.

Cherry Wood End.

"We're coming into Cherry Wood End; there are five mares, all of them with fillies; three whites among them. That's Panmure's dam by Stumps; we had Stumps six or seven years; he'd be fifteen-two, Sir Tatton, and not very good measure either; we've a granddaughter of Wicket, she's had nothing that's come to hand yet; Monge's dam by Bay Middleton, she's another of the whites; and that mare by Sleight of Hand dam by Cervantes, grandam by Young Phantom, we call her blue grey. That great, stout-bodied mare, she's sister to Grey Tommy by Sleight of Hand; Mr. Drinkald bought five or six that turn. The brown mare next her (the Colsterdale's a twin), she's by Sleight of Hand, dam by Comus, grandam by Golumpus. We've most stout mares by Sleight, he got us nice bays and browns; St. Giles is from them. Sleight of Hand, he was as narrow as a rail across the hips; he hit with the Hampton's, they're low and wide, with wonderful fore legs, and the Comus mares. Mr. Scott said he was good, but a bit delicate—bloody head and neck. Sir Tatton and Mr. Osborne were a long time over the bargain, it went on nearly all the Doncaster week—325 guineas at last; he was a cheap horse to us. We had two Comus mares last year, one's put down and one's dead; he got foals, did the old horse, when he was twenty-eight; he got us chestnuts with white legs; he had no white himself;

Sir Tatton hired him for six seasons. Grey Momus, he was the pick of the basket, he was from a Cervantes mare. Many Comus mares are grey, they get it from Camillus,—he got them grey ; Cervantes's and Young Phantom's, they come bays. Young Phantom never got us a chestnut ; he was half Bill Scott's ; lame at three years old, though ; he got his foot into a rabbit hole ; Comus never had a spavined one, and only one ring-bone that I know of.

"You'll know Craggs Flat again, we put the cracks here ; all colts looking like yearlings and all chestnuts but one ; five Colsterdales and two Daniels. They're very forward pastures ; there are two black lambs to make stockings of. That chestnut mare's by Sleight out of sister to Hamptonia ; she only lived to have a colt and a filly ; that's the filly. The pretty dark chestnut by itself, that's Thornhill's dam ; that's the first Colsterdale foal we had ; there's Naughty Boy's dam close by her ; that's a rare thick chestnut Colsterdale she's got with her, it's a horse now ; Amati's dam never made a mistake ; Mr. Cookson came here and found the name on a fiddle, that's why we called him that. We must get it correct anyhow ; only four of them have ever had a bridle on. Gorse Hill, Amati, Elcho, Bogle Hill—Marquis of Bowmont they called him when he won—all winners ; bred nothing but what's won,—what's been tried however. The chestnut's by Sleight of Hand out of Darling ; she has a chestnut ; t'other's a bay Colsterdale foal, and like him too ; that Darling blood's as good as anything we have. Little Hampton was from the old mare. That's a Pyrrhus mare, none of them's run but Bayonet ; I doubt he's not so good as he ought to be ; they keep matching of him ; I don't know what they're doing with him ; they don't measure him well, I think. Yes! he gave 22lbs., Sir Tatton.

The Craggs Flat.

"There are lots of mushrooms in this Castle field

The Castle Field.

we get the best view of Sledmere from it; that's Marramat among the firs and ashes over there. Sir Christopher planted the woods; there's a good gallop two miles round among those woods at Marramat; Sam Chifney's ridden in it many a time. George Serle had the farm, and trained Sir Mark's horses; I was there as a lad, fifty years ago; aye! it will be fully that; then Sir Mark's horses went to Joe Ackroyd's, where Mr. Scott lives now; then on to Perren's at Settrington. Tibthorpe Wold Farm lies over there; a good bit of Boddle was a rabbit warren; those red roofs there, that's it; then we get round—Marramat—Mowthorpe—Kirby and the rest of them. The separate trees look like a wood. We're forgetting these mares; there are five Sleights amongst them; have you got that one down? I suppose you'll be bringing out something in the *Silk and Scarlet* style; one of them's by Sleight out of Wicket, white mare you were talking of; next her, let me see, she'll be by Sleight of Hand, dam by Stumps, grandam by Oiseau. The white-legged bay walking off; that's Wynnstay's dam, with a foal just the make of Colsterdale. Mr. Sykes rode the little chestnut mare with the harriers; that's her Daniel foal, that thick un. Daniel's fillies have a deal more grey at the root of their tails than the colts; there are a deal of grey hairs from Daniel; that's the Irishman; the tails always witness of Daniel,—they used to be called the Matchem arms. That big foal in the middle, he's brother to—Highflyer, and not fly so very fast either. We only once brought up twins, they were a couple of Riflemen.

The King's Field.

"There are only two Pyrrhuses in this King's Field, and a sister to Wollaton; the skewballed one's out of sister to Baronet; I didn't know what was coming, so Sir Tatton says. Well! there was a great white patch on the side,—as like a calf as aught. That other Pyrrhus, Sir Tatton thinks

her about his best. Now, there is a good halter full, Mr. Stockdale! We had seven or eight Pyrrhuses, Sir Tatton's never sold but two, and those to the King of Italy; Mr. Phillips came, and Count Cigar or Cigala, I think they call him—well, it's some name like that.

Across the Road and into the Park.

"We must cross the Driffield Road, and through the wood; that will bring us into the Park. This reservoir, it's about thirty yards across. We've only fifty-five mares here. How many have we got? I never counted them,—better than a hundred; Sir Tatton gave the word, and we left off early in May; several good mares have never been touched with nothing, four, five, six, not one in this Park too young; we've that Lanercost mare, dam of Monsieur Dobler, she's all we've got or ever had of that sort. That's by Caster, she goes into a Muscat Arab, bought at Hampton Court. The great grandam of that mare, it's supposed to be by Grey Orville from a pony that was at Waterloo, Sir Tatton will tell you all about it; Grey Orville, he'd got a skip with a coach-horse some way. There are nineteen on the other side of Marramat; we've seen about fifty. There are eight we haven't seen, other side of Colly Wood. There's one Womersley here, sister to Gaspard, neither covered or nothing else; most of them are Daniels, when we get at them below. That's a Russian; this is an Andover out of a Caster mare; it's a bit damaged in the eye; the other's a Cossack out of sister to Grey Tommy; three white legs, she's sister to Baronet; there's sister to Juggler; that's a Young Barefoot. This is either a Colonel mare or a Langar dam; they're four-year-olds, I must look at my book: *Woo! my lass! No.* 57, *what marks?* 'A star, a spot on the nose, far hind-leg white nearly up to hock;' that will be Colonel. We've seven or eight Andovers, they suit Daniels, they're on a longer leg.

"I don't see any Recovery mares; Sir Tatton sent six to him: King of Hearts' dam is from one. We had Sir Joseph here; he looked the yearlings over, and King of Hearts was the only one he had out the second time. He didn't buy him for all that; and he just beat his Duke Rollo. It would be at Northampton, Sir Tatton. That's a Defence mare: we've only one Andover and Pyrrhus; they both go back to Lord Fitzwilliam's Amadis blood. Mr. Kirby hired him; he came once a week to the kennels at Eddlethorpe; he got the best hunters Lord Fitzwilliam ever had. He was got by Quicksilver, the same horse as Cervantes. There's Gaspard's dam, and the chestnut, she's by Sleight of Hand out of Ragged Petticoat by Comus. That brown's been ridden in the harrier stables a bit of one season.

"That black un's a Fernhill; I don't fancy the sort much,—game horse too for all that. Most of them down here are Daniels; that wants to be out of sight, Poverty's been there since it came from Heslington Wold. That Andover out of Caster mare wants to be shown; she thinks herself better than common. *Don't be so proud, Miss!* That Daniel's out of a Lanercost mare; she's very like him. That one never had a tail to speak of, and never will have. That's by Fugleman; next her's an Andover, let me see my book, a twin; yes! she will be, Sir Tatton, out of sister to Billy-go-Rarely. That was one of Lord Waterford's names; he put him in his drag, and drove Mr. Legard down to Epsom first-time he'd been in harness. That mare's the best of Daniel's; the thin end of them we picked out to go to York, the thick's not covered yet.

A Little Arithmetic.

"We're through them at last; they're middle-sized, these Daniel mares; they're not big, still they're wide mares. How many have we? I don't know rightly, Sir Tatton; there are twenty-five two-year-olds at the kennels; eleven threes

we picked out to keep, they're at Heslington Carr; eleven three-year-old colts down in Holderness on the Marshes; the fours and fives are about home: I can't just tell about the yearling fillies; I've not cast them up lately; there'll be thirty-two or thirty-three of one kind or another, fifteen on farmers' seeds, eighteen left at home; I don't know without looking at my book where they are. This is the tally-board, I've just done chalking up all the filly foals with their marks. I'll copy them out some evening into the book; there we fix them; there'll be twenty-five this year, one of them's dead. We'll begin swinging them at the stack, when we've done with York, to teach them to lead; we do two or three stack-fulls a day, eight a piece about two hours at a time, that's quite long enough. We've been a good deal bothered with these worms—they're five or six inches long—but I think we've matched 'em; we give them a gill of cold drawn linseed oil, and an ounce of spirits of turpentine; it brings them away in scuttles full; they've forks at both ends, and they fairly eat through the bowels.

The Sire Paddocks.

"Sir Tatton's had these laurels by the road-side cut down lately. Daniel gets plenty of swing here; he goes once round the paddock, whoever's here; now he does that nicely; Sir Tatton still says, I hang to him a bit; look at those legs moving, just like a fiddle for all the world; Derby course, indeed! he could have run to Derby that day, if Frank had asked him. He mastered them a bit latterly at Mr. Scott's; aye! it's a good colour; dark chestnut's as pretty as aught when it's blooming. Now, you Colsterdale men! he's up in that corner among the peacocks; he's as proud as any of them in his way; he needn't be; it's a very silky skin, but he's no credit to himself, he tears at himself; his thighs are straight enough, they'll just suit the Daniel crook; Sir Tatton looked at Loupgarou, and five or six more before he bought him. Take care of him; keep a look out or

he'll begin his dot-and-go-one, and wheedle up to you. He's all wire; he was a great jumper with hounds in his pauper days, so they tell me; well, he's had a rare chance now. *Be off with you! None of your tricks!* We'll shut him up with his gay company. That will be the bell, Sir Tatton."

Old Times at Ashton Hall.

From Sledmere to Ashton Hall is a long leap, but we must make it for chronology's sake. It lies about three miles from Lancaster, and in the Duke of Hamilton's zenith, no paddocks were a surer find for a St. Leger winner. They are like a fortified town, with walls seven feet high, which, with a belt of planting, form a good bulwark against the breezes of the Irish Ocean. Underley was twenty-five miles away, and Muley had not then made for it a name. The Duke was very often at the Hall, and he had a jovial custom that the sailors, when they came in from abroad, and passed on their route from Glaston Dock to Lancaster, should make it their half-way house, and pledge Old England in a horn of ale. The Duke's and their Polls' healths were not forgotten, and if his Grace was about, they would huzza, till for peace and quietness he was compelled to show himself and bow. His own dress was quite of the good old fashion, and he was not above grey breeches and drab gaiters, with a double-breaster of blue and yellow stripes, and a large drab coat.

His horses were his great delight at home, but he cared very little for seeing them run, and had the results across the hills by express. When he did get as far as York, he stayed with Archbishop Harcourt at Bishopthorpe, and they would watch the running together from a stile. It was said that they gradually shifted their ground nearly half-a-mile in six or seven years, and finally finished opposite the Gravel Road. Eyes as keen had been content to look on at the running from

"The Best of all Good Company."

Middlethorpe Corner, and it was there that Mr. Bethell's Ruler broke his fetlock-joint in '82, and the three young Sykeses, then boys with a tutor at Bishopthorpe, were the first to get up to him.

Lancashire Turf Rivals.

The era of 1808-10 was a merry one at Ashton Hall. The York Herald was *The Life* of that day, and "Nap's" battles were keenly looked for and talked over by the lads, amid the intervals of cricket, nine pins, and nurr and spell. Of all such games, his Grace was a great patron, and he engaged Mendoza, whose "limbs like an ox" were the astonishment of that little community, to come down and instruct his sons. Theakstone trained for him, and Charles Marson, who looked after Petronius and Ashton in turn, rode his light weights. There had been some little dispute between his Grace and Lord Strathmore, as to which should have the black jacket, which, by-the-by, had no gold braid till Mr. Bowes came of age. The former gave way, and adopted a blue belt, and went to Lancaster to see Marson winning the first race in it on Ploughboy, and getting carried shoulder high into the stand. Preston was then quite the county race course, and his Grace made it a point of honour to go there, and pit his steeds specially against Lord Derby, Sir Thomas Stanley, and Mr. Clifton.

St. Leger Sons of Sir Peter.

Sir Peter had long been the Touchstone of Knowsley, and Mr. Clifton owned the first St. Leger winner Fyldener, and the Duke of Hamilton the last in that extraordinary triple succession of luck (1806-8) which has never before or since fallen to the lot of one sire. Petronius went to 100 to 3 at starting, as a report got wind that he had flung his lad behind the Rockingham, and lunched up to his knees in clover. Ashton was tried to be as good as him at 7lbs. that autumn, and hence the stable considered that they had four horses good enough to win the St. Leger, and pretty well proved

it by running first and second. Ashton was quite a hunter-looking horse, with very hairy legs, which "took a lifetime to dry," and none of the elegance of his reputed sire Walnut. The latter never ran, as he broke his shoulder, which united with a curious knot at the point, and brought about a complete wasting of the foreleg and foot.

The Waxy Blood.

Sultan's head, Memnon's Doncaster coat, Oiseau's ability to "give his year away and win the St. Leger," and Whisker's quarters seem still to haunt the old school of sportsmen. The Duke of Grafton was wont to say, "Let us find the horse, and then we'll talk about the jockey;" and Penelope and Waxy furnished him with a worthy pair in Whisker and Whalebone. Short legs, high-bred nostrils, and very prominent eyes were the principal trade-marks of the Waxy stock, and the mottled brown Whalebone was the smallest amongst them.

The standard could never make him more than fifteen and half an inch, and as he did not seem likely to become fashionable, he was sold at seven for

Whalebone at Petworth.

510 guineas. His old Petworth groom, Dayman, enthusiastically says of him "He was the lowest, and longest, and most double-jointed horse, with the best legs—eight and a half below the knee—and worst feet I ever saw in my life." The latter were contracted and high on the heel, and became so Chinese boot-like and full of fever at last that he never moved out of his box.

The Earl of Egremont tried to train him after he bought him with Octavius at Mr. Ladbroke's sale, but he never ran, and his principal occupation in training was to rear and knock his hoofs together like a pair of castanettes, a freak which once cost him three tumbles in a day. His hunters were good and mostly bays and browns, and Myrrha and Sir Hercules were the last of his racing line. He was ten years at Petworth, but he did not seem to have

created much private veneration. No enthusiasts helped to rob him of his tail, and the kennel copper and the knacker claimed every hair.

Octavius had quite his share of the mares, of which his lordship had at least thirty at Upwaltham, and his son Little John from Greyskin got several hunters, which were often sluggish, and went blind. Among the thirty, only a tithe of which in one very slippery spring produced foals, were Wasp, the dam of Chateau Margaux; and the Canopus mare, which twice over hit to Whalebone, with that natty little pair of Derby winners, Lapdog and Spaniel. Wanderer by Gohanna was another great Petworth character, and grandsire on the dam's side to Sir Hercules. He was quite a slug when he was put in training, but all alive after his sweats, and so restless as a sire that he would fight a stick, or toss a stone or straws about all day, and vary matters by kicking all night. The Petworth Stud.

Blacklock's dam, the chestnut Rosalind by Coriander, was originally one of the Wiganthorpe stud in Atalanta and Faith's day. Mr. Garforth also bred his sire Whitelock "a naggish horse with a big, coarse head and plumb forelegs." He became the property of Sir Mark Sykes, who named him from the lock in his tail, and sold him to Mr. Sylvester Reed for three hundred. Mr. Reed had the offer of Blacklock as a foal for fifty, but he neither liked his forelegs nor the remembrance of his dam, when he saw her crawling past his window to Mr. Moss's, through the streets of York, after she had been purchased for 3*l*. Aristotle's forelegs were not more "plumb" than Blacklock's, and hence Tom Dawson begged Mr. Meiklam, who was very loath to risk it, not to part with him as a yearling. Blacklock's most desperate race was four miles over York with Magistrate, whom he barely defeated by a head. The severity of it finished them both; Blacklock's Youth. Racing Finish of Blacklock.

Magistrate never ran again, after his defeat the next day by St. Helena, who had been pulled up in the first race, a mile from home, Blacklock was saddled no more.

He used to lead the unhappy Duchess such dances, that Tom Peirse exclaimed in his anguish, when he saw the great half-moon head and seven-leagued stride at work, "*Father's going to kill the mare by following that half-thick.*" John Smith was of the same opinion, and thought that "if Eclipse himself came again he couldn't beat him;" and Tommy Sykes was so confident before the St. Leger, that he would give Jackson no orders, but "*Rid him as thou likes, lig thee hands down and let him stride away, and distance them.*"

Sire and Sons of Tramp.

Jemmy Rooke had Joe and Dick Andrews on Wychwood Forest, when he was sold up, and it was quite a novelty to see the latter eat hay with his giraffe-like neck, from the top of his rack. In ugliness of ears and head altogether, he was almost unsurpassable, and so light in the body that he required next to no training. Tramp was narrow like all his tribe, when a yearling, but he gradually became one of the grandest boned horses in England, and Herring's likeness of him at the Tickhill Castle Paddocks makes him well worthy to be the sire of Lottery from Mandane. This horse's finest race was for that Doncaster Cup, whose wanderings and uses by land and river were so varied and remarkable. He made his own running all the way, and just beat Longwaist by half a neck, and scattered his field nearly half a mile. Sam Day still says that it "was like going after a steam-engine," and that he "suffered to keep near him at all." He always went like a machine, and the trainers declared that they "could hear him a mile off." Sam was not on Longwaist, when that horse had such a great finish with Fleur de Lis, who nearly fell on his head, and left Sam, as he pathetically says, "hanging by the spurs."

Lottery.

Lottery was a curious horse to meet, as he threw his off foreleg quite out. Still he was not so eccentric as Tomboy, who threw both legs clean round, and had all his action so completely from behind, that Johnny Gray said of him when he rode him at Durham, "*He couldn't get on to his legs, without first sitting down on his tail.*" Peculiar Action of Lottery and Tomboy.

Lottery was an unsatisfactory, erratic genius all his days. He was tried to run away from Barefoot in private, but he would hardly make an effort in the St. Leger, and Mr. Watt did not care to run him after the false start. In his last race, he whipped in sixth to Fleur de Lis at Doncaster, and the first of his get, Chorister from the dam of Crowcatcher, won the St. Leger. Finally he became a Government sire at the *Bois de Boulogne*, with Cadland and Physician, and the fame of the three quite spoilt the sport of Palmer at Viroflay, who had made 2000*l.* in three years, or sufficient to stock a farm in Poland, by fees from the Parisians. They came over by cartloads every Sunday to see Rainbow and the Viroflay mares, and clubbed from five to twenty francs, to have the door opened. The Last of Lottery.

Catton by Golumpus was stout and useful, and with unsurpassable legs. Old Tom Taylor (or "Catton Tom" as he was then called), looked after him when he was with Sammy King, who had always the credit of being rather tender with his horses. Mulatto was more blood-like than the majority of the Cattons; Royal Oak, the sire of Slane, ran first as Mr. Catton; and the game Ossian had to live the greater part of his time "on the muzzle." Slane had a sad aptitude for getting roarers, and there were no less than ten or eleven by him in one year. Like The Princess, who very much resembled Altisidora in her chief points, their specialty was to be game and slow. The Catton Tribe.

Reveller was a thick-necked, fine goer, with square hips and short ribs, and ran with his head low. The defeat of Underhand and Beeswing at Newcastle, or Isaac at Warwick, never struck the beholders with such a chill, as did that of Dr. Syntax at Preston. It was there that the little brown won his Maiden Plate, and for seven years in succession carried off the Old Gold Cup. So sure did the Guild make of his winning the eighth, that they had prepared gilt shoes, and marshalled the programme of a procession in his honour. The race was worthy of the anticipations it raised, as Reveller and Jack Spigot came for it, but Dr. Syntax divided them at the finish. If spurred or whipped, "Doctor" would invariably swerve, and Bob Johnson and Bill Scott, (who rode him in a few of his first races), would never venture to do more than talk to him, and hiss at him in an extremity.

Dr. Syntax and Reveller.

The old horse passed into William Edwards's hands, with a promise to Mr. Riddell, that he would never give him away. He became so paralyzed that a party of Newmarket jockeys and trainers were invited to see him shot, and buried in the paddocks behind the Palace. They gave three times three over his grave, and then toasted his memory. Ralph, from a sister to Altisidora, was one of the very few chestnuts he ever got. He had the same prominent eye, and such a velvety skin that critics were wont to say of him that he had no hair except on his mane and tail. A very fine cross was lost by his death, which was occasioned by his being poisoned before the Ascot Cup. He won, but pulled up in a desperate state of gasping, and the perspiration and distension of the nostrils never seemed to leave him.

Death of Dr. Syntax.

Ralph.

Scottish racing was in its best form when Mr. Sharpe became secretary, in 1827, to the Caledonian Hunt. He has stood to it,

Scottish Cracks.

and seen old friends drop off, year after year, till very few of those who sat round the ordinary at Edinburgh in 1828, and first drank his official health, are left to greet him in his October tryst. Leda by Filho da Puta, and purchased from Mr. Houldsworth, commenced matters for him by winning two races at that meeting; but although his own luck with the white body and blue sleeves has been but scant, he has held what proved trumps, either as dams or runners for others. From Leda he bred Martha Lynn, the dam of Voltigeur; he gave away Old Bessy, the dam of Myrrha, and grandam of Wild Dayrell; he sold Butterfly to William Oates, as a foal; he did not stand to the steeplechaser Mauchlin, and lastly he did not bid quite enough for Isaac. His brother, General Sharpe, Sir A. Ramsay, Sir David Moncrieff, and Sir William Maxwell were all thoroughly staunch, and so was Sir John Heron Maxwell, whose ancient brown cob was nearly as well known as himself.

The two Maxwells were exceedingly alike, and when Charles Lord Queensberry joined them at the side of the cords, the three in their cool calico waistcoats made up, as the agriculturists have it, "a very thick and level pen." Sir William trained at Bogside, with Richard Greathead, and had Monreith, brother to Filho, while Springkell and Fair Helen flourished under "Old Nelson" and his lad "Finkle," in Sir John's own park. There was a good deal of quiet humour about Sir John, and on one occasion when "Old Nelson" rather demurred to his recommendation about taking Springkell back to his stable by the least crowded way, after winning the Cup, he stopped any further bounce by solemnly pulling off his hat in the streets of Carlisle, and saying, with a most courteous bow, "*I beg your pardon, Mr. Nelson, for presuming to give you a little advice about my own horse.*"

Sir John Maxwell and "Old Nelson."

His Fair Helen was a red grey, with a most peculiarly arched neck and weaselly body, and the potions, which were administered to her during the season, no doubt affected her foals. Springkell was a round, useful, thick-necked hunter; but good as the two were, their names are quite wiped out of the stud-book. Perlet, by Peter Lely, was one of the first ever trained in the Holme at Hoddom Castle, and he bettered the instruction at Dumfries: but it was when the neat little Canteen came from Brecongill to meet Springkell, for the Carlisle Cup, that Dumfriesshire made its great exodus southwards.

Canteen and Springkell at Carlisle.

Even old Mr. Bird, the Hoddom butler, was persuaded on to horseback, for the first time in his life, and rode the twenty miles, with the tails of his dress-coat pinned in front of him. The course was too deep to suit Canteen, and hence the Cup returned in the Springkell carriage, and Mr. Bird retired into the fastnesses of his Border Tower, leaving his bark in the saddle, and his crowns in the hands of others. However, Mr. Kirby had a still more bitter recollection of Canteen, as he laid 1000 to 5 against Jerry and him coupled, as first and second for the St. Leger.

Difficulties of the Hoddom Castle Butler.

Matilda was sadly fidgetty, and in and out in her running, after the St. Leger. When she was taken up as a yearling late in September, she was only fourteen-one-and-a-half, but still she was half an inch bigger than The Colonel. Perhaps a handsomer little mare and big horse than she and Mameluke never met in a race. Eventually Mr. Petre gave her to the Duke of Cleveland, and she bred Henriade, Alzira, and Foxberry, and some other fair things.

Matilda.

Rowton had his beauty as a heritage from Oiseau and Camillus, and John Scott thus sums up the delight of his heart, as "long

Purchase of Rowton.

and low, not fifteen at the Leger, calf-kneed, straight hocks, no girth, and a regular tickler." He was rather light-fleshed, and not one to come every day. His dam Katharina was bred precisely like Augusta, by Woful from a Rubens mare, and he was bought at her foot, from Mr. Allen, after dinner. The bargain was a regular Dutch auction. During dinner, Mr. Allen was deaf to anything less than five hundred; but after the first bottle, he was down at four. With the second bottle, the colt stood at three; but John Scott had his guard up, and no business was done, so Mr. Allen offered to drive him home, and they shook hands for two hundred at parting. Never but once, that his friends can remember, did John Scott miss anything peculiar when he looked over a horse, but it never struck him that Rowton had no warts on the inside of his legs, and his brother won a sovereign from him on the point. In his slow paces, he was not remarkable, and he lurched like a fox with his head down. To all appearance, his St. Leger finish with Voltaire was quite as desperate as Mundig's Derby one; but Bill Scott always said that he won quite easily. He certainly allowed to his friends that he "got the fog down his throat;" but his private report to his brother was, that he left off riding at the distance, after forcing the pace from the hill, and could not get his chestnut to begin again.

His Race for the St. Leger.

Like the sisters to Touchstone and Lanercost Moss Rose, sister to Velocipede, was a very faint reflection of him, and not fond of more than half-a-mile. Her brother was bought for 120*l.* from Mr. Moss, after Mr. Houldsworth had said that he would not give sixpence for such a slight-legged one. His mettle under leg difficulties elicited this eulogy from Bill Scott, "that if his legs had been cut off he'd have fought on his stumps;" and the way in which, four-year-old cripple as he was, he cut down

Velocipede on the Turf.

Bessy Bedlam over the T.Y.C., at York, was his highest triumph of speed. His first great race was won at York August, during a meeting, in which Mulatto and Fleur-de-Lis were winners, and Jerry, Laurel, Humphrey Clinker, and Emma were not; and as a parting gift he beat Dr. Faustus, Economist, and a good field for the Liverpool Trades Cup. Soon after that, he ran away with his lad, and broke down so badly after galloping several times round the field in front of Whitewall, that they had the greatest difficulty to support him back into his stable with sacks.

The Colonel.

John Scott considered him in his prime, quite 21lbs. better than The Colonel, who was bred by Mr. Wyvill, of Burton Constable, and bought by Mr. Petre, as a yearling, in settlement of some confederate bets. The latter was short and pudgy, with fine speed, and high and fighting in his action, "ready to curl up into a mousehole, if he was reached, but very difficult to reach."

Charles Marson at Lord Exeter's.

Charles Marson's ten years of service produced about 60,000*l.* to the Exeter stable, as he won or received forfeit 207 times; and hence it is hardly to be wondered, that with such a sterling memento, his lordship stuck so long and so tenaciously by his Sultans. Previous to Marson's engagement, his lordship had seventeen horses at Prince's, but with no very great result; and Augusta, Holbein, and The Athenian, with Robinson up, were the first of the new era. When Sultan, of the lovely head, long back ribs, and muscular quarters, was purchased at seven, his legs had become quite fine, and

The Sultan Stock.

he won one out of four races in the narrow blue stripes. The T.Y.C. was his *forte*, but he could get well over the Flat. He was a long horse, and many were wont to compare him to the prints of The Darley Arabian. In his last trial,

a bad-tempered half-brother to Galata won, with Augusta second, and then his lordship put him out of training, and sent ten mares to him. His stock were fleshy and good doers; and for beauty, Vanish had no peer among them. Enamel by Phantom had been a successful horse for the stable before the Sultans were ready; and it was after the Two Thousand that the Burleigh agent and Mr. Tattersall raced off to Simon's Bath, on Exmoor, to look after his Rubens dam. Enamel got his name from the gold patches on one quarter. This colt's two remarkable white stockings were well known to all Newmarket; and his way of nodding his great, lop-eared, and flesh-nosed head, secured an uncommon affectionate look-out for "Old Baldy" about the Bushes.

Beiram.

Beiram was nervous and irritable, and so wet through when he came to the July post, that Bill Arnull vowed he "would never want sweating again." Running, however, hardened his confidence, and he pulled up as dry as a bone. Being thrown up for two years effected nothing, and he came out in Rockingham's Goodwood Cup only to break down. Even in his prime, a half-brother to Zinganee could give him any weight, and was considered by Marson the best he ever trained. This colt unfortunately slipped upon some wet bricks in his box, and was good for nothing afterwards.

Green Mantle and Varna.

Green Mantle could get two miles well; but she would jump all ways but the right one at the post. Nothing could be more deceptive n her trials, as she was beat to nothing by Bessie before the July; but her speed, when she meant it, vas such, that a loss of forty yards in the Clearwell vent for very little. Hers was a very glorious year vith Lord Exeter, as Green Mantle and Varna were irst and second in the Oaks, and Patron won the Two Thousand and four other races that spring before he went for the Derby. This colt had beaten

her easily in an A. F. trial, and Lord Exeter, who would try three times over if it did not exactly suit him, and worked the weights by a clock, tried them in opposite directions on the same course, to be sure of the form.

Galata Ripping them up.

Galata was, after all, the best of the Burleigh mares, and in the Ascot Cup of 1833, Will Arnull received the daring orders to "rip up Lucetta," and acted up to them most effectually. Her timidity was such, that Marson was obliged to train her alone, or else she would not have touched an oat. She was leggy, light-fleshed, and with large feet, and if she was held she would utterly beat herself, as she proved in a trial with Beiram. In the Port Stakes, Sam Darling had the cue to let her go, and finish them in the first mile. "*We'll catch the countryman*," said Robinson to Will Wheatley, "*before he gets to the cords*;" but "*Well, you may go and do it; I'll stop on this side of the Ditch*," was Will's only reply. Lord Chesterfield, Mr. Payne, Col. Udney, and Marson were all at the Ditch gap, and Darling so literally obeyed his orders to "catch her by the head and come along," that there was soon a fearful spread-eagle of Emiliana, Archibald and Co. In fact, the Ditch gazers did not think it was a race at all, and declared that there was something running away; but Marson soon informed them, "*That's Galata; they'll ne'er catch her*," and he and Col. Udney each drew Will Chifney of a tenner upon it. It took a good deal to excite Lord Jersey; but on this occasion he was as pleased as when he jumped out of his phaeton after Cobweb had won the One Thousand, and left the gout behind him. "*Hold her fast, Darling*," he roared, as he galloped down the side of the course. "*All right, my lord*," was the reply. "*If I was going to Bury I should win.*"

Darling's Best Race.

Darling was pitted successfully against Robinson in the dead heat for the Grand

Duke Michael, between Muley Ishmael and Amurath. The first race was not so severe; but Darling had his orders to force the running as much as possible the second time. He did not like his job; but Lord Exeter said, "*You've a great man against you, keep up your spirits*," and "a pony" from his lordship, and a twenty-pound note from Lord George Bentinck, rewarded his steady riding. In the decider Robinson had a taste coming down the Bushes Hill, and Sam watched his shadow over the left, in the rays of the afternoon sun, and calling on his horse almost at the instant that he saw it glide slightly back, he got a clear length, and was never quite reached again.

Camarine and Taurus.

The public had a notion that Camarine was far beyond Lucetta in point of speed, but had no chance with her over a Queen's Plate course; and that she required to run with her near leg first. If she started on the off one, said they, she swung it round so much, that, unless she had been steadied and made to change, she would soon have been in distress. Robinson, however, declared that the former was the very best mare he ever rode, and that Lucetta had no chance with her at any distance, and he knew nothing whatever of the leg peculiarity. Taurus stuck well up for two miles and a quarter to her in the Jockey Club Plate, over the Beacon course. He had won an *A. F.* handicap so cleverly under 9st. 3lb., that his Grace was determined to give him full Newmarket measure. Robinson made steady running on Camarine, to take the edge off his old friend's speed; but the victory was a costly one, and neither of them saw the post again. "Our Jim" felt so sure of the result in every way, that he went in vain to both owners to beg them not to run, but they would not heed him. Taurus was sixteen hands high, with enormous pace for a mile and a quarter, and a very beautiful horse to look at. William

Edwards bought him from Lord Warwick, at Tattersall's, and sold him to the Duke of Bedford. At three years old he suddenly became a high-blower, but he was tried to have such speed for three-quarters of a mile, that no other measure was ever taken of him. He was matched five times at half a mile, and as he would be going best pace in forty yards, scarcely anything could get to his shoulder at that distance. His sons, Oakley, John o' Gaunt, King of the Peak, &c., were all in the Bedford stable when Admiral Rous became the Duke's "Master of the Horse."

The Duke of Bedford as a Racing man.

His Grace was very uncertain in his attendance at Newmarket. He seldom came in the spring, and looked upon the October meetings more as a tryst where he could meet his Whig friends, than his horses. He was very seldom through his stables, and cared for a racehorse about as much as he did for a unicorn. None of his winners were ever painted, as he considered it "quite an acquired taste." Admiral Rous persuaded him to have occasional trials, but the only one he ever attended in Edwards's day, was when John o' Gaunt was tried before the Newmarket Stakes. His heart was not in "The Bushes;" but roving back to the Cowper's Oak of his earlier days, with Hercules and Marmion waiting for the word to draw. Pearce's canvas has placed him once more among them, on his white Shamrock, with Colonel Higgins on his rat-tailed horse, Major Macginnes, Mr. Magniac on The Saddle (which Mr. Phillimore bequeathed to him when its Newmarket match days were over), old Sam Whitbread, on his odd-coloured chestnut, Captain Newland, and George Beers on Cognac, looking as fierce as if he had just pulled down a fox, and was breaking him up in the spirit. At Tedworth, too, his Grace would be on the flags with Carter for hours to the last, tracking back lines

The Oakley Meet.

of blood, and recalling the work of every hound in his own and the Grafton pack; but for racing he had no real heart, and merely wished his stable to pay.

John o' Gaunt was always tried to be better than Oakley; but he put out incipient ring-bones, and no one ever knew how good he was. Edwards swore by Envoy, as the best, bar Ralph, that he ever trained, and the chestnut was an equal favourite with the Duke. He ran quite untired for the Drawing Room Stakes, and hence the House party had no reason to wonder that they had not heard of him. No horse required so much long walking exercise, in addition to his work, at least five days a week; and the petting and lack of exercise at Woburn made him so round and foul-blooded, that he could never be trained again. Oakley and Robinson "knew every post on the Flat," and over a T.Y.C. he was just about 5lbs. better than Celia. He might have run further, but his great muscular top hardly comported with his small knees and hocks; and as he showed a tendency to put out curbs, they dare not go on with him for a longer course. Magog was bought by the Duke for 300*l.*, from Mr. Ransome, and for three-quarters of a mile he was immensely fast; but his leg gave way at three, and his temper soon after. He quite ate up to his weight, and when his rations were gone, he would have been ready to take his turn at a pig-trough.

Envoy, and Magog the Giant.

The Earl of Albemarle was in the Palace stable at the same time as His Grace; but Barcaroll's Oaks chance was put out by Illness, after she had won the One Thousand, and Mr. Kirby's 400*l.* cheque was ready. His lordship formed very little judgment about horses, and as Dr. Johnson said of his Derbyshire friend, "*His talk is of sheep and bullocks.*" He would, in fact, have never kept horses at all, but for the very laudable feeling that, as

The Late Earl of Albemarle.

Master of the Horse, he had no right to see Ascot racing at other people's expence. Still, as is often the case when owners take things easy, and do not make their lives miserable by watching the market, his green-and-white cap had a good time of it with Ralph and the Emperor; and he purchased Royal George for 150*l.* from Edwards, and sold him to the foreigners for more than thrice that sum. The ill luck of the stable seemed to concentrate itself on the Duke of Beaufort. Whatever he bought, bred, or borrowed, turned out badly, and when it really seemed on the cards, his horse would tumble down, or run out of the course, or go amiss.

Bad Beaufort Luck.

Muley was a good runner, despite his somewhat odd pins, and Muley Moloch was rather high on the leg, and rather short quartered. His Champagne and York Derby wins had made him a hot St. Leger favourite in Yorkshire, but he never had a chance, and they hedged their opinion after the race, by saying that his teeth had been so bad that he lived on balls of meal for six weeks before. Mr. Tattersall, who had the charge of the Underley stud, was not a little fond of selling them at Doncaster, and it was from Marpessa, one of the old Muley's daughters, and Alice Hawthorne, his granddaughter, that Pocahontas and Thormanby sprang.

Muley and Muley Moloch.

Master Henry, the sire of Touchstone's dam, is embalmed in Sam Day's memory, as being one of his favourite platers; and especially great in mud. John Scott had never seen Touchstone till the Liverpool St. Leger, when the brown made his own running, and was beaten by General Chassé. Godfrey Kirkley, who was with Mr. Riddell, trained him, and had him as fat as a bull; but still Birdlime and Inheritor, who had just beaten Physician at 32lbs. for the two years, in the Cup, were behind him,

The Grandsire of Touchstone.

John Scott's First Sight of Touchstone.

and Scott told Lords Derby and Wilton that he felt sure he could win the St. Leger. The beginning was not favourable, as he was put in the charge of a drunken groom to walk to Yorkshire, and got loose on the Lancashire moors for hours, where a sailor caught him and brought him to Sheffield. After such neglect, he arrived at Malton in a painfully weak state, and a course of Peruvian bark had to be resorted to before they dared to work him. What with this and his jaundice, John Scott seldom had a horse which required so much doctoring. A record of the calomel and other drugs which he swallowed would form a portion of Whitewall history, as remarkable as the recovery of its Prince Llewellyn, who answered to the old ale and port, and won two races after he had been covered up in the stall as dead, and his grave had been dug in the paddock.

His Mishaps and Medicine.

He had his final polish at Hambleton, and when Bill declared after the trial to ride Lady le Gros, Darling was applied to for Touchstone. However, Lord Sligo had been beforehand, and Sam weighed for Bran, and declares to this day that Touchstone stopped to him at the finish; while Bob Johnson "dodged backwards and forwards on Chassé before us and between us, all over the course."

Touchstone was only third up the Mostyn mile to Intriguer and Birdlime, both of his year. Oddly enough, as soon as his flag was lowered, Blenkhorn led out his Leger successor Queen of Trumps for her maiden race, but although they were both at the same meeting the next autumn, and each walked over for two stakes, they never met at the post. In 1835, when he had just shown in good Cup form at Doncaster, he again failed up the Mostyn mile, but he was before Birdlime, who essayed that heart-breaking hill four times in vain. At five years old, he did a great thing with Hornsea and Scroggins at Epsom, the week before the Ascot Cup,

Mostyn-mile Martyrs.

in which he beat Rockingham and Lucifer. His near fore-ankle was never very good, and even in his first Ascot Cup race, it had almost risen to the dignity of "a leg." Its chance of rising to it was furthered by the wild notions of the man in charge, who persisted in doctoring it during John Scott's absence at Manchester, with hot oils instead of Gowland's lotion. Still, it was 100 to 1 on him if the leg stood, though Connolly and Pavis had been clever enough to get on nearly 5000*l.* against him, and it was half-past-twelve before Mr. Hill would release them. Joe Rogers was another of the sceptics at Death's, and expressed such a confident determination to eat him if he won, that John Scott could not refrain from subsequently sending his compliments, and a request to know how "he should like him cooked."

Ascot Cup Tremblings.

Touchstone was a peculiar horse in every way. He had very fleshy legs, and turned his hocks out so much, and went so wide behind, that a barrel could have been got between his legs when he was galloping. He went with a straight knee; and in short he was nearly the oddest goer that ever cleared its pipes in good air on Langton Wold, as he pitched and yet stayed as well. Ground made no appreciable difference to him, but he was desperately lazy at exercise, and could hardly be kicked along on most days. As a beginner he did not excel, and his fine speed was quite his greatest point. It was a very hard matter to catch him when he was once set agoing, and no horse pulled harder. If he was at all stale, it would never do to squeeze him too much, or he would swerve to the left like a shot. He just lived into his 31st year, and although that wondrous hind action in his walk rather failed him, and he was quite wasted over the back and loins, he could wave his flag and march very proudly round his court-yard at Eaton. For two years he had been

Touchstone's Peculiarities.

on the wane, but still he never had an hour's illness at the stud, and never had a dose of medicine in Cheshire till just before he died. He was quite a valetudinarian, and it was remarkable to see how on wet days he would retreat, quick march, to his shed, and stand earnestly watching the weather. There was apparently great pain in the head for three days before his death, and he took nothing but a little gruel, and scarcely any notice of Fisher, who had attended him for seven years. His feet were all taken off, and the greater part of his mane and tail, and sent to the Hall, and he was buried in the middle of the stable-yard.

His Descendants.

Till within the last three years, he was a very sure stock-getter, but not partial to young mares, nor to old ones till May or June. He got his sires especially in every form, and we fancy that Surplice was the finest and biggest of them, Orlando the most beautiful and blood-like, and Touchwood more like himself than any of them, but on a larger scale. His luck with distinguished mares was variable. There was Orlando from Vulture, Newminster and Nunnykirk from Beeswing, Cotherstone from Emma, Surplice from Crucifix, Assault from Ghuznee; but Alice Hawthorne and Lady Evelyn failed, Ellerdale, Inheritress, and Queen Mary missed; Refraction and Canezou were not very lucky; Miss Twickenham, Ellen Middleton, Pocahontas, Barbelle, and Martha Lynn never honoured him with a visit; and Mr. Johnstone's Harriot was the last mare that went to him. He and Liverpool were selected by the late Duke of Orleans for four of his best mares, when with Edgar Pavis, and then with Charles Edwards, that true-hearted sportsman held his racing court at Chantilly. As a general thing, his stock were best at a mile, bad on their legs after three, and, like him, with no great action in their slow paces.

Jereed could live with him well at weights for

Jereed and Mundig.

age, and John Scott quite hoped to stand on him for the Derby instead of Mickle Fell, that anything but brilliant Brother to Mundig. It was not to be; he was all well at eight one night, but a secret foe got at him before five next morning, and a glance at his legs told the treacherous tale. Mundig was a very moderate horse, and Consol was his schoolmaster. Still he convinced the brothers so completely that he was worth backing for the Derby after his "Yorkshire gallop" in clothes with Marcian over the *D.I.*, that the double had to be promptly put on the touts. They had "got" one of the stable lads, and so the chestnut and Consol were started off, as if they had given up Epsom, and were going home, and then turned back after a six miles' walk, when the lad had fully gazetted their departure for the North. Although the chestnut had never run in public, he came to 6 to 1 in a few hours, and those who had been most active in "drawing" the lad, immediately said that it "was a nice robbery, and the Scotts ought to be ashamed of themselves."

Mundig's Derby Day.

When he ran for the Derby, Lord Chesterfield lent John a bad-mouthed pony, which landed him among the furzes. At last his rider got him straight and milled him well across the Downs, and at their next effort he cannoned a carriage near the winning-post. He was barely pulled off that, when Lord Jersey rode up: "*Well, John, I'm sorry for you—Ascot's won.*" "*Newt of the sort,*" said a cad with enough rags ready made on his back for a mop, "*the old beggar in black's won.*" "*Has he?*" said John, "*you're the man for my business;*" and flinging him half-a-crown, he rode off to meet his horse and congratulate the young heir of Streatlam on his eighteen thousand. Bill Scott never rode a severer race, and he had to shout as loud to Nat to keep his colt from hanging on to him, as he did in the Satirist Leger when he summarily ordered him to pull Van

Amburgh to one side after coming round the bend, and "*let me have a shy at Old John Day.*"

Hornsea, Scroggins, Carew, and Gladiator were all contemporaries of Touchstone at Malton, and when the three first were tried with him, Scroggins was beat a distance. Hornsea and Touchstone were regularly laid alongside each other at 20lbs. in the Doncaster Cup, and the young one was the better favourite of the two at starting, and beaten a neck. The chestnut, the origin of whose wall-eyes once strangely puzzled a German was a "good, steady horse;" but Carew, who separated Touchstone from Venison, Beeswing, and General Chassé in the Doncaster Cup of the next year, and beat a Goodwood Cup field as well, was really "very moderate." He cut himself down in the St. Leger, to serve the narrow thin-fleshed Scroggins, of whom John Scott speaks as "queer in the pipes, but smart." Hornsea, Scroggins, and Carew.

Gladiator by Partisan was a very blood-like, dark chestnut, but rather delicate, and requiring remarkable nicety in his preparation. John and William Scott gave 100*l.* for him, and sold him to Lord Wilton for 200*l.*, and a contingency of half the Derby and St. Leger. He lost the first, and never started again, but his price gradually rose to 800*l.*, and finally to 2000*l.* For Sweetmeat's sake alone he was worth every penny of it, but he also left Queen Mary the dam of Blink Bonny and the grandam of Caller Ou. His sire Partisan was a beautiful, short-legged horse with a lovely head, straight hocks, and a clubby fore foot. Many of the elder trainers still recur to him fondly as "like a bit of machinery in his stride." His Patron, a half-brother to Augusta, was very good; but Venison was the gamest and stoutest of his sons. Still that little fellow could never quite do himself justice, as his very long action hardly fitted him for forcing the running, as he was often obliged to do. Gladiator.

The mare Frailty was presented to John Scott by Mr. Petre, and was sent to Partisan, when she was rising five. There was nothing particular about her, but a very curby hock, which had sprung going round Ferguson's Corner at Catterick. Her Cyprian was sent for a few months before breaking to Mr. Hebden at Appleton, among the Helmsley Moors, near the haunts of the renowned Jemmy Golding, who when he was rising ninety-two, thus addressed John Scott, "*There are no hunters bred now-a-days, Mr. Scott. I'll just away and buy some brood mares, and breed a few.*" She was made quite a pet of in that country, and knew the taste of cheesecakes, and all that sort of thing; but Bill Scott did not think much of her Oaks chance when he "had a taste," and it hung upon her beating Aveline for a 40*l.* stake at Malton, whether she went to Epsom at all. She had a hard time of it, as she walked into Surrey, and then back to Newcastle, and then home to Malton, and won both Oaks and Northumberland Plate, during the six weeks. Joe Wilkins the Aintree trainer, conducted her on a pony, and they travelled on an average twenty miles per day. She was terribly high-mettled, and never trained after four, and Songstress, also a winner of the Oaks, and Meteora, were her best foals. She never caused any death herself, and her ill-temper did not descend to her stock; but one of them, Artful Dodger, hit a lad who was washing his feet with his hock on the jugular vein, and killed him outright on the spot.

Early Days of Cyprian.

Epirus, the Malton horse of '37, was purchased along with his brother Epidaurus from Mrs. Savile Lumley for 1700*l.*, with a 500*l.* contingency if he won the Leger, but it needed all John Scott's eloquence, in a two hours' confab, to get them at the price. Epirus was untried, and "the young beauty," as his mistress termed him in her delivery order to Hornshaw, was disqualified, or else

Purchase of Epirus.

Elis's brilliant running, both as a two-year-old and with Bay Middleton a fortnight before, would have made the figure a much higher one. Langar filled a 25 sov. subscription at Tickhill Castle in the following year, and such was Lord George's admiration for Elis, that he took a fourth of the forty subscriptions. The chestnut died there at last, and he is buried on one side of the hedge in the principal paddock, and Catton on the other.

His Training in the Metropolis.

Epirus could stay well enough, although speed was his best point, and his trial, in which he gave Cardinal Puff 10lbs., seemed quite good enough for the St. Leger. He was the only horse that ever broke Bill Scott's collar-bone; and as John Scott adds, "the only one I ever trained in the streets of London." Owing to there being no North-Western truck at liberty, he had to stay three days there in stables behind All Saints' Church, and he used to take long constitutionals from four A.M. up and down Regent-street. Sam Chifney had a heavy retainer to go down and ride him at the Potteries, but he never looked near, and Nat got a winning mount on him.

The Trial of Don John and Cardinal Puff.

Cardinal Puff bore a very distinguished part in the great Don John trial, when the young one beat him at 12lbs. for the year. George Nelson's orders were simply to "*stand none of Bill's humbug, but come right through.*" Both Lord Chesterfield and Colonel Anson thought it madness to try at that weight; and at the far side of the hill Bill thought the young horse had the worst of it. He accordingly shouted to George to ease a bit; but the more he shouted the harder went "The Admiral." Bill suffered a little, and caught his leader on the hill, "fairly jumping over me the moment he was touched with the spur." George, "who never made a mistake with the old un," gradually fancied himself in full command of The "Fleet," at Pigburn, and at

The Colonel and "the Admiral."

last demanded, in his vinous valour, from Colonel Anson, whether he called *himself* a Colonel. However, he rode over special to Doncaster in the morning to apologize; and the Colonel, who had the keenest appreciation, for years after, of his antics and carols on that memorable night, only replied, "*Never mind, George; I'm glad to be blown up on such an occasion; you only ride another Don John trial, and you may do it again.*"

Horse Whims.

Don John detested Bill Scott, owing, it was supposed, to his having hit him twice with a whip in his box at York. All the carrots in the East Riding would not have reconciled them, and like Jack Spigot, it made him furious even to hear the sound of Bill's voice. The Princess took a dislike to every one at Whitewall, and after giving Jacob more trouble than half the stable to shoe, she ended by running John Scott and Markwell out of the paddock when they went to see her at Bretby. It is a pretty general opinion among trainers that horses cannot tell one person from another except by the voice, and that, in this respect, they are like the fairy "Fine Ear." Ellerdale, for instance, took no notice of Tom Dawson when he went to see her at Admiral Harcourt's some four or five years after she had left his stable; but the moment he said "*Coachman!*" she wheeled round, and struck at him quite viciously. Mentor was quite as odd this way, and he proved pretty well that the dislike arises from the association of the voice with the orders at exercise. Mat Dawson had him under his charge for a short time in Scotland, when his legs were wrong; and as he gave him no work, there was no raw established between them. Hence Mat quite laughed at the notion that the horse would not let him go up to him, if he heard his brother Tom's voice, and a bet of a new hat was made on it. They adjourned with some visitors to the box, and Mat got

A Horse's Knowledge of Sound.

on most affectionately with his old charge, till there came Tom's whisper from behind—"*Poor old Mentor!*" and the whole party were dispersed in a second. Even General Chassé, as gluttonous a feeder as ever faced a manger, would pause in his swallow, and grunt if he heard Bob Johnson's voice; and Meretrix became so fidgety from hearing Fobert's at exercise, that he was obliged to employ a code of stick and hand signals to the boy.

Purchase of Charles XII.

Charles XII. was a very curious-coated horse, and very delicate at three. Like Touchstone, he had rather a queer time of it on Blackstone Edge (over which Sydney Smith had years before proved himself such a Hannibal in the "Immortal"), as he stuck there for three hours, with every trace broken, on his return from the Liverpool Cup. In the same journey he had an equally narrow escape on the Liverpool platform, and hung on the ledge of it for minutes without injuring a hair. He came into Mr. Johnstone's hands in rather a curious way. That gentleman had always nursed the wish, while in India, to own one of the finest horses that money could buy on his return. Accordingly, when he did reach England, he commissioned Tom Dawson to buy him one for three thousand. "Better get two for that price" was Tom's counsel, and Hetman Platoff was priced to him at 1200*l.*, and the Provost at 1500*l.* The latter was not up to Mr. Johnstone's mark, and accordingly a bid of 2000*l* was made for Euclid. "*I'd sooner shoot him than take it*," was Mr. Thornhill's reply, and at length it was decided to give the 3000*l.* for Charles XII. Mr. Johnstone had a thousand offered for his bargain, but he refused it in real Thornhill style, and he was never prouder of his resolve, than when two years in succession he felt all the glory of winning the Goodwood Cup. At first Charles's stock sold pretty well at Doncaster, but at last he himself could only command a 20*l.* bid. He was then sold privately for 50*l.*,

but the vendee forfeited the 20*l.* rather than take him. His tail was so short, and his back so down, that even Tom Dawson stood at the ring side and asked what he was.

Hetman Platoff.

Hetman Platoff had much finer speed, although Charles stayed rather the best, but still John and Bill Scott always fancied, that if Hetman had not put out a curb, he would have been the A 1 on the St. Leger day. He was a wonderful weight-carrier, and of such boundless nerve that he would have walked among a park of artillery and never moved a muscle. The Melton farmers first told John Scott of him when he was a yearling, and pathetically described him as half-starved in a field near Stillington, "with a half-bred colt, which had got master of him." Mr. Bowes and John made a rapid descent on that village, whose smoky alehouse and its indigestible Noah's Ark bacon dwell upon John's mind yet; but it ended in Colonel Croft selling the colt for 200 guineas, and engaging to pay his St. Leger forfeit; and Mr. Bowes took half of him. The bad fare of the day was made up when Bill joined them at The Black Swan at night, and "Nancy" Martinson waited on them.

Industry and Ghuznee.

Industry was pretty, but as nervous as Hetman was bold; and the Brown Duchess she met in the Oaks was not of the Saxon mint. Caroline Elvina, who went to help her, was "without exception the finest-looking mare that ever was at Whitewall;" and Ghuznee was "only fourteen-three on the Oaks day; but a perfect rattler. The latter was also one of the many proofs in John Scott's mind that "very superior-looking legs go the quickest," as she had rest and green meat for a fortnight after Ascot, and her sinews were quite crooked when she was taken out of the box.

Launcelot.

Launcelot had enormous speed, and pulled even harder than his brother

Touchstone, with his head right into his chest. In fact, hardly anyone could hold him ; and the hunting curb which Bill selected for his St. Leger race, was a most formidable affair. He had rather heavy shoulder points, a short neck, and not very good ankles, and John Scott considered him fully 21lbs. better than Maroon. After the St. Leger he lay two days in his box, and it is a miracle how he contrived to reach The Salutation at all. Meteor, after the Two Thousand, was in nearly the same plight, but he was such a chronic cripple, that his lad had to chase him about his box for an hour or two before a race, to get him to "act" at all.

Satirist's St. Leger Trial.

Satirist was soon forgotten at Malton, but not the joke about his Doncaster trial. The Corporation Steward took up the chains and held his peace, and the neat-herd who was charged not to tell anyone, gave the office most freely. In order to disappoint them, the Pigburn party arrived at the Moor about half-past three, and found only a few sweeps and Irishmen in attendance. As it rained hard, they were most politely invited to share the Rubbing-house, and then the Scott party slipped out and locked them up till it was over ; and squared the "false imprisonment" with half-a-crown's worth of gin. It was rather a hard matter to bring off a trial at Doncaster, and on one occasion the blacking pot had to be freely used on their legs and faces, before the horses set out from Pigburn. Attila's Newmarket trial at two years old was quite in the dark, and Colonel Peel's Hardinge and Sir Harry had just tried him half-a-mile on the limekiln-hill, when the renowned J. B. arrived with a lantern to reconnoitre. John Scott could not see the horses, but he knew from Attila's peculiarly quick and delicate step, that he was coming away in front two hundred yards before they finished.

Attila's Trial.

He was a cheap 120*l.* bargain at two years old, but

Jacob's bet about Attila.

not a lucky horse, as he was got at thre times, and was coughing sadly befor the Drawing Room Stakes. On the Derby day, afte Jacob had discharged his plating functions, he stationed himself near the winning post with Charley Robinson and waited there in the most boundless faith. A stranger presumed to doubt him, when he said "*You'll precious soon see his white feace first*," and clenched his opinion by a sovereign bet. With a presence of mind, which Yorkshire can never cease to venerate, he added, "*I'll just tak hold of your horse's head, and I'll thank you, sir, not to stir fra the spot;*" and suiting the action to the word, he secured his man and his money. It is on record that he and his companion gave away a barrel of beer to the multitude, and that in the hilarity of the moment he would have signed a week's truce with the touts.

Jacob on a Tout Hunt.

That fraternity's experiences of the deceased are of a most doleful kind. He was long in partnership with an American dog, which Mr. Harry Hill bought at a baker's in Knightsbridge, and sent for John Scott's acceptance as an Under-Leadbeater to Whitewall. The dog had been regularly educated to track slaves, and hence it took to touts with the highest imaginable zest. At times, the pair would come to a check at the foot of a tree, and when Jacob made his eye-cast among the branches, it became his turn to give tongue, "*Now I've got ther, thee must, and thee shalt come doon,*" and when his brown-and-white friend had enjoyed a good muzzled worry, the game would fly Malton-wards, bawling ten thousand murders. Well might one of them confide to his Malton allies, "*It's not that John Scott, but his old thief of a blacksmith and 'Captain' that I'm afeard on.*"

The old Pottery course is now so built upon, that the most imaginative mind cannot conjure up the idea

that Attila ever won a Champagne Stakes over it, and that it ever witnessed a struggle between The Potentate and "The Alderman's" King Cole. Marlow won no less than two dozen races on this son of Memnon, and the Buxton Cup three years in succession. He never had a horse so difficult to handle, as he always hung to the left, despite a Magogian pricker; and if the running was that way round, he could hardly be kept off the posts. Holmes, who got on him at exercise at Liverpool, voted it the worst mouth he had ever touched, but it was not inherited by his hunters and carriage horses, which were always at a premium in the district. At the first time of asking, he departed with Marlow down a lane at Bridgenorth, but got such a refresher for it, that he wiped off his maidenhood very quickly at Ludlow. Marlow always considers that his Chester Cup was an enormous bit of luck. He lay in front with 7st. 8lbs. to the Castle Pole, and took the lead at the distance, and Lye, who watched nothing but Birdlime, could never quite reach him, and was beaten a neck. The Potentate always beat him afterwards, and was a good 7lbs. better at least.

King Cole.

Marlow, who began life as "a feather" on the same day and in the same race as Sam Rogers, got another good race for The Alderman, still more out of the fire. It was a hundred sovereign Stake, and all the money at Ascot; and The Deputy went there on the chance of getting his stake back, not to run. Accordingly Marlow, who had sole charge of the colt, made this proposition to old John Day, when they met at scale; but John could "settle nothing till I've seen my Lord Lichfield;" and so saying, he seated himself on the weighing-chair, and called "eighty-seven." Sam Darling sat there quietly tapping the toes of his boots with his whip, and probably thought more than he said, but Marlow did not fail to mark that the generally accurate John, and

Marlow and Old John Day.

Doe, the trainer, had overlooked the 5lbs. extra on The Corsair, for winning the Two Thousand. John then went to seek out Lord Lichfield, and was not a little surprised when he returned with his lordship's consent to give back the stake, that Marlow should meet him with "*I've altered my mind; I'll have all or none;—but we'd better make haste, it's getting late.*"

It will do now, thought Marlow, when he had John fairly in the saddle, and cantering and whistling, and singing, as was his wont, down to the post; but still he was not quite comfortable, and he took care to get alongside of him, and keep him in conversation upon things in general. Mr. Davis started them, and they merely cantered to the distance; but when the black was set going, he smashed up the chestnut in a trice, and went nearly to the Swinley Course post before he could be stopped. The chestnut "wanted no stopping;" but when John arrived back, Marlow placed eight twelve in the scale. "*I didn't weigh that,*" said John. "*I know you didn't,*" was the reply; "*but you ought. Where's the penalty?*" "*Fetch the bridle,*" said John. "*Better bring the horse,*" said Marlow; "*it will be a new kind of snaffle if it weighs 5lbs.*" John was fine weight as usual to begin with, and he could not stir the beam. "You did that very well, my boy; I give you great credit," he shouted to Marlow, as he rode past him off the course, and away he went whistling and singing once more. Job Marson and Taylor made the same mistake with Aphroditè, in the Doncaster Stakes, but one of the local reporters found it out, and gave Job the hint, to Nat's intense disgust.

Sam Darling and Isaac.

Not to have a word on old Isaac and Sam Darling would be a strange omission indeed, and one that Warwick would not overlook in a hurry. Sam was ever true to his boyish impressions, and never thought either him or Hesperus quite

so wonderful as Mantidamum, by Sir Solomon. On that horse, at Stafford, with 3½st. of saddle-cloths, &c., he beat Dick Spencer and Jack Hayes, both great men on that circuit, but they had their revenge at Holywell, as they combined on Ambo and Stella, and fairly drove him into the Ditch. "*I'll have you some day*," he muttered, like another D'Israeli, when he met them in the weighing-house, and we should rather think he had. When Major Pigot gave up his horses, Sam, at his mother's particular request, did a little in the yard-wand way, at Oxford and Worcester; but he longed to wear the silk instead of selling it, and he went to Mr. West and old Sadler, at Bibury, to tuck up his cuffs in another cause, and carry out his great principle, that "any man may wait, but it requires a wise head to make running."

History of Isaac.

But we must put him on Isaac, who made his start on the Turf at the York August of '33, as the "gr c. by Figaro, out of Jack Spigot's dam," and was beaten any distance in a two-year-old field, by Colonel Cradock's Emigrant. Like his half-brother, he had a pretty wayward temper, and paid the penalty of it. Sam first marked him in a Maiden Plate at Liverpool, two years afterwards, and took such a fancy to him, from the way he finished second to Luck's All, in the first heat, that he confided to Tom Speed, that he had got his eye on a treasure. He was sent by Mr. Ord Powlett, in the autumn to lead gallops for The Potentate, at Doncaster, and bolted near the Neat-herd's House, and took a little of "the bark off his leg." He was put up on the Thursday, and Mr. Sharpe began to bid for him; but stopped, under the idea that he had been fired; and when Mat Milton took a turn, Sam got close to him, and put it to him confidentially, whether "those great flat feet will ever suit the London stones." Hence "gr. g., by Figaro, 46 guineas, Mr. S. Darling," was the sale entry; and Isaac Blades, who then trained

him, was so angry that "such a rip should be named after me," that he cut Sam, and never spoke to him again.

The grey appeared in a Hack Stakes, winner to be sold for fifty, the next week at Liverpool; but Sam agreed with Mr. Sirdefield, who was second on Aratus about the cross claim. The race was run off by moonlight; and near the Canal turn, the light-blue of Isaac was leading. "*Is it over yet?*" said Sam to Mr. Sirdefield. "*Oh! not yet, I think*," was the reply, and Sam set the grey going again. He repeated the question over his shoulder at the distance, and then it was, "*Oh! yes! Yes, Sam! it is all up, now.*" When he next came to Liverpool, Harry his brother Sam Darling had taught him jumping with Lord Fitzhardinge's. He dwelt a little at his jumps, in consequence of being rather down in his eyes; but still he pulled off 176*l.* over the hurdles. He got 30*l.* more at a little Ellesmere meeting, on his road home, after Sam had run half over Liverpool in search of a Shropshire paper, which had the conditions. Isaac Day begged a mount at Bibury, and returned him with the assurance that his own back would never be itself again after the job; but he was ridden by Sam in almost all his flat races, of which he won forty-six. He went lobbing easily along, with his head out, and was great in dirt, as Caravan found to his cost, and went best when Sam kept shouting at him, "*Come along, old un.*" His victories at Warwick, when he belonged to its M.P., were looked at both from an electioneering and a racing point of view, and Isaac Day was sadly disappointed that he never could get Sam chaired. Amidst all his triumphs, he nearly died at Knutsford, and the guard of the coach went so far as to hail Sam, who was Newton-bound on his hack, and tell him that his horse was dead, and all Knutsford talking of it. Lear arrived at the races with the intelligence that he was better, and in a short

time he succeeded in walking, by seven-mile stages, to Kynnersley, near Croome. Two miles was his favourite distance; but at half-a-mile less, Modesty could always do him. Still, if Isaac was beaten over a distance of ground, it was by a pace which left its mark upon the winner.

Weighting him for the Audley End.

His Ditch-in race with the five-year-old I'm-not-aware, in which he had 22lbs. the worst of the weights, and made all the running, gave (Admiral) Rous such an opinion of him, that he put 10st. on him for the Audley End. "*I shan't want you to ride him, Captain Rous,*" said Sam, rather grimly, when they fell to chatting in front of the Rooms, next morning. "*What do you mean now, Sam?*" said the Admiral; "*Oh! I thought, Sir, you handicapped him to get a mount; according to your weights, there's not been such a horse in Newmarket since Sultan.*" However, taking the line through Roscius, there was not much fault to find with the weighting. A hurdle race in the November of '42, saw the last of him in public, and then Mr. Robins, of Stoneleigh Park, gave him a run out for four or five years, till he had to be shot for infirmity. Sam occasionally saw him in his retirement, but he "took no notice of me for good or evil." His skin now covers a favourite chair, and his portrait adorns the old inn sign at Bourton and many a bar-parlour down the Warwick and Worcester way.

The Old Scottish Cracks.

Scotland's finest sportsmen seemed ated to die in their prime. "Willie Sharpe" still relishes his coursing at Knockhill and his training at Hambleton, with a zest which deserves better luck; and Mr. Merry has crept quietly on since he was content with the little Paisley bouts of poor Edgar on Beadershin, till he has made his yellow jacket a name of dread across the Border; but where are the other gallant chiels who were wont, year after

year, to meet in the stand portals at the Caledonian Hunt? "The Inches of Perth, girdled as they are by the bright and brimming Tay; the short but trying bit of green carpet on the Firth of Clyde, where you are within hail of 'the auld clay biggin,' where the Ploughman Bard was born; the base of that grim grey keep, round which Forth winds its silver links; the fair regions of Tweed, or Musselburgh's dead flat margined by the snell and gurly sea," hold high festival for *them* no more. Sir David Baird, the hardest man, not barring Assheton Smith and Dick Christian, that ever fought his unswerving way through the bullfinches of Leicestershire, and Sir Frederick Johnstone, live only by Mr Gilmour's side in the Melton Hunt picture. Sir James Boswell can never again tell of the pluck and bottom of his Pugilist over Amesbury, or banter "The General" in return, when he reminds him of General Chassé and his Ayr dose of "Tincture of Myrrh." Lord Drumlanrig, "the doucest lad of them a'," no longer keeps the country side alive, and leads Joe Graham and his field across Dumfries-shire. William Hope Johnstone is no more among them, with an Era, a William le Gros, or The Returned, that winner of his two memorable four-mile steeplechases in succession at Eglinton Park; and Mr. Meiklam cannot whisper his last order to "Simmy Templeman," and then tell him how well the new blue-and-white stripes look, on which he has set a special loom to work, and bid them not mind the expense.

"The Turf, The Chase, and The Road," all drooped in Scotland when "Mr. Ramsay and the Hounds" ceased to be a toast in Mid Lothian, when his Lanercost or Inheritor were not under cup orders for Ayr, and when his mail-coach team, with himself or his good friend from Ury in command, no longer stepped gaily down Leith Street towards cannie Aberdeen. He had his summons when he had barely lived out

half his time, and in the autumn of '61 the crape on the Caledonian Hunt scarlet, and the words of sorrow to his memory, told that one still more radiant element was wanting in the great gathering of Scottish sportsmen. "Eglinton" was one of them in every sense of the word, and the thistle on his racing-jacket was no unmeaning emblem of his love for his "ain countree." No one enjoyed a game more heartily on the ice, the sward, or the racket-court; and there was scarcely a non-professional to beat him at billiards. "*Major quo non major*" was the neat tribute on the monument of his favourite greyhound; and old coursers will tell you exactly how his Waterloo took and worked his hare over the Flat; and how that son of Dusty Miller beat Gracchus, the Ashdown crack, on his own ground, and was looked on, in Scotland, as the veritable champion of the smooth interest against the rough. The history of the "Eglinton Tartan" from the days when Queen Bathsheba first bore it, till Corœbus and Fandango,—that last great struggle between it and the Zetland spots, gave us one more glimpse of old times,—needs no more recitals. Political duties claimed him, as they had done Lord George, and he seemed to have quite forgotten his way to Doncaster. "Nimrod" declared that the late Duke of Beaufort was the most popular man in England; but the Earl of Eglinton was the most so in the three countries combined. The Irish loved him for his frankness, his impartiality, his Viceregal munificence, and his nice turns-out; the English reverenced him as the soul of honour on their favourite Turf; and his countrymen delighted in his hearty national feelings, whether he was playing golf at St. Andrew's, or laying his chaplet with manly eloquence in the resting-place of Burns.

The Late Lord Eglinton.

Sir James Boswell had a strong dislike to dividing a race or a course, and on one occasion he ran three No-goes rather than give in.

Sir James Boswell

He also disliked exceedingly to see his horses punished, and his last orders to his jockey were invariably to that effect. In General Chassé's case he was perforce obliged to be silent on that head. The General's Ayr defeat by Myrrha never seemed to be forgotten, and was married to "immortal verse," in which the mare "only gave her tail a wag," and of course won as she liked. The "black and white stripes," men said with no little truth, did not meet the mare on equal terms, as their champion was quite stale with a twelve days' walk from Doncaster. Fobert has never yet been weaned from his first love by any of his "Spigot Lodge" flyers, and quite believes that in these times of comfortable railroad travelling, Chassé would have been a wonder. No one understood his peculiar temper better than poor Jack Holmes, or managed it so nicely in a race. He never would make his own running, and liked to come once for all a few strides from home. All distances and weights were much the same to him, but he wanted a severe hill to bring the leaders back to him at the finish, which was the reason that Liverpool suited him so well.

Myrrha and Philip.

Myrrha was a low, cart-breasted mare, by Malek (own brother to Velocipede) out of Bessy, whom Mr. Sharpe rode as his Edinburgh hack, and, as in Enamel's and North Lincoln's and Kangaroo's cases, there was quite a rush for her dam. She was traced, with some trouble, to a cab-stand in York; but death had come to the rescue some months before. The people liked as much to see Sim (whom Mr. Sharpe first brought down to Scotland, when he was light weight to Mr. Lambton) in the Elcho blue and black cap upon Philip, as Southrons did Nat on Lady Wildair. Philip was the death of Ballochmyle, and stuck to him so resolutely in some four-mile heats, at Gullane, on a very warm day, that the bay died in less than five minutes. The races had been

removed that summer from Musselburgh to Gullane, on account of the cholera; and when that Caledonian Hunt was held at Cupar, in which Harry Edwards won his celebrated race on Terror, six or seven hearses went past during the afternoon entry; and the races almost seemed like a death-dance round the plague pit.

Gullane. Gullane was once the Malton of Scotland, and half-a-dozen horses busy at their ∽ shaped work in the "myres" served in 1861 to keep up a faint association with Lanercost, Inheritor, and Despot, those knights of the straw body and green sleeves, who were once the presiding genii of the spot. The house where all the Dawsons were born and bred nestles at the foot of the hill, on which stands the rude wooden lighthouse, keeping watch and ward over the deep blue seaboard of the German Ocean, and we could hardly wonder that I'Anson has always kept his "Caller Ou" impressions, as the breezes "fresh fra the Forth" swept over us that July. On one side the yellow harvest fields of East Lothian were waving; and Dirleton's woods grow green and fair down to the very edge of the beach. Following the "gently curving lines of creamy spray" to the right, the eye rests on the Bass Rock,—ever clangorous with sea-fowl, and standing out blunt and bare from its wave-washed base—and the cone-like eminence of Berwick Law; while the distant range of the Fife Hills takes us back to Johnny Walker and his "dearies" before his View Halloo was heard at Wynnstay.

Zohrab and Co. Like Ambo, who revelled over the Mostyn mile, and Charity, the third Great Liverpool Steeple Chase winner, some of the best Gullane geldings took to the road at last. Wee Willie, Zoroaster, and Clym-o'-the-Clough, all came trotting out at the sound of the horn, to take their turn in the fourteen miles an hour Defiance; and

Pyramid, who led out of Edinburgh, when two bays and two greys, cross-fashion, was Mr. Ramsay's delight, worked himself stone-blind in the cause The old Ury lion was roused once more in his lair, and horsing this crack coach from Lawrencekirk to Aberdeen, and driving it many a stage, was as great a boon to him as getting up his dog Billy's muscle for another fight, or going through solemn pedestrian exercises, for the same end, with "my friend Tom Cribb."

Scottish Coaching Days.

Even the gravest Edinburgh professors liked to see the Ramsay coaches with their rich brass-mounted harness, and the scarlets and white hats, when the dashing young owner was on the box, and Alick Cooke, Jim Kitchen, George Murray, and Jamie Campbell were the reigning favourites.

Inheritor and the Ramsay Lot.

Mr. Ramsay hunted the Carnwath country as well as the three Lothians, and as he did not scruple to give 1500 guineas for Lanercost, 1000 for The Doctor, and 850 for Inheritor, "Nimrod" might well find in him almost the only breathing embodiment of his memorable *Quarterly Review* labours. His Inheritor was an old-fashioned weight-carrying hunter, with very long quarters, and big ribs and gaskins, but with rather a light ewe neck, and thinnish shoulders. Blinkhorn the trainer always compared him to old Walton, and said that his "action spoke vengeance:" and Harry Edwards, after he had won two Liverpool Cups on him in '37, declared that he had not been on such a horse since Jerry. In The Trades' Cup (in which he carried 9st. 4lbs. the highest weight it has ever been won with), he fairly kicked Snyders out of the race at the post, or as Harry phrased it in the weighing-house, "*We* just gave Snyders one-two for himself, and settled him." Vestment was a more chubby, but an unlucky sort of horse. He split his pastern, running with Queen of Trumps, and "turned over here and

there," and finally received such a severe cut to the bone, that he died of a lock-jaw. Despot was long, low, and dark brown; very honest, but with no great constitution; and The Doctor, by Doctor Syntax, out of a sister to Zohrab, had especially fine quality, with nice symmetry, and ability to carry weight.

Lanercost.

Tom Dawson considers Lanercost the finest-grown two-year-old he ever saw, and when he came up at that age to Tupgill, he could hardly believe he was the same yearling, "all belly and no neck," which he had seen at The Bush, at Carlisle, just after Mr. Ramsay had given 130*l.* for him, because he was by his horse Liverpool. In fact, his crest became so muscular, that "we might have put a saddle on and fitted it." As a two-year-old, he was tried to do a good thing with Aimwell, on the High Moor; but forcing him on for the trial spoilt him, and he went all to pieces during the winter, and had no business to come out at Catterick. His defeat there by Jemmy Jumps was a sad disappointment to the Carlisle division; but the spirits of his nominator, "Jim Parkin," never failed.

Mr. James Parkin.

This Cumberland Squire was a singularly handsome man, of a commanding height which quite carried off his bulk, and with a fund of mellow humour which never seemed to fail, whether in the hunting-field, on the coach-box, the yeomanry parade, or at his own table. When the great North Road was in its glory, and the Glasgow, the Edinburgh, and Portpatrick mails used to be changing horses almost together in Carlisle each afternoon, and "the little Glasgow mail," with its two horses, achieved its thirteen miles an hour, then was Mr. Parkin in his glory too. It was strange, indeed, if he wasn't seen waiting at the Bush door, with his low-crowned hat, and his hands in his capacious pockets, and a droll good-humoured word for everybody, from baronet to ostler, to work one of

them to Penrith; or if the night was peculiarly inviting, as far as Lancaster. If there was a steeplechase or a horse show, he would be in the thick of it, keeping every one on the grin with his quaint comments and suggestions. If a Cumberland Eleven had to be carried to Greystoke, or anywhere to play a match, he would invariably get up a team of greys to take them; and it was said that he was so sincerely disgusted when the rail was first opened between Newcastle and Carlisle, that, having business among the Black Diamonds, he went down by the coach to Borough Bridge, and got on to the Newcastle mail there, and home again the same way, thus nearly doubling the distance. In fact, he was so fond of driving, that there was a county joke against him, that when in London he sent in the driver and conductor one night to have a glass, and then utterly regardless of passengers and time-keepers, drove the omnibus four miles to Hammersmith without a check.

His bachelor home at Greenaways was quite a curiosity-shop, in the way of driving-whips and fox-brushes, and many was the quiet little party he used to have there in the days of the Inglewood Hunt. The hounds were then kept in kennels on the banks of Tarn Wadlin, where the pike and the cranberries flourished together, and on summer evenings we used to have drags right round the edge of the lake. The hunting field would have seemed as nothing without him and his grey; and although his weight, which at one time was fully twenty stone, precluded his going across country, his knowledge of short cuts, and his power of knocking a padlock to pieces with the butt-end of his whip, or getting off and fairly crushing his way at one shove through a fence, with the grey waiting on him, combined to make him a very rare absentee at the Whaw-hoop. For racing he did not care much; but he nominated Lancrcost for all his three-

year-old engagements, and made one of the Cumberland quartet, which used to book the inside of the coach or mail, and go to Catterick, Newcastle, and Doncaster, to see him run that year. They held the firmest belief that he would prove to be one of the best horses the world ever saw, and that Harry Edwards, who was then living at Carlisle as a vet., and getting occasional mounts from Alderman Copeland, or John Scott's stable, was the only man who could get him out.

Lanercostiana.

And so he did at Newcastle, but The Hydra who was "not in the same day with him at home," got so near him that Tom Dawson was far from satisfied. He began to come very quick after that, and he was tried very high with St. Andrew before the St. Leger. Flat, thin-soled feet were always his bane. Walking up and down in front of Belle Isle he got a stone the size of a bean into one of them, which nearly lamed him, and stopped him in his work for the Liverpool Cup; and the next year at Chester (the scene of his daring attempt as an aged horse to give the fresh four-year-old Alice Hawthorne 51lbs.), his soles were quite festered, and he was nearly on his head at the Castle Pole. I'Anson used to say, that his feet were as good as stable-barometers at last, and that he would fall lame as if he knew it was going to be hard. He was gross and sluggish to a degree, but became less so with age, and "passed his life in great eating and great work." The heavier the weight the better he liked it, as the three most celebrated Scottish geldings Zohrab, Potentate, and Olympic discovered at Eglinton Park. In fact, it seemed to make him much more lively, and Colonel Richardson always declared that "with thirteen stone he would pull walking."

Outwitting St. Martin.

An incident at Dumfries proves how Lord Exeter's invariable plan of having a cut at the favourite for the off chance, is far too

often neglected. Lanercost had beaten St. Martin twice at the Caledonian Hunt, and the pair came on to Dumfries and were both entered in the Fifty Pound Plate. In his gallop, Lanercost fell lame, and I'Anson had only time to get to the boy, and tell him to slip him into Mr. Wilkins's stable close by, before any one found it out. The leg was so big, that it was quite thought that the back tendon had gone, but fomentations through the night reduced it sufficiently to let him just walk on to the course. St. Martin's party had not got wind of it, and brought their horse to the post merely to try for a compromise. Cartwright's orders on Lanercost were to walk from the post, and pull up if Sir Martin offered to make a pace. He was spared the precaution, as Lye turned his colt round, the moment the word was given, and left Lanercost alone in his glory.

The rivalry for the Ayr Cup was then so great among the Scottish dons, that Mr. Ramsay dare not trust to The Doctor (although at 2st. he had upset a great Liverpool pot on Deception that year) when St. Bennett was to do battle for Eglinton Castle, and Lanercost was accordingly prepared for it.

Labours of Lanercost.

His four-year-old labours that September and October were equal to those of a Hercules. On September 4th, he duly did the needful for St. Bennett at Ayr, tried Easingwold for the St. Leger at Catterick, the morning after he got back to Richmond, and then walked off to Borough Bridge on his way to Doncaster. At Doncaster he won a Four-Year-Old Stake, and divided Charles XII. and Beeswing in that splendid Cup finish of two. The next week he was at the Liverpool Autumn, trying to give Melbourne a year and 4lbs in the Palatine, and Cruiskeen a year and 39lbs in the Heaton Park; and running second both times. Thence he was sent back immediately to Glasgow by

sea, and won twice against Bellona and Malvolio at the Caledonian Hunt. From Cupar, where he arrived the night before running, he was vanned to Kelso, where Zohrab and Bellona were no use to him for the Berwickshire Gold Cup; and then through Hawick to Dumfries, where St. Bennett and Malvolio met him separately, but to no purpose, in the latter part of that week. Mr. Ramsay thought that he had gone to run for the Cesarewitch, but I'Anson dare not risk it, and with true Scottish caution preferred the certainties near home. This brings him up to October 18th, and as his five races had been mere exercise gallops, and he seemed to get tone every day, I'Anson determined to put his head Heath-wards for the Cambridgeshire on the 28th.

Winning the Cambridgeshire.

Between Dumfries and Annan his troubles began, by the breaking down of one of the horses of his three-wheel van, which was hardly big enough for him when he was travelling night and day. For the last seventy miles he grew so weary that he stood on his toes with his heels up against the door, and propping his loin as he could. Hence when he reached Newmarket he was so paralyzed that he "could hardly be abused into a trot," and to coax him out of a trot into a canter was quite out of Noble's power. There was nothing for it but to cover him up from nose to tail in his box, till the sweat fairly poured off him, and he was so fresh two or three days afterwards that he positively "wanted to go shopping on his road to the course, and not through the shop-door either." Still he settled down at the post, and if Mickleton Maid had not mettled him up so tremendously by the pace she made for Hetman Platoff, to whom he gave 11lbs., Noble could never have driven him in a sharp finish with such a speedy customer as "Bowes's Bay." This was the maiden year of the two great stakes, and although some high weights and those three-year-olds have run

close up for them since, neither of them has been wo by any horse at 8st. 9lbs. Lord George might wel say, "What a wonderful animal he is! he neithe sweats nor blows!" and it only proves that race horses will generally do their best thing when they have been a little off.

His Ascot career.

His career after that was as variable as ever. There was that short-head Newcastle Cup victory over Beeswing, with "The Young un" so handy at the finish, that it did not speak very highly for either the Cumberland or Northumberland crack. Then he was snapped by Jem Robinson on Beggarman at Goodwood; and then Beeswing set him a task twice over at Kelso. With the high weight and The Doctor in attendance he gave her no chance in the Cup, although Bob Johnson offered 20*l.* to 10*l.* on his mare and lost it to I'Anson: but she would have infallibly won after the dead heat, as the short preparation told in two miles, and there was nothing to help that time. Next year he was carried out twice in the Ascot Vase, first when Zeleta, and then when Miss Stilton bolted, and could never reach Satirist; and then he won the Cup, making all his own running. After he was beaten "over the bricks" at Newcastle by Beeswing, there was an order to sell for 2500*l.*, which I'Anson did not think nearly enough. Eventually Mr. Kirby gave 2800*l.*, with some contingency (as Mr. Ramsay always maintained) about sending two mares gratis. No one expected to see him out again in '42, but John Scott wound him up only to experience the same see-saw luck, a brilliant performance at Chester, and a poisoning at Ascot. His stud career in England tapered away to nothing, but we began to think of him again in the evening of his days at Chantilly, and reflect on the folly of overdoing a horse when he first goes to the stud, when we saw Cosmopolite winning under any weight, and noted that the dam of Nutbush was by him.

Between Lanercost and his dog (for which Goody Levy offered 50*l.* and would have gone on), a most devoted friendship existed. Lanercost and Cabrera walked half-way to Doncaster together from Swinton before the meeting of 1841, and then the former was sent by the Malton Road to Pigburn, to be delivered to John Scott. The dog took no notice of the severance at the time, but during the Doncaster week he was missing. It seems that although he had never been there before, he went straight to Pigburn, found out Lanercost's box among all the others in the different yards, and rushed in at stable time. It was a question whether horse or dog seemed most pleased at the meeting, and although the latter was treacherously coaxed out with a cat, he would not quit the yard. During the night he climbed to a loft above the horse, and after revenging himself for the cat cheat on all Jacob's ferrets, he departed for Doncaster, and met the bellman, who was calling him, in French-gate. The fox, which a too confident hostler would pitch against him, and the gentleman who would have another peep at Lanercost in the van as the horse was crossing the Mersey to Chester, did not forget this sentinel very easily, and his dog opponents seldom survived their engagements. The Love of Lanercost for a Dog.

It is a curious coincidence respecting our Nell and Blue Bonnet, which won the Oaks and St. Leger in '42 out of Tom Dawson's stable, that neither of them had ever run in public before, and neither of them ever won again. Blue Bonnet broke down twice as a two-year-old, and was drawn up instead of going for The Ham. Dawson got her quite sound by the following August, and as with The Biddy turned loose to make running, she beat the five-year-old Charles XII. by a head at Ascot, and scattered Galanthus, Moss Trooper, and Aristotle pretty widely over the High Moor, Tom Blue Bonnet.

Dawson had every right not to be much frighten of Attila "with his Goodwood race on him," on t St. Leger Day.

Cotherstone. Whitewall never received a thinne fleshed yearling than Cotherstone fro Isaac Walker's hands, and at two years old he w always amiss. He was very fat before Doncaster, a The Era beat him in his trial. Bill Scott said went fast and tired, and when he did not get well in The Criterion, which was alike fatal to "Danie and "The West," and only ran a dead heat for t Nursery, Mr. Bowes said, "*I'll sell*," and John Sco said, "*I'll buy*." No bargain was made, and aft Christmas he went into work again, with All Four and as he was "always on the old horse's back, a he never deceived us," Bill was sent for, and so we Sim, and Nat, and Frank, and "all the swells

Cotherstone's Trial. Bill got on Cotherstone and followed th old horse, but in the bottom he felt s satisfied that he had never been on so good a colt, an that it was a sin to show him up, that he swung hi a little out of the course, and left the rest, Parthia Armitage, Greatheart, Castor and Co. to finish as the liked. Sim was the only one who was up to it, bu Colonel Anson was quite sceptical, even under Bill assurance that "*I could have won to York.*" Howeve Mr. Bowes got on at good odds to win 20,000*l.*, bu then came the teething troubles. The horse was se to Newmarket for the Riddlesworth, "quite beautif from fever," and in such pain that for a week he woul only lick cold mashes, but the teeth came throug just in time, and Lye lost 700*l.* on his Pompe mount.

Attempt to Hocus him. The Two Thousand made him a ho first favourite for the Derby, and th effort to get at him at Leatherhead was worthy o adaptation at the Adelphi. The man with the littl bottle of stuff in his pocket who pretended to b

drunk, the foray of Bill (who was quite a police-sergeant on the occasion) and Markwell into a cock-loft under the pretence of wanting a bed, the squaring of the carpenter, the finding of poisoned oats in an old stocking on the top of a clock, and a packet of brown powders in the church porch, are all clearly part and parcel of a tremendous "sensation drama." However, it all ended well, and Bill declared that he could have won if necessary by fifty yards.

A Visit at Althorp Paddocks.

We had not seen Cotherstone for seventeen years since the day he broke down so heavily at Goodwood. Hence we combined the coming-in of the new Spencer hound era and the going-out of the old blood stock one, into the same day; and when our Brixworth survey was ended, we drove off through Chapel Brampton, past Harleston Heath—so dear to Payne and his Pillagers—and very soon exchanged the flags for the foals. The paddocks are partly at Harleston and partly at Althorp, in the proportion of fifteen acres to eighty; and the former were planned by Squire Andrew, after whom the sire of Cadland was named.

They are delightfully roomy and comfortable, with a sort of grey antiquity about them which takes one back insensibly to the old Grafton and Bunbury days; and if these young occupants do not quickly learn to recognise and love Mr. Wilson, in his white hat, blue blouse, and extensive beard, they must be most deeply ungrateful for his care. His aspect was a little startling and Republican at first; but we found his flow of animal spirits and quaint vocabulary perfectly unimpaired under the coming parting from his brood mares. He had done a little jockeyship in his day, and it was on Helena by Rainbow from Urganda that, in 1833, he won the first race ever run over Chantilly. Isaac Walker and he were originally at Bloss's together, and it is somewhat remarkable that the one should have had the nursing

of Cotherstone in his foalhood, and the other in l old age.

Cotherstone in Retirement.

A noble avenue of trees leads fro "Cotherstone Hall" right down to A thorp House, and the sweet white Wicket, which w grazing with her Storm foal in the centre of it, gave charm to the scene, which made us doubly regret th even the inauguration of the Pytchley era should e tail the dissolution of the Cotherstone cabinet. Tl door of another shed bore a plate of Wryneck, whic recorded in almost illegible characters how she wo 300 sovereigns for his late lordship at the Nev market Craven of '44. This mare was from Gitan by Tramp, and the first he ever bought. It is abou nineteen years since Mr. Wilson took the head affairs, and then Gladiator came for a season. Th first Earl Spencer (the Shorthorn and Exchequ Earl) bought Cotherstone for 3000 guineas in '4 before he broke down at Goodwood; and when h arrived in his van, his fetlocks almost touched th ground. He is "not much of a dandy now;" but o seeing the well-known bit of blue, he came whinnyin up for a recognition. As it happened, he was quietl grazing; but he is for ever on the move for a regula set of constitutionals, which consist in walking roun and round his paddocks, or on the sunny side. Wel may his friend observe that "He looks as if he wa matched against Mountjoy, and had nothing to d but to make haste." His jumping up is his oddes trait, and he sometimes greets Mr. Wilson by going off all four legs, just like a lamb.

His Stock.

His blood colts and fillies have been about equal in numbers, but the first fourteen out of sixteen foals after the horse was thrown open to *bonâ fide* tenant farmers, all fell colts. True to his sire's charter, he has very seldom got a chestnut. His blood has hit well with Slane's and Priam's, and Mr. Payne had no reason to repent his

Althorp fancy in Glauca's and Farthingale's year. Stilton was quite his best, and if he could always have been wound up as he was for the Metropolitan, he would have fought Stockwell and Kingston hard for the supremacy of '52. He gave Evadne and Paddybird, both of his year, 20lbs. easily, but he never got off at Chester, and was not in the race till quite at the finish. The Chester Cup has always been an unlucky matter for Tom Dawson, as he has been second five times, and once second and third.

Orlando's first race at two years old was a Produce Stake at Ascot, in which there was five to four on him, and great betting. All the seven had orders to wait, and John Day, junior, who was on Wetnurse, considered that go or wait he would be out of it. Walking down to the post, he heard Nat, who was very cautious in money matters, propose to Rogers to hedge rides, and he accordingly chimed in with, "*Well, if it's a good thing for Sam, it's a good thing for me; you'd better let me do the same.*" "*A very likely thing;*" said Nat; "*your little pony has no chance.*" "*Well! well!*" rejoined John, "*never mind, I'll stay you up, though you are on such a grand one.*" Mr. Davis started them; three-quarters of a mile over the Old Course, but the only response they gave to his "Go" was to stop and look at each other. "*Mind, I've started you!*" he observed, and left them; and on they walked for a hundred yards. "*This is a pretty thing! none of you seem inclined to take the lead; shall I take it for you?*" said Young John. Then Robinson struck in, "*For goodness' sake, John, canter or do something, or my horse will bolt.*"

Orlando's Maiden Race.

Thus encouraged, John led the phalanx, which were sprawling all over the course, at a slow canter; but when his mare got her feet on to the road for the Brick Kilns, he stuck the spurs in and stole fifty yards in an instant. The others had to begin then, and Nat

upset his horse with following her. John stopped his mare at the distance, and let Orlando reach his girths, and when he heard Nat's "CHICK! CHICK!" he knew that the little man had begun to drive the crack. He could only sit quiet and hold his mare, and she just won a neck, tiring every stride. The Stand thought it was a false start, and when General Peel went to ask John about it, he thought it best to refer him to Jim "the schoolmaster." And well might they call him that, and agree that for patience and fairness in a race he was unrivalled.

Young John Day's Win on Wiseacre.

One of John's most tremendous races was on Wiseacre, who was a terrible horse to ride, and finally fell lame in his joints, and went to nothing. The Ham Stakes at Goodwood was a very remarkable finish, and the handling on that occasion was equal to Sam Rogers's celebrated Findon win of 1861 on Caterer. John's orders were not to be second, and he went and tried to catch them at the distance. Then he suffered, and made another effort half-way up, and crept to the girths of the leaders, without asking his colt a question. Firebrand and Barrier were beat on his right, and he just thought he might land him, and getting up inch by inch, he hit him twice and just won a head. Nat trotted back on Chatham under the firm impression that he had won, and it was in vain for Sam to try and undeceive him. "*John Day won?*" he said; "*he was beat off at the distance, and I've never seen him since;*" John was so weary with the job, that he could hardly sit on his saddle, and after he won the Prendergast, the stirrup broke, and he made a second finish by going to grass.

Death of Franchise.

Franchise was the first great winner for Alfred Day, and it was by the merest chance that she was trained at all. A purchaser had his offer of three in a straw-yard. He chose the other two, and left her, although she might have been

his for 20*l.*, and hence her owner trained her in despair. At last, she broke her near hindleg short off in a gallop near Sadler's Plantation; the leg spun round in the air, nearly hitting her lad, and she was left staggering on three, till William Day galloped home for a pistol and shot her through the head, as soon as there was a moment's cessation in the plunging.

"Running Rein" and St. Lawrence.

Of the fictitious hero of "The Running Rein year," a celebrated character still observes most feelingly, "*What is the use of winning a Derby, if they don't let you have it?*" He was own brother, it is supposed, to one of our most celebrated runners; and he got upset in his van on board ship, and died soon after he was taken off. Such at least is the legend of this dark offender. St. Lawrence was one of the Irish division originally, and began by running second for the Madrid Stakes. No horse was nicer to wait with, and like Sweetmeat, a jockey could put him just where he liked. He never varied a pound from his form all the time that he kept the clock at Danebury, and save and except the yellow bay Spume, on whom he won fifteen races, there was none that Young John loved better to ride. Speed was his point, and he never showed it in a higher degree than when he beat Garry-Owen, who gave him only 5lbs. over the T.Y.C. He arrived at Danebury when he was four years old, and became such "a calculating boy," that if he found he couldn't reach home he would stop in the last hundred yards, and he did so in the Suffolk Stakes, and again across the Flat in the Craven.

The Baron.

The story of The Baron is somewhat on all fours with Touchstone's, but as the playbills have it, "a period of eleven years elapses." John Scott was again on the Liverpool Stand with Earl Wilton and another nobleman, when he saw the chestnut beaten. He was as fat as a bull, and had

bar-shoes and fearfully festered soles, and had been made twice the savage he was by muzzles. Still "The Wizard" thought he had a St. Leger in him. And so he went to Malton, and a very rough snappish customer they thought him at first. He was well physicked and then rammed along behind old All Fours, and as John Scott says, "took more work than I ever gave a horse in my life, and required more management." He was tried at Pigburn at the St. Leger distance to give As You Like It a stone, and did it with nearly a length to spare.

Iago. Iago, the Whitewall Leger horse of the next year, was quite as game, but he wanted speed. Still he would have out tridden the lazy Poynton at York, if Cartwright, who was riding Sheraton, had not got at the brown's girths for the honour of Mr. Meiklam and the stable, and given him three such stinging strokes on the quarters, that the horse, although one of his sinews had been cut by a hoof-hit in the race, dare not dwell any longer. Templeman was hard at him at the time, little looking for such a Blucher to aid him. Iago was rather short and high-legged, but for a horse of that make he stayed well. His head and back were beautiful, and his temper very good, but his stock were generally very short of temper and wind as well.

The B. Green Two-year-olds. B. Green's and the Grafton scarlet were in every one's mouth in '47, and Hambleton began at last

> "To raise its head for endless spring,
> And everlasting blossoming,"

till Voltigeur's Derby knocked it out of time. The party of which the ex-Manchester traveller was the ostensible chief had some thirty-five in training, and won thirty-two two-year-old races. In fact, every two year-old they brought to the post that year contrived to rub off his maidenhood. At Chester in '49, they

won ten races, the Cup among the number, with the eccentric Malton, who would not go into a stable, unless the door was a very wide one, and would then canter right in. Sometimes they could manage him blindfolded, but to make matters all right at Chester, they hired a coach-house. Teddy Edwards and Winteringham did the riding part for the stable, and Basham, who first rode as a feather at Stockton-on-Tees in '45, on sister to Andover's dam, had a few light-weight mounts.

Two-year-old Trials.

The Confederacy gave 500*l.* for Assault, the same for Chaff and Flatcatcher, 350*l.* for Beverlac, and 150*l.* for Swiss Boy; and acting on the approved fashion, bought their own brothers the next year. They tried them in November, but B. Green did not care to go and see it come off. "*It's no use my going to see it,*" he used to say; "*you can tell me what's first,*" and he comforted himself at home with his snuff and cigars. He also delighted in whist and billiards, and was very clever in watching the market, and managing his betting-lists. Before the trial, it was quite expected that Beverlac, who wanted no spurs, was the best of the three, but Assault won by two or three lengths, and Beverlac was beaten as far from Flatcatcher. The second trial ended the same way, and their forms never changed till Burlesque knocked up Assault, and he could never be got sound again. The trial was kept so quiet, that the public rather stood Beverlac, and 15 to 1 was taken about him at Chester for the Derby, a year before the race! Harry Stebbings had always an immense opinion of Flatcatcher, but he overdid it with him, especially in the St. Leger, by not giving Robinson waiting orders; and he refused, it was said, 3000*l.* from the French Government for him.

The Purchase of Cossack.

Danebury seemed sadly down on its luck in the early part of '46, as Old John was very ill at the Gloucester Coffee-House, and there

were only twelve horses in training. Such a remarkable lot never followed each other at exercise before, as five of them won two Derbies, two Oaks, a One Thousand, two Newmarket Stakes, and four of the great cups; and Conyngham, a future Two Thousand winner, came later on in the year. Pyrrhus the First was bought as a foal with his dam Fortress for 300*l.*, after Old England was tried, and was half Mr. Gully's. Cymba and Mendicant were also there, but Cossack was the best of the bunch. John Day first heard of him from Dilly, when he was at Northampton races, and consented to accompany him to Mr. Elwes's of Billing, and look at two Hetman Platoffs for Mr. Payne.

Dilly liked the brown, but thought the chestnut rather upright before, and too small as well. His companion was greatly taken with the latter, and after trying in vain to get him for 200*l.* and a Derby contingency of 1000*l.*, he sent a 200 guinea cheque, and sold the colt for the same sum to Mr. Pedley during the Gorhambury meeting. Mr. Elwes had asked Charles Marson to go and have a look at them, and Mr. Coape, who trained with him, would have bought them, but he did not just fancy the blood, and although he went past the very Park wall, he did not even care to look in. Had he got Cossack, the first and second for the '47 Derby would have been in his stable, and the heavy War Eagle hit would have been averted.

War Eagle.

Valentine threw all her stock leggy, and War Eagle was no exception, and fully sixteen-one. He pitched in his slow paces, but for a mile he was immensely fast, and if he was held, he would run on, but not go far when he was once in distress. His finest turn of speed was when he cut down Volley from the post at Doncaster. In the Cup he followed The Hero "just like clock-work," and came the moment Sam Mann touched him with the

spur. Mr. Payne said of his Newmarket Stakes race with Cossack, that it was the fastest he ever saw. It was in fact like two races, as the pair came right away by themselves leaving a cloud of dust behind them. Mr. Bouverie would not hear of War Eagle waiting, but ordered him to "come away and beat them right out." War Eagle had a little the best of the start, on the whip hand, but they were soon at it, head and head, all the way up the cords. Sim never moved, but "felt for him," and when his horse answered his hand so truly, he felt sure that the Derby was over.

Cossack was a delightful horse to ride, never pulling, and always as ready as a shot, when he was wanted. A strong pace was his delight, and he could make it for himself, and except when War Eagle headed him coming down the hill, he led in the Derby from The Warren to the winning-post.

The Hero.

Hero was quiet when in front, and rather too free if he was behind, and liked to run big and above himself. He was rather shelly at three, but he thickened amazingly afterwards. In wet ground he could not move at all, and Footstool made a sad exhibition of him at York in consequence. Young John Day was on him in his first race, the Woodcote Stakes, and his last the Goodwood Cup, and he has used one or two good hunters by him, Nelson to wit, with his harriers. Still as a sire he was not very valuable, as his stock from thorough-bred and half-bred mares ran rather small, and when fever in the feet set in, and he could hardly move in his box, he was vanned down to Hermit Lodge, where his Grace the Duke of Beaufort stays during the Stockbridge week, and shot and buried in the garden.

Chanticleer.

Chanticleer was a horse of great constitution, but always touched in the temper, and in fact "a perfect mad horse," when

I'Anson first got him at Liverpool. Robertson stuck to his head in one of his frenzies, but he became so bad at last, that they were glad to get the lad out of the horse box by the window. He had thrown himself down in the box, and the stall had to be taken out before he would consent to go in it again. When he got to Hambleton, Harry Stebbings used to say, that he would just as soon be off the Moor when he was on; but I'Anson gradually got him quiet, and in the next year he did all his best things. Still he would not go up a passage, but roar his dissent like a bull, and kick by way of variation for a whole day. He was a free goer, and had fine pace, and if he was above himself he could stay with most of them, and go equally well on hard and soft ground.

Canezou and Springy Jack.

Two miles over the flat suited Canezou best, but still she could stay much further if she had assistance. She always wanted much management in her training, and so did Springy Jack, a nice smart goer, but as heavy-fleshed as a bull, and quite competent and willing to eat up to his weight. There never was such a somnolent horse, as he would lie down and go to sleep for two or three hours, as soon as he had emptied his manger, and no training could keep his legs in order, with such an ever increasing top. Butler seldom rode a horse more desperately from the distance than he did him for the Great Yorkshire, and finished on him bare-headed; but Maid of Masham was not to be got rid of. If a jockey only sat as still as Sim did that day, she was one of the sweetest mares to ride, but a great martyr to windgalls in the knees, which were so bad that Tom Dawson did not wish her to run. And well he might not, as she took nearly an hour bringing on to the course from Middlethorpe, and they had to knock her about most unmercifully to get her warm.

Maid of Masham.

Ellerdale.

For Ellerdale, who won this stake for the same stable the year before, the York

course seemed to have a hidden charm, and she never seemed so unsettled, when she had to run there, as she generally did during her absence from Middleham. She was a delicate second-class mare, and rather lacking in speed. Tom Dawson always says that hers is the only case he ever saw of a sinew slipping inside the hock. It occurred when she was at exercise, and she pulled up on three legs, and kicked so furiously from the pain, that he quite thought she had broken her leg. Full a fortnight elapsed before she could touch the ground, and she was trained no more. At the stud she threw winners to everything she was put to; and in the first five seasons, Ellermire, who beat the speediest field that has been seen in modern days at York, Ellington, Wardersmarke, Gildermire, and Summerside came in succession. Never did anything look more thoroughly the type of an English brood-mare as she walked into the Grimston ring, with the well-nurtured 1500 guinea Nugget, looking as big as herself, at her side, and gazed round for the last time at her Yorkshire admirers. It was 500 to 600 in no time, and so on to 1120 guineas, but the untried Gildermire quite overlapped her, and got up to 1260 guineas.

Such bidding quite petrified an old tyke, who was wandering round the outer circle. "*Oh, dear! it beats me,*" he observed, resting on his staff; "*these gentlemen—they get fuller of money at the latter end of the day;*" and could only account for it by saying that she was such "*a well performed mare.*"

Sale of Stockwell and West Australian.

The Yorkshire mind had been stirred to its utmost depth by attempts to solve the great problem, whether Stockwell would sell for more than "Westy." With true local pride they hoped he would not, but yet they felt sure he would, and the speculation in *crowns* and pots principally ran on the point whether or not the chestnut would touch five thousand, and the brown four.

St. Albans brought the former gallantly up, and the thousand soon became four thousand five hundred. We never heard such a price bid in a ring before, and yet there was no apparent enthusiasm. All of it was reserved for "The West." "*Here comes the pick of England*," said they, as he emerged from a gate behind, and strode with his beautiful white reach head aloft into the ring. There was quite a thrill as the biddings slowly rose to three thousand, and a sort of burst of suppressed impatience and vexation when no one could beat Count de Morny. "*He can't be released*," said a tyke close by us, in such a melancholy strain, and down went the hammer. There was quite a fond rush after him for a last view, but somehow or other he was only an ordinary horse to look at when his head was out of sight; and his stock, considering the chances he had, justified the dubious verdict passed upon them when they first came out in 1857 at Tattersall's. And so this grand sale passed into history; and when shall we see 20,689 guineas again made in one afternoon, twenty-three brood-mares averaging 409½ guineas, one brood-mare and her two brood-mare daughters making 2990 guineas, and three St. Leger winners, chestnut, brown, and roan, standing up to the hammer in the self-same ring?

The Late Lord Londesboro'.

When all was over, we strolled quietly across the Park—so fresh and beautiful from the rain, that leaving such a spot made death seem doubly terrible—and lingered for a few minutes near the house, among its rich ribbon borders, its laurel banks, and its grotto.

The Armourer, with a skin as dark as Saladin himself, conducted us among his glorious collection of sword-breakers, thumb-screws, and coats of mail, and tried in vain to stir us up to enthusiasm upon horns of tenure and Damascus blades; and anon we took refuge from positively the last shower of the evening, under the gigantic tree which shades the remains of

the retriever Sal, the faithful companion of the late Lord "in all his changes of residence and fortune."

The paddocks joined the Grimston plantation on our left, and just above the wall we could see the top of the gilt coronets surmounting the private gate which communicated between the two. His brood-mares were his lordship's delight, and even his yacht *Ursula* which won the Emperor of the French's cup, ranked second. In his days of comparative health he was always in his paddocks, on his bay pony, chatting to Jack Scott, and watching the yearlings as they ripened for Tattersall's; and when he could ride there no longer, he would be among them in his pony carriage. An accident in rook-shooting, which sprained or broke a small tendon in his foot, was the beginning of his last illness, and with the consequent loss of active exercise, his gradual break-up commenced, and no sea-breezes could fan him back to health. He left Grimston in September, and slept there but one night the following month, and then he bade good-bye for ever to the place which of all others he loved best. Grimston church is pulled down, and another has been erected on the site to his memory. The family vault is in an enclosure by itself, just to the right of the churchyard. Four small trees, cypress or arbor vitæ, mark the corners, and at the upper end a honeysuckle, which had half fallen from its hold on the wall, leant over, and pointed almost to the exact spot in the vault, which contains that pale, fragile form we all remember so well.

Van Tromp.

Van Tromp was an exceedingly idle horse, but not at all deficient in speed. The St. Leger day was his best, and he had won his race a mile from home. Marlow had backed him for the Derby for 200*l.* after his race with Wanota in the Mersey Stakes, but he did not think him in his Liverpool form, when he saw him at the Derby post, and felt most keenly that any slur in the public mind

should have ever been thrown on Marson. On the St. Leger day, he was quite a different horse, and we can only summon up three or four during the last twenty-five years that seemed to our mind just so ripe on the day. Marlow always considered that "The Dutchman" stayed better as he grew older, but that his staying arose rather from the fact that his speed was so tremendous that no horse could get him out, than from innate gameness, and hence for a really hard cup fight, when both were in their prime, he would have preferred being on Van Tromp. Never did horse win an Ascot Cup in such an unflinching style as Van; but if Nat had persisted in waiting to the Stand, instead of trying to take up the running soon after the last turn, when he got nearly a length, Marlow would never have got a pull, and Van could never have answered to the whip as he did. Single-handed, Chanticleer ought always to have got the last run and beaten him, but still there was hardly 3lbs. between them either way.

Marlow and The Dutchman.

Marlow's experience has been a pretty extensive one. He looked after Waterwitch when Lye rode her for the Oaks, and spurred her almost in the hips. His maiden victory was won when he was a lad at Lord Warwick's, on Gab at Cheltenham, beating his beloved Waterwitch, who, however, furnished him with win No. 2 before long. Still even his maiden win did not delight him so much as when he first got on The Dutchman (who was fully 21lbs. better than Elthiron), and followed Van Tromp up the gallop. They only went half speed, but he returned him with "*Well! Mr. Fobert, I was never on such an one as this b'fore.*" Marlow never rode him in a trial, and always with a curb, as hard pulling was one of his specialities, and he once took the bit in his teeth, and gave Jack Sharpe a rough ride of it on Middleham Moor. His stride was immense, and he always showed his fore shoes, but as a two-year-old,

nothing could ever make him gallop except Escalade at Liverpool, and although he won by a length, Marlow smiled to himself when he read how "cleverly" or "easily" it was done, and noted how the seers dwelt all winter on "the fact, that this magnificent son of Bay Middleton has never been extended."

The Dutchman's Derby Race.

At the Derby, Marlow lay in the middle of his horses up to the mile-post, and found that he could beat all before him. Round the turn, Hotspur came up so unexpectedly on the right, and so like a winner, that for a moment Marlow could not make out what it was. Nothing was in the race after the turn, but the two and Tadmor; and as the Dutchman seemed all muddled and confused in the deep ground, and perfectly inactive in comparison with his old self, there was but one thing, viz., "to sit and suffer." Hotspur went over the dirt like a swallow, and showed no signs of coming back till within three strides of home, when Marlow, who had a length to get, struck his horse twice (the only time in his life that he ever touched him), and the last stride gave him the short neck. He was quite sure he had won, as he said to the lad who was waiting for him, "*Old fellow! it's a tight fit, but I've just done it.*" Whitehouse is not certain upon the point to this day, but Marlow has no further remark to offer when he begins, than "*You won at the wrong place, George; you didn't win at Judge Clark.*" In the St. Leger, deep as the ground was, The Dutchman won all the way. The course exactly suited him, and he could have almost trotted in, if there had been a bet depending on it. He also won his match as he liked, and the Ascot Cup proved that Marlow had not overstated his hopes, when he said to Butler, who had a wonderful belief in Canezou that week, "*You'll see what a mess I'll make of you to-morrow.*" Arthur Briggs visited the great brown in France, and found him in what English trainers call, "the condemned cells,"

near The Baron and Cassock, but he looked quite down, and very unlike his old Middleham or Rawcliffe self. With such views as our neighbours entertain on stallion exercise, it could hardly be otherwise. Still they contrive to breed many of their racers, with far better substance than we do.

Vatican. His principal three-year-old rival, Vatican, was as full of quality as horse could be, but latterly quite the victim of temper. He nearly worried one lad walking from Ely, and savaged another in a corner. On a race-course he was very difficult to saddle, and once got loose at York, with his bridle off, among the ditches. They at last built a place at Hambleton, supported by pillars, where he could stand and hit nothing when he kicked. He was coy and very savage with his mares, and contrary to the usual rule, loved the satin-coated ones, and they had to use bluffs and all manner of double leading rein experiments for service. As is often the case with very irritable horses, his stock were washy and small, and the fine cross of Slane and Venison was in his case quite thrown away.

Surplice. Among the ten St. Leger winners, whose plates keep off the witches from the stable-doors of the Turf Tavern, the home-bred Surplice must not be forgotten, albeit we have got him a year out of his turn. He was a very early foal of January 24th, and Lord George took some Derby double event bets about him at Goodwood that July, and liked him still better when he got his measure at the end of the next year. He was then fifteen hands and rather leggy, and had arrived at that maturity in the face of two accidents, which made Cunningham tremble in his shoes. The first snow shower he was out in terrified him so much that he dashed at a wall and performed a complete somersault into an adjoining garden. That did him no harm; but when he was being

Accidents to Surplice.

lunged he made a slip, and lay for a few seconds with his fore and hind feet right away from him, in such a perilous position, that it seemed all over with his back. Luck favoured him again, and he rolled on to one side and picked himself up unscathed.

The Roaring Humour.

No colt had a sweeter temper, and he was such a rare walker that he could almost get four times round the ring when Loadstone and the other yearlings were doing it thrice. Nat and Butler paid him a visit when he was a yearling, and informed Colonel Anson and Lord George that, from the throppling noise he made in grazing, he must be a roarer. His lordship stopped at the paddocks on his way from Welbeck to the races next morning specially to listen; but as nearly all the other fourteen were similarly afflicted, he comforted himself with the thought that "*they can't all be roarers*," and listened to these augurs of ill no more.

Beginning of the Aske Stud.

Siberia, the dam of Troïca and Comfit, was Lord Zetland's first racer, and he gave only 35*l.* for her, which was about the price paid for his Nickname by Ishmael, the dam of Augur and Castanette, and the grandam of Fandango. This old mare was eventually given to Bobby Hill, who sold her to Mr. John Bowe of Richmond, the breeder of El Hakim. Mr. Jacques had her next, and in his hands she bred Massaniello, for which a thousand was refused as a yearling. Comfit's death was quite a tragical one. A gamekeeper had hung his white pony to the gate of the paddock in which she was grazing, and the mares became alarmed. Comfit arrived in a gallop at the gate, and tried to take it in her stride. She was within a month of foaling to Newminster at the time, and catching the top-bar with her fore-legs, she rolled over and broke her shoulder. Staggering on through the wood and holly bushes, she reached the

Death of Comfit.

door of her own stable and fell. She was carried to a short distance, and the foal, a fine colt, was taken from her immediately, but some little delay occurred in tying up the navel, and it lost a pint of blood and died.

Voltigeur.

Although the mares were pretty good and bred well, the Voltaire colts did not rank very high when Martha Lynn threw Barnton and Voltigeur to him. They were generally heavy-necked and heavy-fleshed, and it was these peculiarities which made Lord Zetland and one or two more of the Jockey Club men dislike Voltigeur when Bobby Hill marked him as a yearling at Doncaster, and begged his lordship to have a look at him. Their verdict was pretty well confirmed when the colt came up before Mr. Tattersall, and the "*Take him away!*" soon boomed forth, as not a soul there would give a hundred. And so he went back to Hart, to Mr. Stephenson's great disappointment, and he might have been cut for the hunting field if Mr. John Brown (a nephew of "British Yeoman and Black Diamond Blakelock") had not once confided to Mr. Williamson, when they were out coursing near Sedgefield, that if he could only have it trained by Robert Hill, who had once looked after his uncle's horses, he would buy a racer forthwith, and that he had something in his eye.

Purchase and Trial of Voltigeur.

Lord Zetland consented to allow the colt to come to Aske, on condition that he was lent to Mr. Williamson, and accordingly he arrived about the time of the next Catterick races. He was put along quietly till his Richmond engagements drew near, and then tried to give Castanette, who had just won at Doncaster, 12lbs. and a year over three-quarters of a mile. His victory was so hollow that they thought it could not be right, and tried them over again next morning with the same result. He had always thinnish soles,

and ran these trials and his Richmond race in bar shoes, but Lord Zetland had him plated, and for the third time within the fortnight he was called upon to give the mare the same weight. His lordship came to see the trial this time, and had Ellen Middleton put in to make a pace, and Cantab to scramble where he could with 16lbs. less than the crack, who had a white hood on and positively came in alone.

"*This is awful; we ought all to be downright 'shamed of ourselves,*" groaned poor Bobby when he saw his stable so completely cleaned out. It came off over Richmond about two o'clock in the afternoon, but there was not a strange eye, save that of Mr. Rich, M.P., to see it, and his sporting constituents were not one whit wiser when the shades of evening descended. Their trial determined his lordship to give the 1500*l.* which was asked, with a 500*l.* contingency on each of the great events, and the luck of "the spots" began.

Bobby Hill's Training Notions.

Bobby Hill, who had a very intuitive perception of all stable matters, went at him forthwith, and never had a man a finer bit of stuff to work upon, as he was never known to have a cough or a swelled leg. To keep up perpetual warfare against the latter was a great point with Bob, and his favourite elixir was turpentine and cream. He gum-bandaged nearly every horse he had. If a privileged person asked him his reasons on that head, he would reply, "*They're a vast deal better for't.*" If a non-privileged individual presumed to do so, he would answer short: "*to keep 'em reet, to be sur.*" He was not the man to let his horses be idle; but be his system what it might, the three-year-old Voltigeur throve under it. He could sweat week after week with twelve stone, lad and all on his back, and quite deserved his most glowing eulogy, "*his* legs and feet, my lord, is like *hiron.*"

Voltigeur at Epsom.

When he had fairly broken down Castanette, he was carried on by St. Anne, but nothing came with him to Epsom. Job had not a regular engagement from his lordship in '49, and did not ride in the trials, but he had been sent for, early the next spring, and seen enough to make him tell his lordship and Mr. Williamson at Catterick, that "*I think we'll be about winning the Derby.*" "*He'll never gallop again till he gallops for t'money*," said Bob, when he gave his colt the wind up on the Friday before Epsom, and he kept his word. The touts put out a very different tale, and (although he had never been at more than half-speed) it was all over London on the Sunday, that he couldn't follow an Epirus gelding of Lumley's, which was lent to lead him up the gallop, and he went back to 30 to 1.

The Eglinton party, who were strong in their Mavors faith, declared that he had no muscle, but other eyes scanned him before the Wednesday, and he came back to sixteens. He was within an ace of being scratched on the Monday from sundry heavy forfeits attaching to his nominator, and there was a doubt as to whether Job could be released from another engagement to ride him, but the right resolve was taken, and the Aske housemaid who stood him, simply because he had "such a nice dark satin coat," won her money like a woman and a Britoness. Rhadulphus worked him between the two events, and as Doncaster drew nigh, those who consulted Bobby received these words for their comfort: "*He's fit for t' job*, or "*He's going tremendious slap.*"

Bobby's Lightfoot Fancy.

The latter expression was most freely applied by Bobby to Lightfoot before Chester next year. He observed at exercise one day, "*Bedad, Mr. Williamson, that colt's a nailer; he stretched Voltigeur's neck as sure as I'm sitting on this galloway.*" John Gill thought he had got a Derby

line for Neasham by trying him to give a Red Deer colt of the same year 19lbs. cleverly; and the latter was accordingly borrowed and tried at the same relative weight with Lightfoot. Voltigeur was put in to secure a pace, at weights for age with Bobby's delight (who received 9lbs. from Rhadulphus), and pulled it off by a length, and it was all that Rhadulphus could do to beat the young un, while the Red Deer colt cut up awfully. Job was on the young un, and rode him out severely to the finish. His trial seemed both to Gill and the Aske party to make him within 3 or 4lbs. of a Derby winner's form, but his Dee Stakes exhibition was fearful, and he never could really gallop again. Hunting he managed fairly enough, and while Mr. Bell kept hounds, he performed very well with a whipper-in.

Voltigeur's heart went next, and George Wallace and Hauxwell, who knew how gallantly he was wont to face that severe finish from the race-course into the Aske grounds, found to their sorrow that he began to fail "from the Sweating Gates." It was all very well for poor Bobby to menace them with the pitchfork if they told any one; the brown's match fate was sealed, and when they tried him after his defeat, Rhadulphus told them that he was fully a stone below his Doncaster Cup form. His stock, which are generally whole-coloured, whatever the mare may be, inherit his tendency to be thick-necked (which he gets from Voltaire), with his very fine substance, moving, and temper. It is difficult to say, as it was with him, whether speed or staying is their especial forte; but there is too often an unsound one among them; and they take an immense deal of preparation.

Voltigeur's Decline.

His finest nick was with Mr. Chilton's Birdcatcher mare, and from it came Vedette, with Blacklock blood on both sides. Seeing that luck had attended Mr. Bowes's nomenclature, he

Vedette.

began the world as "West Hartlepool." Nothing could have been more unpromising than his yearling look, as his head was big, his middle like a brood mare's, and his hocks very far behind him, and hence much as his lordship liked the blood, he wavered for some time, till Mr. Williamson used all his eloquence in favour of "the ugly one." At last the 250*l.* went the right way, and unpromising as the beginning seemed, it is doubtful whether such a horse has ever been at Aske. He had quite as little notion as Fandango of leaving off, and for pace and staying as well, if the trainers and jockeys were polled, he would have as many votes as Voltigeur. When the chronic rheumatism was not troubling him, few had such action, and as he went with his head down, he seemed to "get all he stretched for."

He was the last horse that Job Marson ever rode in public, and Job told the stable that Voltigeur the second had been found at last. His first great trial was at Catterick before the Two Thousand at even weights, a mile and a half, with Ignoramus and the four-year-old Gaudy, while Skirmisher received 7lbs. He just won it, but when he and Ignoramus were put together again over two miles of the same course, he gave Lord Fitzwilliam's horse 16lbs., and beat him half a length. This course proved fatal to both of them at last, as well as seven others from Aske, including Sabreur, Zeta, and Fandango, and in every instance it was the left leg which went.

Waking up Sabreur.

Sabreur did not run at two years old: at three his action was odd; and the attempts to prepare him did not improve it. Bivouac gave him a stone, and did what he liked with him before Newcastle the next year. He was only prepared for a mile, and he showed no speed whatever in the Members' Plate; and as a forlorn hope, they decided to give him a gallop for "The Guineas."

There must have been an immense reserve of power

about the horse, which he did not know how to use. As fate willed it, Ticket-of-Leave gave him a kick inside the thigh, just as they left the post. It might have broken his leg, but it did not, and mettled him up to such an extent, that he rushed through his horses, and the jockeys having no telescopes with them, saw him no more. In fact, he won by nearly half a distance, and although he was lame for a week after pulling up, he had his nerve fairly kicked into him. He never lost it, and his form and stride ever after were thoroughly altered.

His Trial at Richmond.

Between him and Bivouac this happy kick made a difference of two stone, and when he had a rough Cup course gallop on Richmond race-ground, ten days before York, he cantered away from Volatile with 2st., Vanquisher with 18lbs., and Bivouac with 14lbs. less. The thing was done so openly and so easily, that, although the public saw it they had not the least idea what it meant. The Newcastle mode of cutting down the field did not answer at Doncaster, and the orders were given under the impression that it would be a false-run race, to suit The Wizard, who would be trying to stop the pace, if possible. It has, indeed, been singular ill-luck for "the spots," that after being disappointed of Rogers for Ivan, and just losing by a head—neither Vedette nor Fandango should have been in the St. Leger, and that Sabreur should have cut himself down.

Nunnykirk.

Nunnykirk was "a fair horse—nothing more," with slack loins, a sweet head, and still sweeter action. His brother, Newminster, was not so pretty, but better ribbed up. He was tried with the Exotic filly in the spring, and John Scott thought him a great horse, but he ran dead amiss for the Derby, and equally so at York, and even on the St. Leger day he was not really himself. In fact, he was never exactly able to show what he could do.

He went near the ground, with great leverage from behind, and his style of creeping along without any bustle was quite beautiful to see. We shall not easily forget watching him as he stole down from the distance in his canter, little as we expected that he could bring Aphroditè to grief. He was a bad walker, quite, in fact, one of the "kick up a sixpence school;" and Sir Tatton thought his slow paces so bad, that he declined the offer of him at twelve hundred. He won no more after the St. Leger, and as a sire he knocked Teddington quite into the shade. To our minds, Oldminster, who spent his yearling life in the Jervaux Abbey paddocks with Dictator and Stanton, is the most perfect model that he ever begot.

Teddington.

Sir Joseph saw Teddington at three years old, and was wonderfully struck with his action, and bought him with the mare from a blacksmith, at Stamford, for 250*l.*, and a thousand contingency. He was a trifle clubby in one foot, and had to wear a long shoe, but he very early wound himself into the affections of Sir Joseph's old groom, by the style in which he walked away from all the others, when they were in the breaking bridle, a test which is in nineteen cases out of twenty almost the only sound one by which a yearling's horoscope can be cast.

His Yearling Form.

Sir Joseph made no bad bargain when he took Fernhill, Sponge, and everything else at Fyfield, down to furniture and stable-fittings, from Mr. Parr for 3000*l.* The place, with its church tower and straw-thatched buildings to the left, looks just like the snug home of a well-to-do rector, with a strong tendency to stock and white crops. There was only room for eight horses there; but the bricklayers were soon set to work, and now the accommodation is multiplied eight-fold. Fourteen yearlings came up from the Leybourne Grange Paddocks in the autumn of the next year, and of these, a Venison colt, from

Haitoe, was the only one which did not win or show some running form. Teddington, The Ban, Aphroditè, and Merry Peal were the most noticeable among them, and The Confessor did not join company for a month or two later. Teddington's near forefoot was still rather of the donkey order, and although, by constant paring and attention, it was got nearly right, there is a remarkable difference in the size of his plates, which remain as trophies on Alick Taylor's sideboard. As a yearling, he was always getting his head up, and running away with the boy, and hence his trainer was obliged to mount him for the first three weeks himself, at exercise, to get him a little into order. He had a rough gallop with the two-year-old Slang in November; but he did not seem up to his business, and was beaten a long way. In March they were tried again at 21lbs., and Teddington won so easily, that they were put together at evens, and with nearly the same result.

His Two-year-old Trials with Aphroditè, &c.

No jockeys rode trials at Fyfield in Sir Joseph's day, and five boys never had a grander spin than when Teddington, Aphroditè, Storyteller, Confessor, and The Ban finished in that order, with little more than a length between the lot. Teddington had half a length the best of it; but the very natural impression followed that all five were moderate. General Peel then lent his four-year-old Ione, which had cleaned out his two-year-olds at 10lbs.; but at 7lbs., Teddington finished a length in front of her; and when he tried her at evens, and three-quarters of a mile, over again, he had just a head the best of it. He was short, and on high legs, the only form in which a short horse generally proves a clipper; but unlike most short horses, he never began well. On the whole, his two-year-old season, what with his tumble and his very close wins, was not a very prosperous one. After Goodwood he was thrown up in a box till October, and with Bac-

chanalian to lead him, went on till before his Newmarket race, when he was tried to be better than Vatican at 21lbs.

His Derby Trial.

Aphroditè, who was not remarkable as a stayer, was never measured with him after two years old, and in the great Derby trial on Middle Down, he gave 6lbs. to Vatican, ran with Storyteller at evens, and gave Ban 21lbs., and Gladiole 2st. Gladiole forced the running at her best pace, but Vatican and Teddington (who was pulling over him) caught her half a mile from home, and the chestnut won so easily, that Taylor might well tell Fobert, when they met at Epsom, that now he knew through Vatican that he had a second Dutchman at last.

Derby Anxieties.

In fact, Sir Joseph thought the trial too good. A week before the Derby "the quicksilver fell," as the front of the shin of his off foreleg festered and filled all round. Stopping him, perhaps, did him good in every way, and the leg came all right; but he rather fretted with the change of stable at Epsom, and would do nothing more than pick the split peas out of a little corn on the Derby morning. Still his heart was all right, and as Job said, "*I had only to spur him once to get him out near the turn.*" He came with such vengeance that he almost ran over Ariosto. "*Where are you going to?*" said Nat. "*Beg your pardon, I can't hold my horse,*" replied Job; and he just heard Nat's ready rejoinder above the din of the thirty-two, "*I wish I couldn't hold mine.*" The chestnut was no great match horse; being in a cluster seemed to give him double confidence; and up a hill he was especially suited, as he was all hind action. Giving Little Harry 2st. 5lbs., and beating him for the Warwick Cup, was a very great thing, and even after his last Cup at Ascot, when he gave 9lbs. to a horse like Stockwell, who seemed fit to carry him, he was neither sick nor sorry. One

of his back sinews began to give way that summer, and that he had not left his heart at Ascot was pretty well proved by the style in which he lived under 9st. 7lb. almost into the bottom in the Cesarewitch, for which he was only half prepared. At the stud, the Vulture part of his pedigree cut two ways, and although the action and speed have been good, the courage has been lacking as it was in his dam, and no cross, however stout, could correct this tendency.

Kingston.

Harry Stebbings never considered that Kingston was so fit as when he met Teddington for the Doncaster Cup. He had just been tried, to give Hungerford a year and 7lbs., and yet "the canoe" carried 12lbs. more in that race, and was only beaten a neck. The party were also deeply disappointed when he was beaten at Ascot by Grapeshot; but sadly as the hill told against his bad hind action, Basham felt sure that he was beaten on his merits, and revenged himself when he was taken off at Newcastle by backing Grapeshot to win him 800*l.*, and leading him back to scale. From 1½ to 1¾ miles was about his mark, provided he had something to come away, and as he grew older he began worse in short races. Both Defiance and Lascelles were before him in a great finish for the Craven Stakes at Epsom, but he just defeated himself by trying to make a pace, and by an alteration of tactics with Rataplan in the Cup, he pulled off one of the best, if not his best victory,

Death of Kingston.

Both fetlocks touched the ground after his Whip breakdown, and one of his legs filled as well. Sir Tatton liked the blood, and would have given 2500 for him, but Mr. Blenkiron, who never will be denied, got him for 3000. He died at Eltham, just as he was commencing his seventh season, within a fortnight of Omoo, whose *post mortem* showed that she was in foal with twins by him, one of which had begun to putrify, and so caused her death.

For his first two seasons, he got twice as many fillies as colts; but for the last three the numbers were balanced, and he seemed to get them with more length. An oak tree shades him, and a harvest has waved over the spot where that beautiful Knight of the Silver-hair lies buried.

The Cawston Stud.

The Cawston stud owes its celebrity to the advice which John Nutting the Eaton stud-groom gave Hemming, to buy Phryne at the sale in '45. He was sent to buy another, but she didn't suit, and accordingly his lordship's 70 guineas was invested in the daughter of Touchstone and Decoy, which had just come out of training. Mr. Oldaker bid for her, and offered Hemming 10 guineas for his bargain, and "pay all your expenses as well;" but her purchaser was inexorable. It seems that he had met Bill Scott in the interim, and been solemnly assured on that almost infallible authority, that he had got "a mare fit to breed you a winner of the three events if she's only used right." She broke to Pantaloon that spring; but Elthiron was the result of second thoughts during that month that she was left. Pantaloon was also hired for the next season at Cawston; and Lord John might well say to Hemming, as the white-reach tribe grew up round them, "That's the best day's work, Hemming, you ever did in your life, when you hired Pantaloon and bought Phryne."

Pantaloon and Phryne.

Pantaloon was hired the next season for 150 guineas, and then 200 guineas; and he never went back. The cross between this grand-looking chestnut and Phryne hit five years in succession. He had a curious hatred to a boy or a dog, and a peculiar partiality to a grey mare. Irish Birdcatcher had somewhat similar notions; but he extended his antipathies to pigs and hens, and turned quite savage if they crossed his path. Phryne had spasms when she was in foal, and seemed to get no permanent relief from them except she

had a goat to go with her, which had tired of his first love in the shape of his lordship's old charger Helen.

The Windhound Rout.

She was always the pet mare, and on that eventful afternoon when Catherine Hayes won the Oaks, and Windhound broke loose among the fifteen mares, to "*get hold of Phryne*" was Mrs. Hemming's first impulse. There never was such a rout, and Cannobie, who was a foal at the time, jumped a hedge and high rails on the off side, and back through the gate to his little dam, Lady Lurewell. To judge from the hoof havoc in Dunkley's Meadow, there had been a second Windhound rout among the mares on the afternoon of our visit, and it turned out that the North Warwickshire had brought a fox across it from Frankton Wood. The *troupe* were quietly grazing in the next paddock, after the morning's alarm. Old Helen had long been laid with Pantaloon and Rasselas under the holly; but the flesh-coloured nose of the old Camel mare, the crooked white reach of Miserrima, which knew no crooked way up the Ascot Hill, and Pearlin Jean, with that white fore foot in rest, were all good to descry. But, alas! the piebald pony, which roamed amongst them, knew its good master's voice and step no more; the new cricket ground on which he had hoped that year to see Dunchurch beat Rugby, was left half-sodded, and the roses and honeysuckles, which were clinging to the clay walls of the "House that Jack built," told sadly that another summer was fulfilling its course, but not for him.

A Visit to Cawston.

The Late Lord John Scott.

All knew and loved Lord John, and as a universal sportsman he was unsurpassed. Punt shooting, the leash, otter hunting, with his red-and-white Gyp (which killed a thirteen-pounder by herself, and then managed another, which stuck to its tail), a bit of racing, or a little patronage to "the lads of the Fancy"—whom he brought up in great force

under General "Dick Cain," to look after "The Brums" on a polling-day—were quite in his line. His unfortunate lameness (which arose from an injury to his ankle at a stone wall, out hunting) debarred him from joining, but he felt great interest in cricket; and one summer he took two Rugby men, at his own expense, right away to Scotland, to play in a match. In fact, he was always doing something, either out of doors or on paper, and he not only wrote an anonymous pamphlet on the currency, purely as he said "to bother my old friend Spooner," but he proved himself a hard hitter when he had an occasional turn at polemics. There never was a more liberal landlord; but he quite enjoyed the joke when one of his tenants, who paid twenty-five shillings a-year for a cottage, and got two substantial dinners at the audit as well, told him that he really ought to have his rent lowered. His farms were remarkably low rented; and four or five years before his death, when he considered that the farmers were not employing enough labour, he spoke his mind in such a Downright Shippen way at a Benefit Society Dinner at Dunchurch, that the poor fellows had to hang about the cottage doors no more with their hands in their pockets. At the time of the railway mania, he kept, like Mr. Assheton Smith, a regular look-out for the "theodolite scamps." They did The Squire of Tedworth, and managed matters comfortably enough, to his intense rage, on a very wet Sunday, when he was at church; but Lord John was too sharp for them, and when he and his watchers caught them at work for the Leamington line, they pitched into them, tore up their books, and sent them flying. He was, however, the last man to bear malice, and he got one of those he put to rout that day a most capital place.

Old Helen.

His old charger Helen was by Octavian out of Lady of the Lake, and the first he ever had in his life. Once he rode her for a bet up the stone steps of the Bank of Dublin, when he was

quartered there, to get a cheque cashed, and down again with value received. Her dislike to a jockey was extreme, and like Pickpocket, she insisted upon his getting up with a great coat on. Queen of the Gipsies, by Camel, was the best of her sixteen foals, and she went as a yearling for 90 guineas, and turned out to be the speediest, bar Semiseria, of her year. Among his stud Lord John was very fond of Miserrima, "a good, fair mare," and the only one except Cannobie that was kept, when Mr. Merry purchased the lot, with Phryne, Catherine Hayes, Lady Lurewell, Blanche of Middlebie, Folkestone, Trovatore, &c. in it, for five thousand.

Hobbie Noble.

Independently of his blood, Lord John had always specially noticed Hobbie Noble from a yearling, in consequence of his hermit habits. No one ever caught him in company; but he would come to a whistle just like a dog, and his lordship would often take his friends out, after dinner, and call him up to the garden wicket to be looked at. The habit seemed to foreshadow "for the proud young porter" that a 6500*l.* cheque was in store for him, and that Her Majesty would send for him a second time to the front of her stand at Ascot. He was tried with Miserrima, who had just been second for the Oaks, at 16lbs. for the year, and John Day and John Scott both thought it must be too good to be correct. However, the former was pretty well convinced, the next year, after he had tried him with Little Harry before the Cambridgeshire, that he was a very great horse. Windbound was never much, although there is little doubt that he is Thormanby's sire; and The Reiver, who got very awkward in his temper, was a good stone below Catherine Hayes, when they were two-year-olds together.

Cannobie.

The lengthy Cannobie, who was left as a legacy to Hemming, was of a cleverer stamp than many of the Melbournes, and could stay

and race as well. He was coughing at the Derby when he ran third; but the public had not seen the best of him, and but for the severe strain which he gave his leg, by jumping the road at Newcastle when he was following Heir of Lynne, two days before the Northumberland Plate, Mat Dawson quite believed that he would have ripened into a very superior Cup horse. Blanche of Middlebie seemed to be as lengthy for a foal as Cannobie was for a horse, and when we strolled to Cawston on our first visit with "Dick Over," and found her at Phryne's side, we thought that she and the firing of a chestnut yearling's hocks by the late Mr. Lucas's hand, were two of the finest pieces of workmanship we had ever seen in one day. She did not belie her promise in her two-year-old season, and swept 2900*l.* off the board. On the Friday before the St. Leger, she was tried on Weathercock Hill, at equal weights, with Sunbeam. Saunterer gave them each 26lbs., and came through from end to end, and Blanche, who was slightly carried out at the bend, was just half a length behind him, and rather more in front of poor Luke Snowdon and his first St. Leger winner. The black, whose performance under 8st. 12lbs. in the Cambridgeshire, and his reaching his horses like a flash at Chester, stamp him as one of the greatest wonders of the century, never lost his speed to the last; but his near foreleg gave way in the Doncaster Cup. He broke down hopelessly at Ascot the next year, and twenty-five hundred was his price to the Austrians.

Pocahontas.

Beyond being the sire of Miss Twickenham (the dam of Teddington) Rockingham did no good at the Stockwell paddocks; but The Baron, who came about the same time as Sorella, made a double hit in his second season, with Chief Baron Nicholson's dam, and Mr. Theobald's own mare Pocahontas. The latter had been to Muley Moloch for the three preceding seasons, and was

bought as a four-year-old for 500*l.*, after she was beaten for the Cup at Goodwood. She ran five times afterwards without success, and her last performance was for a Plate, at Chatham, where she finished second out of nine. She was then five months gone in foal with Cambaules, by Camel, but this grand cross was lost to the world, as he took the influenza, and became a roarer quite early.

Early History of Stockwell.

Stockwell, her fifth, was a very fine colt; but every one assured Mr. Theobald that he was too big. John Lowry was a most consistent admirer of him, and as he was determined that he should have "an honest race," he begged his master, when he went to Brighton Races, to try and see Lord Exeter, and received as his answer, "Put it down in my book, my memory fails me." In due time his lordship arrived, and the white-faced chestnut was proudly displayed by John in the "burial paddock." His lordship thought him too big, but he went into committee with the old man, and after an hour of most anxious suspense, the latter strolled out to tell John, that he was to get his pet weaned as soon as he could, and that he was to go to Burleigh. The price was 180*l.*, and a 500*l.* contingency if he won the Derby. This information was clenched with a present of a ten-pound note, and the promise of being put on at 50*l.* to 0 at Epsom. The colt started in a month's time, by the earliest train in the morning, and by way of having something to "help him" through London, John hired a cab, and led him close behind it. Lord Exeter just made the purchase in time, as the old man died a month after the colt had left; and his stud, with the exception of Pocahontas and Sorella, was sold by Mr. Tattersall.

Birth of Rataplan.

Pocahontas foaled Rataplan the morning that Mr. William Theobald died, and Rataplan became the property of Mr. Thellusson, who gave him to his father. Lowry's earliest recollections

of Rataplan were symptomatic of the after-vigour of the chestnut. "*He got up directly,*" says his historian, with admirable brevity, "*blew his nose, and sucked his mother.*" Luck attended the mare, and when she and Sorella went to Willesden Paddocks, and the choice lay between Don John and Harkaway, the trustees chose the latter for the future Prunella, and King Tom was the result. Thus from the nicks of three successive seasons, there came the respective sires of St. Alban's, Kettledrum, and Old Calabar. Stockwell made little out during his first season, as, with all his fine speed, he never could be made fit enough to get home. Still those who were near the judge's chair will have it that Mr. Clark overlooked him in the Prendergast Stakes, when he gave the race to Maidstone.

Rataplan's Racing and Training Habits.

Rataplan always "went proppy" on his long pasterns, and at the best of times was only a middling beginner. "*Let him alone till he gets into his action,*" were the orders which his jockeys received, and his "custom of an afternoon" was to creep up to his horses at the half-distance, and make one effort. His shoulders, and not his heart, forbade a long struggle. When Sim rode him strictly to Mr. Parr's orders at Edinburgh, he thought at one time that he should never catch his horses; but, perhaps, his most wonderful race was when he won the Manchester Cup with 9st. 3lbs. Like Stockwell, his back power was almost miraculous, and if he threw up his heels no boy alive could sit him; but when he did get rid of them, he would walk straight off home to Ilsley. It was but seldom that he took these vivacious fits, and seeing that he generally contrived to stumble about twelve times between his box and the Downs, it was never safe to take him without knee-caps. There never was a lazier one foaled, bar Lanercost and Springy Jack, as he would lie full length while they plaited his

mane, and go to sleep after feeding, with unerring regularity.

King Tom.

King Tom, or "Tom," as he was generally styled in the stable, was first trained by Wyatt, at Myrtle Green, near Findon. During the Doncaster meeting of '53, when he had been beaten at Goodwood, and had won at Brighton, Baron Rothschild finally agreed, after some highly involved negotiations, to give Mr. Thellusson 2000*l.* for him. William King brought him up to London, and so on to Gorhambury, where he gave the two-year-old Twinkle a stone with all ease in his trial, and on the next Wednesday won the Triennial at Newmarket. He was a good-tempered, light-fleshed horse, and with fine speed, and ready for any distance that was set him. Before the Derby, he was tried at 8st. 9lbs. with Orestes 9st. 1lb., Hungerford 8st. 2lbs., and Middlesex 7st. 2lbs. The last-named just beat him by half a neck, and the others were nowhere. On the Monday week before the Derby, he fell lame in the off hock, or at all events somewhere in the off-quarter, and as he did not do more than take a couple of canters between then and the race, it was no slight performance for him to separate Andover and Hermit.

Longbow.

To carry a high weight for three-quarters of a mile was Longbow's line, as he showed so ably in the Goodwood Steward's Cup, but his long distance running, especially when he met Stockwell in the most muggy of days for the Great Yorkshire, was most wonderful. Foreigners are in the habit of giving wet hay as a roaring antidote, and before Larry McHale ran his matches, John Scott gave him a ball of lard, with some shot in it, to try and keep down the lights; but with Longbow he used nothing but limed water.

Daniel O'Rourke.

Daniel O'Rourke, whose departure was thus solemnly heralded in a Turf paper,

"*Daniel slept in London last night, previous to his departure for Austria,*" at 800 guineas, was tried before the Derby, to give Champion 7lbs., and beat Backbiter at evens. Songstress gave him a stone, and a beating after the Oaks; and he first had his temper spoilt when going in the van to Ascot.

"The West" finished him, as he was always on his heels up the gallop, and made him turn coward. At last he would kick and fly, and could hardly be got on to the wolds; but Snarry's soothing manners put him all right, when the scene was changed to Sledmere. During his seven seasons there, Sir Tatton bred upwards of 170 foals by him, and fully two-thirds of them chestnuts. He was not very lucky in getting colts from the Pyrrhus mares, and although he suited with the Hampton blood, his foals from the Sleight of Hand mares had more power.

Little Harry.

Little Harry was just the reverse of Mincepie, very good when the ground was not deep, and John Day liked him so much after the Bedford Stakes, that he got on at fifteens and twenties to one to win an independency. If Danebury had a sad disappointment, Woodyeates had one of its grandest Chester triumphs that year, with little Joe Miller, who could get equally well through wet or dry. He was never fifteen hands, very sweet-headed like his sire Venison, but shorter and most beautifully turned. Mr. Sadler bred him, and Mr. Farrance bought him for 200 guineas at Newmarket. In the Metropolitan Stakes he got knocked over by Miss Anne; but in the Chester Cup he got away in front from end to end; and Stilton, after his bad start, could never reach him. Grosvenor, in the same stable, was all the go for the Cup that year, and Davis thought so little of Joe in consequence, that Mr. Parker "got him" for 12,000*l.*, at 24 to 1 after the Metropolitan, and again for 6000*l.*

Joe Miller.

over the Ascot Cup, at half those odds. Like most light-bodied and light-fleshed horses, Joe stayed well, but he was cut for temper, and shot very early in the day, and honoured with burial in the centre of the Woodyeates yard.

Umbriel.

The little wall-eyed Umbriel lured a few, including one of the cleverest men we have, into the belief that he was better than "The West." Sam Wheatley, who had trained Haphazard and Agonistes for the then Earl of Darlington, and been stud-groom at Cheveley as well, gazed at the son of Melbourne and Mowerina with intense delight, and declared that he had never put his hand on a finer yearling. He, moreover, backed his opinion by getting on first of any one, and never hedging a penny.

West Australian.

Isaac Walker's Annual Appearance at Whitewall.

Isaac Walker's annual jubilee comprises the ten days during which he takes the yearlings up to Whitewall, where he stays Saturday and Sunday, after placing them at school, and then proceeds to Doncaster as a finish. For five-and-twenty years it had been his habit to deposit his charges on the Friday before the St. Leger. In old days, Tom Carter would show up on that evening, and so would Ben Eddison, full of dry observations on society, and ready, when his county recollections of the Caunt and Bendigo tournament were evoked, to show, with appropriate gesture, how "Bendy felled him like a *to-ad.*" Bill Scott, who was never at the paddocks in his life, always addressed Isaac on these occasions as "*Streatlam,*" and John would only recognise him officially as "*Queen Mab.*" Frank was always full of his husky chaff, confiding to Isaac what Mr. Scott had said about him, and *vice versâ;* and so those merry days passed on.

Frank's First Introduction to "The West."

The splendid grunt of Frank when he first caught sight of The West delighted John Scott and Isaac above all things.

"*What's that?*" he said. "*That,*" quoth John Scott, quite gravely, "*oh! that's only a rough thing by Freedom; we'd better pass him,*" but "*What a pretty pair you are!*" replied Frank, as he went up to introduce himself to his love at first sight. The trial with this colt and Longbow at 21lbs. for the year was run three-quarters of a mile in very deep ground, and the young un won it, hands down. There were never any proved attempts to get at him, although the betting before Doncaster betokened that the "black cloud" was going to descend, and the great difficulties in the way of training him were his heavy flesh and his tendency to a sort of off-and-on lameness, first in his feet and then in his ankle.

The West's Doncaster Jubilee.

Frank and Isaac could never quite settle how far the Leger was to be won; and John Scott delicately said, that as Mr. Bowes would not be at Doncaster, of course Isaac must give the orders. Frank would have it, that it would do "*if I win by the length of my arm;*" but Isaac didn't see it at all. "*None of your dodging,*" said he; "*I don't like these heads and half necks; you make me shake in my shoes; let him out at the Red House, and see how far he can win.*" Nothing seemed so absurd to Frank as the popular idea of his horse not staying. "*Stay, indeed!*" he was wont to say in his fervour, "*he'll stay a thundering deal too long for any of them; the faster they'll go, the sooner it will be over; they'll wonder what's coming when I lay hold of them at 'White Willie.'*" It was of course gratifying to him to hear from Isaac that he had ridden the horse to his mind; but he rejoined, "*I was thinking of you all the way from the distance; the beggars stood stock still, or I'd have put you in a nice sweat.*" Isaac accompanied the horse home to the Salutation, and when John Scott and Hayhoe got there, they both saw that something was up. One might well say of the horse that "he looks well;" and the other that he

was "as bold as a hero;" for Isaac, in the exuberance of his enthusiasm at having at last reared a winner of the double event, had poured a bottle of Champagne into the pail.

Catherine Hayes. Catherine Hayes, who shares with Ellerdale the honour of being the best daughter of Lanercost, has always been a great favourite with Mat Dawson. She required drawing light, and was a particularly sweet-tempered and wide-hipped mare, with her hocks close together. No action could be more easy and sweeping, and we have always maintained that to our eye nothing ever crept so beautifully up the Epsom hill. Her Nursery Stakes win at Goodwood, when looked at by the subsequent performances of the horses behind her, was a remarkable performance, as she won easily under the top weight, 8st. 7lbs., and gave Rataplan 14lbs., Ethelbert and Pantomime 13lbs., and Dagobert 2lbs. Mat Dawson never tried a two-year-old so highly, and as he knew her to be just as good at even weights as the four-year-old Kilmeny, who had won The Steward's Cup that week at 6st. 13lbs., he had no Goodwood fears. After the Oaks she caught cold across the loins, and had a heavy fringe of leeches applied on each side of her spine. Her action went sadly; but still she made a game wind-up of it, by giving Mayfair half a stone and "a long head" beating for the Coronation Stakes.

Goorkah's History. Goorkah claims a mention, but more for the peculiar manner of his dam's subsequent purchase. She belonged, with a mare called Fairy Queen by Brutandorf, to a farmer and bone-setter in Lanarkshire. Once on a time he dreamt that he sold these two mares, and that Mr. Sharpe, of Hoddom Castle, purchased them, and he wrote off forthwith to apprize that gentleman of his dream, and beg him to hasten its fulfilment. Mr. Sharpe did not exactly see it in that enthusiastic

light, and as Fairy Queen was blind, he declined her at once. With regard to Fair Jane, he said that he liked her blood; but that, as she had been drawing coals from the station, and had been barren, he was only open to a swap for her with his filly Seclusion by St. Martin, a greyhound puppy (afterwards Cora Lynn), a couple of Dorkings, and a piece of plaid for trowsers. And so this novel bargain was arranged. She was in foal to Turnus, and as Goorkah showed some form, she was sent to Annandale again. At Kelso, Mr. Barber proposed to purchase her, and offered three hundred, but Mr. Sharpe would hear of nothing under five; and when another application came, he declared his ultimatum, by letter to each, and said that the first who gave that sum should have her. Both applications, as it turned out, were from the same quarter, and by the time the letter arrived, enclosing the five 100*l.* notes, Hamlet was dropped.

Butterfly.

Mr. Sharpe sold Butterfly and her dam for 70*l.* to the Brothers Oates, and the late Mr. Eastwood took such a fancy to the former, when he first saw her as a yearling, that he purchased her at once, and sold half to Culshaw, who stipulated most rigidly that she should be called after his "herd matron"—that rare prize mould in which both Master and Royal Butterfly were cast and quickened. The luck he predicted from this process followed in due course. In her first trial with Buttercup she was beaten, and although she won five times, she had some mischances as a two-year-old, getting knocked about at Beverley, and very badly off with Thormanby at York. Before she ran for her engagements at three years old, she had a rough gallop with Sparrow Hawk and Dilkoosh, and an Oaks win and rare seconds both for the Ascot Cup and Northumberland Plate confirmed the promise which she then showed.

Boiardo.

John Scott firmly believes that, according to his trial, Boiardo would have won the St. Leger in a canter. He was a rank roarer, and not a very taking horse in any way; but he subsequently ranked high in Australia. Holmes, on Dervish, made all the running in the trial, and Sim lay last with Boiardo, who lost a shoe, and beat Acrobat very cleverly at the finish. Still Sim did not trust his leg, but chose Acrobat on the Leger day; and the severe pace which Dervish made from the start found out the crack's weak point.

Knight of St. George.

Their victor, Knight of St. George, grew into more after, and left a most beautiful, enlarged likeness of himself in Knight of St. Patrick; but when he won the St. Leger he was only just fifteen hands. There never was a more difficult horse to ride. He took a long time to make up his mind whether he would try or not, and then nothing but easing and coaxing, which Basham did to perfection, would make him put his good resolutions in force. Spurs and whip were quite out of the question. He always hung to the left, and nothing but a very severe pricker and long cheek to the left side of the bit, could keep him straight at all. As an Irish two-year-old he bolted once, lost twice, and won once, and his education was still in a sad state when he came to Hambleton with Gamekeeper. He was ridden all the winter by Basham in a yearling's breaking tackle, and when he found that he couldn't bolt, going up the gallop, he went open-mouthed among the yearlings. His Derby trial was at 10lbs. with the five-year-old Kingston, and at evens with Eulogist, on the Saturday before Chester, and he won it cleverly. Kingston was, perhaps, not what he had been, although he fought out the Ascot Cup so well with "The West" that summer; but still the trial looked uncommonly hopeful. "The Knight," however, contracted a "gouty leg" before Epsom; his fore and hind feet caught,

following Kingston up the gallop, and he cut his boot clean off, and into the flesh as well. Kingston was away on Her Majesty's service, the week of his Doncaster trial, and not liking to try "The Knight" farther, they made him give the speedy Corin an enormous amount of weight over a mile, and brought it off.

Virago.

There were more nuggets than Voltigeur at the Hart diggings, as Virago was foaled there the year after his double event. She was advertised for sale as a yearling, at Doncaster, when old John Day slipped down and tried to buy her privately, but Mr. Stephenson insisted on her going to the hammer along with Epinician. John Scott liked her, but left off at 340, and the next ten settled the job for Mr. Padwick. She was tried as a two-year-old in October, at 7lbs., with Little Harry, and William Day, who rode in the trial, was so pleased with her, that he increased the two thousand offer, which he made on the ground, to three when they got into the house; but Mr. Padwick was as firm as Gibraltar. After the Doncaster meeting of '54 she turned roarer; still old John could not bring himself to believe that she was so changed, and when the little, jumped-up St. Hubert beat her at something under weight for age, he thought him a wonder, and never blanched when "my boy William" assured him that at 18lbs. Lord of the Isles could quit Nabob when he liked in a mile.

Lord of the Isles.

This combination of Pantaloon and Touchstone, which had nicked so well reverse ways in the Phryne stock, was a thin, deep, flat-sided horse, who did not require very much work. His winding up for the Two Thousand, for which no horse ever came to the post more thoroughly fit, must have told on him, although he repeated his performance with Nabob on 4lbs. worse terms over the Derby distance afterwards. This was a great year for the threes, with Wild Dayrell, Rifleman, and Fandango

also in it, and if the big and short De Clare's trial—to give Paletot 27lbs. over Leatherhead Downs, and manage Old Bracken at evens—was correct, he would have been very busy at the finish. However, his ankle went in the effort, and he was seen in public no more till the Middlesboro' Show.

Wild Dayrell's History.

With the exception of Lady Flora, Mr. Popham had never had a thoroughbred mare, until he bought Ellen Middleton. Rickaby, his stud-groom, saw her advertised in *The Life*, and thought her Bay Middleton and Myrrha blood so good, that he was authorized to write to Bobby Hill for the price, and bought her unseen for fifty pounds, in the June of '51. As there was no very suitable horse near Littlecote, he was despatched the next spring on a little voyage of discovery among the stud farms. Harkaway, Ratcatcher, and The Libel were not to his fancy; Enfield could only offer Red Deer and the Earl of Richmond; and at last he came upon quite a seam of wealth at Barrow's of Newmarket, in Birdcatcher, Don John, John o' Gaunt, and Ion, and clenched matters with the latter, which was the last one brought out. Both the mares were sent to him, and after a month they were ordered home. Ellen Middleton had not been at Littlecote two hours before she turned to him, and was sent back that night.

The arrival of the first blood colt produced the sensation which those little matters will produce in quiet country homes, and they sat up with Ellen for at least a fortnight before the event.

Birth of Wild Dayrell.

When a colt appeared between 12 and 1 A.M., the butler was rung up and rushed on to the scene with his nightcap on his head, and a bottle of wine in his hand; and as it was necessary to remove the little stranger into a warmer box, he got a wheelbarrow, and insisted upon "*wheeling the winner of the Derby once in my life.*" There was nothing in that speech; but when Rickaby got home to his cot-

tage about five on that April morning, he assured his wife there must be something remarkable for good or for evil about the colt, as he had just seen the strange sight of a wild duck and a wild drake actually sitting on a quickset hedge, close by the high road. That morning was indeed a remarkable one in Littlecote annals. It hailed the first blood colt Mr. Popham had ever possessed, and the first that Rickaby ever trained, and the latter never was at Epsom in his life till he fulfilled his threat of "bringing the money away."

His Change of Hands.

At this time, Mr. Popham had no idea of training, and advertised both the colt and his half-sister for sale next year. Sam Reeves used never to tire of looking at him, as "the biggest and the best, &c."; Jones, the Rockley trainer, bid money for him; and when Dagobert had put the Goodwood stable in love with the Ion blood, by winning the Chesterfield Stakes, Kent arrived and bid 500 gs. for the pair. As might have been expected with so big a yearling, the filly beat him in his trial, and Kent did not think that Lord Henry Lennox lost much when he was sent with the rest of his stud up to Tattersall's. Mr. Popham was in Scotland at the time, but forwarded Rickaby a commission to buy both back at 250 gs. and 50 gs., and he did so with, in both instances, very little to spare. And thus, as Lord George parted with a Surplice, General Peel with a Kingston, Admiral Harcourt with a Summerside, and Lord Exeter very nearly with a Stockwell, for lack of waiting a little longer, "Mr. Gordon" got rid of Wild Dayrell.

His Training and Trial.

His early training was done in the most rural style. Two miles, principally on the banks of

> "The Kennet swift for silver eels renowned,"

were marked out in Littlecote Park, as the winter ground, and at it they went, Rickaby leading the

gallops on the five-year-old Zegra, an old gelding of Mr. Drinkald's, and his sons Tom and John on Wild Dayrell and the filly Creusa. In May the three adjourned to Lord Craven's, and had the use of his lordship's Ashdown Park stabling; but still there was not time to bring out the colt against Bonnie Morn, at Stockbridge. They had no line except through Zegra, who had been tried and beaten two lengths by old Inder, and in the trial, an exceedingly rough one in clothes, the colt gave him about a couple of hundred yards over three-quarters of a mile, and never quite reached his head. The Newmarket victory was a very easy one, and the horse was fully sixteen one-and-a-half before they began with him for the Derby. Lord Albemarle was bought to do fast work for him; but he and Zegra were incompetent, as he used to run over them, kicking his heels, at intervals, into the air, so high that it was as much as Robert Sherwood or his lad could do to stick on. He soon stumped up Lord Albemarle, and then sixteen hundred was given at Lincoln for Jack Sheppard; and early in March they adjourned to Ashdown once more, with a whole regiment of touts in their train.

The stable of the two was like a fortress, and two dogs below, and Rickaby, who did the dragon, above, guarded the golden apple of Berkshire. It was thought advisable to keep Jack pretty fresh for the trial, and Gamelad was hired from John Osborne, and came with Robert Osborne in charge. Lord Craven and the house party used often to ride out at six o'clock, to see the gallops; but on the trial morning, ten days before the Derby, Mr. Etwall, Mr. F. Craven, and Mr. Popham were also on the Weathercock Hill. Wild Dayrell was asked to carry 8st. 10lbs. and give Jack, whom they knew to be in form after beating Orinoco at Chester, 10lbs., and Gamelad, for whose sake Osborne had faithfully subsisted

on salts and animalcule for some twenty-four hours about 2st. and a year. Zegra was nobody on that occasion, and like Gamelad was soon cut down; but Jack Sheppard and the crack went a splitting pace for a mile, where Jack fairly stood still. Mr. Etwall rode down to Charlton, to ask what had happened. Charlton, however, assured him that his colt was well enough, and added, "*I thought King Tom's trial a good one last year, but I never rode against such a horse as this before.*" And so every one there thought, when they saw him come in alone, with Gamelad toiling a full distance behind him.

The orders at the Derby were simply to "get quietly up the hill, and then stride along," and Sherwood did not make the pace so strong afterwards as they wished. Perhaps in the hard state of the ground it was as well, and either from that cause, or the horse hitting it when he ran into the quickset hedge in the paddock, before he could be pulled up, there was mischief in the near foreleg, halfway between the knee and the fetlock; by the end of that week, and for the first time in his life, he was put into bandages. They went on with him for the Goodwood Cup, but the other leg began to fill, and it was all that Rickaby could do to prepare him for York. After his Doncaster break down, they tried to patch him up no more, and he began the Buccaneer, Horror, and Avalanche business. His mate, Jack Sheppard, passed eventually into Mr. Saxon's hands, Mr. McGeorge got Lord Albemarle, and Zegra became Lord Craven's hack for a season or two. His foals were principally mouse-browns; but unfortunately Alice Hawthorne's colt died quite early, and The Rake, who would probably have credited him with a Derby, broke a blood-vessel when taking one of his final gallops.

Ellington.

Ellington, his successor in the Derby honours, was ridden about at Admiral Harcourt's after his two-year-old season, by the

coachman, and made as handy at gate-opening as a hack,—the first time, perhaps, that a future "blue ribbon" has so passed the winter. One of those who won upon him got his hint in a curious way. His book was beating him, and in a half-desperate mood he sauntered down Piccadilly. Looking up at the clock above the Wellington Club, he saw that the hands stood at twenty-two minutes to eight, and just obscured the W.; and in an instant he had his cue, and felt so convinced he was right that he took the odds about the colt, to win 500*l.*

Warlock. Warlock was the most unlucky of horses the next year. He had sore shins at Epsom, he fell twice at Newcastle, and he was pulled up by mistake, after going once round, at Carlisle, where Caller Ou also distinguished herself subsequently by running against a post. The roan was game and slow, and wanted a wonderful amount of nice management, but still John Scott felt assured that if anything happened to Ellington at Doncaster he had everything else safe enough, and so it proved. His finest race was when he beat Fisherman by a neck for the Queen's Plate at York.

Impérieuse was not regularly tried before the St. Leger, but had merely a rough gallop with Warlock and Forbidden Fruit, ridden by their boys, who were not weighed beforehand. The stable saved stakes with Blink Bonny; but though John Peart, who was at Newmarket, had orders to lay the odds to a hundred, he did not, and the telegram announcing the One Thousand success, bore the welcome postcript, "*None of the money hedged.*"

Horse Eccentricities. The eccentricities of horses are endless. It was necessary to tie up Lucetta by a piece of twine, or she would have turned nervous and broken everything. Pickpocket would never let his jockey mount, except he had a coat over his white

satin jacket, simply because he had once picked his owner's pocket of a white handkerchief, and turned so frightened at the flapping, that he clenched his teeth and would not drop it. Bellona blemished her hip in a horse-box, and would only consent to stand loose in one after; and Lightning would never go into a stable unless he was bluffed, and then he would enter by himself. The love of company is also a great trait in horses. It was said of the Godolphin Arabian, that when he had flattened out his own cat by mistake, he missed it so much that he pined from remorse, and savaged every other cat that was put in to him. If little One Act had to make her own running, she would be staring about on both sides for her companions; and Gemma di Vergy was so exacting that no cat would satisfy him for company, but Joe Dawson was absolutely obliged to have a lad there with a book or newspaper all day, and another sleeping close by him at night in a stall. The habit began when he was a yearling. He climbed over a partition, no man can tell how to this day, so as to get at the window, and was espied with his feet on the window-sill, gravely looking out into the yard.

St. Giles.

St. Giles was the first colt that made people remember that there was such a horse as Womersley, and the ten of them which started that season were all winners. He was skin and bone when he came to Sledmere, and Sir Tatton did not consider him ill sold at 300*l.*, when he and Lancecost were exiled together. His stock were the first that ever went up from Sledmere to meet Mr. Tattersall at York August; and St. Giles, Greyling, Companion, and another, all came back unsold. For St. Giles, there was not a solitary bid, and William Day thought he was giving quite enough, when he drew a 240-guinea cheque for the four. When St. Giles had satisfied him, he came direct from Chester to Sledmere and not only bought his dam in foal with

the 500 guinea St. James, and a filly foal at her foot, but hired four Womersley fillies at 100 guineas apiece. The mare paid well, but the quartett were duly returned as incapables in the Woodyeates sense of the term. St. Giles was a big sixteen-hand horse, who "did not come to hand easily," with no great pace, but a glutton at a distance. Lord Ribblesdale took him at the Sledmere price, and his yearling trial was remarkably good. His race with Skirmisher at Northampton was a very great one, but the party were never more confident, and the commissioner began his operations a fortnight before.

Queen Mary's Blood.

Many of the modern cracks have been drawn out of the Doncaster lucky-bag, and Mr. Ramsay found himself wavering between Mendicant and Queen Mary on the morning of Foig-a-Ballagh's St. Leger. Something put him against the brown, for whom Mr. Gully gave 400 guineas, and he got the bay for a hundred less. Strange, indeed, that one of the pair should be destined to win the Oaks and throw a Derby winner, and that the other should be the dam of Blink Bonny and Broomielaw, and grandam of Caller Ou, Blair Athol, and Breadalbane as well. Mr. Ramsay died five years after, and there was so little promise about the puny Haricot, that I'Anson heard a remark in the crowd to the effect that "some madman has given twenty pound for her and the foal (Braxey)" (which was afterwards in the Hampton Court stud), and smiled to think that *he* had given the commission. Balrownie (a very good-looking horse), Blooming Heather, and Bonnie Scotland made about 6000 guineas, in stakes and sales, and then I'Anson was compensated for Queen Mary missing to Touchstone by the suspicions which ripened into certainty, when he had sent her Melbourne filly along for a few weeks.

Blink Bonny.

She was the first of the family he ever trained as a two-year-old, and he never

gave one more work, but a short T.Y.C. was not her line of business, and she was always a most moderate beginner. William Scott, Sir Lydston Newman's stud-groom, took a great fancy to her, both for her own and his old Melbourne's sake, and advised Lord Londesboro' to give the three thousand which I'Anson offered to take for her after the Beverley meeting. This price was contingent on his being allowed to train her, and when he found that such was not his lordship's intention, he raised it a thousand, and the bargain went off; and at the Northallerton meeting he refused 5000*l.* from Mr. Jackson. She throve pretty well till late in the autumn, but then the dentition fever, which was always peculiarly severe with the Melbournes, came on, and she sank, as Blooming Heather had done before her, to a complete skeleton. She was always leaning to the off-side as if flying from some unseen fury on the near, and they only dare tie her up with a string to snap if she ran back in one of the paroxysms. Newminster's teeth had punished him a good deal before the Derby, but his state must have been bliss in comparison. After the One Thousand, where her looks fairly shocked the public, I'Anson told his family that he wouldn't take 1000*l.* to a penny about her Epsom chance. Still on his return from Chester she seemed to have got some relief, and although she would seize her corn and then drop it as if it was red-hot shot, she ate grass greedily, started her work once more, and crept on very fast.

Her Race for the Derby.

She seemed to improve on the journey up, and when she galloped with Strathnaver at Epsom, she drew away from him with her head down in her rare, old fashion. Charlton's orders were never to try and win till close on the post, and he did it without asking her a question. I'Anson hardly knew what to think before they started, or when the race was running. He twice thought she

looked like her old self at the whins, as she was setting her ears back and flinging up her tail, as she always did when she meant vengeance. Then although he swept the thirty backwards and forwards with his glasses, he could never find her yellow cap again, and when he did, he mistook it for something else, till they were close at home. On the Oaks day, her form was fully half a stone better, but Charlton as nearly as possible broke his stirrup iron, coming round Tattenham Corner.

Balrownie, Blooming Heather, and Bonnie Scotland.

Balrownie was troubled with sand-cracks, and was bad to train in consequence. I'Anson thought he had tried him high enough to win the St. Leger, but he injured his hock in his trial, and had to be stopped in his work; and with a view to the Doncaster Stakes, he was not ridden out when winning was hopeless. Mr. Padwick gave 2000*l.* for him; and old John Day was delighted with his trial, and so was Wells, who rode him. He was a very unfortunate horse. When he ran with Virago, at York, he was so severely kicked at the post, that the starter felt bound to give him a little time to recover from it; and he got pricked in his shoeing before he met Rataplan, at Manchester. Blooming Heather shyed at a butcher's cart coming through London, and was still quite stiff from slipping upon the stones, when she went for the Oaks. Bonnie Scotland nearly broke his leg at two years old, and never could be got thoroughly fit. He had the greatest constitution of the family, and was the most indolent at exercise that I'Anson ever had to do with; and the last heard of him was, that he had won the Great Prize for sires at Cincinnati, Ohio, against Lexington and all comers.

Beadsman.

Beadsman, the son of Mendicant, had all the fine action of his dam, and if people did pronounce him "a rum 'un to look at," they were more confirmed in their opinion when his

photograph appeared. There was not much promise about him at two years old, and if he had not won a trial with a light weight on him at Danebury, he would have been probably put out of training. After the Two Thousand, he was tried to give Fitzroland 6lbs., and won so far that Wells hallooed to his lad to stop, as the touts were about.

Antonio, Anton, and Actæon.

Of the three A's, Antonio, Anton, and Actæon, which John Day had in hand at one time, Anton was the smallest, and very neat, but sadly touched in the temper; and if Vaultress and Maid of Orleans divide the honours of the speediest Danebury mare, Actæon could probably have beaten everything of both sexes for half a mile. Anton's luck was beyond the average in his great three hundred-guinea match with Kent. His near hind leg had gone months before, and was kept in perpetual cold bandages, but it just stood out with the most careful nursing over the mile and a quarter, and he won by a neck. Antonio's A.F. match with Luff was also a most brilliantly ridden finish. Wells on Luff held the lead down the hill from the Bushes, and Alfred Day, who could not take any liberties on his roarer, got to him in the Bottom. Neither of them dared to do more than touch his horse's mouth, and when Wells stopped Luff half-way up, in order to "reach home," Alfred drew up to his knee, and holding his bay there till the last few strides, just got up and won by a short head. The old school, with all their Robinsonian and Chifney memories, are bad to beat, but the patience and tenderness of this finish stamped it as a masterpiece on both sides, and none spoke of it more highly than General Peel.

Trumpeter.

Marionette and Trumpeter were never put together at two years old, but tried collaterally with Pinsticker, who made out Trumpeter to be 10lbs. the better of the two. On the Monday before the Derby, they were measured, and John Day

again considered that Marionette had 10lbs. the worst of it. Trumpeter's leg which had been hit at Bath went very badly in the Derby, and the other followed suit the moment they tried to put him into slow work again. Mr. Harry Hill bought him for 220 guineas at the last "Corner" sale of the Royal Yearlings, and it would be strange indeed if one of the Hampton anniversaries came off without some little jocular passage of arms between Mr. Hill and Mr. Tattersall on the subject of that memorable purchase.

Musjid. Musjid was one of the Tickhill ticklers, and Ariadne, the Moulvie, and Cast-off were the other winners out of the lot which went with him to Doncaster that Autumn. Their sire Newminster had two seasons there, and Langar, Tramp, Catton, Barefoot, Interpreter, Juggler, Cardinal Puff, Hetman Platoff, and Rataplan have also flourished in turn under those ivied battlements girdled with a moat, and above whose tangled mass of elm and sycamore, the gilt Tarrare stands out, to tell of the "blue stripe" days when poor George Nelson seldom missed a morning stroll to the Castle.

Elis was foaled in the elder-tree box beneath it, and "a great, strong foal he was," according to his accoucheur, John Hornshaw; and Slane saw the light in these paddocks, when his Orville dam came to the handsome Langar. The saddle-room box was Musjid's birthplace, and he only contrived to save his year by six days. He was the finest galloper among them in the paddocks, but went so wide and awkwardly behind, that the buyers at Doncaster all thought that he was lame. Mr. Gerard Sturt first told Sir Joseph Hawley of him, and advised him very strongly to go and have a look.

No one would give the 300 which Lord Scarborough set upon him, and the colt went home to Tickhill. Still Sir Joseph did not forget him, and on second thoughts, about the middle of October the bargain was

His Derby Trial.

struck. In his Derby trial he was made to give 21lbs. to Gallus, and Wells on Beacon, and something loose to make a pace, took what part they could. For a mile it was a tremendous splitter between Musjid and Gallus, but the latter was told out in the next quarter, and Sir Joseph felt sure that he had the Derby again in his grasp. Wells vowed forthwith that he had never ridden anything so good, and never expected to do again. The match with The Blacksmith the next year seemed a wonderfully good thing, but the Derby winner went dead amiss before the day.

Underhand and the Greyhounds.

Underhand's finest two-year-old performance was at Ripon, where he stumbled and ran Saunterer, who only gave him 2lbs., to a head; while Skirmisher, who received 6lbs., was just beaten as far. He was a very small colt, and was foaled at the Consett Ironworks, from one of whose functionaries he derived his name. Mr. Forster consigned him to Spigot Lodge, as a yearling; and one of his admirers from the Works, who wanted a little outing, came shortly afterwards to see him. It was to him that Fobert and the world are indebted for a new wrinkle in the preparation of yearlings. "This and another colt," he said, "have run together from foals; but there never was such a promising galloper as this one; we know it, Mr. Fobert, for we've set the greyhounds on them regular." On cross-examination by Arthur Briggs, it was further elicited that Underhand had not altogether approved of being made a hare, and had once jumped a wall with the long-tails after him, and dropped without injury, on to the thatched roof of a pigsty.

His Newcastle Triumphs.

His style of carrying his head very high impressed many with an idea that he was not a stayer. This was a mistake, but still about a mile and a half was his best distance, and his great speed enabled him to get up through his

horses from the half-distance under very high weights. He always ran best in Aldcroft's hands, as his tender, patient way of nursing him pulled him through if it was at all on the cards. Dr. Syntax at Preston, and Beeswing at Newcastle, might be said to "farm the Cups," and Vampyre nearly had a monopoly of the Ascot Stakes for three successive years, yet no horse save Underhand ever ran in the same handicap for five out of his six seasons, and not only win it three times but finish by being second. Well might the "Black Diamonds" be found clustering round him like bees, year after year, waving their hats, and singing out excitedly from their platform stands, for minutes before the race began, "*Unneyhand wins; Unneyhand wins!*" We never saw his muscle so splendidly up, as when he won the Great Ebor Handicap at 9st. 11lb. He never had a day's illness in his life, and his legs were as sound to the last as when he fled from the greyhounds.

St. Albans.

St. Albans came to Fyfield about October, and pleased his lordship and Taylor in a trial by giving Plumper 10lbs. He was amiss all his two-year-old season, and so unwell after running third for The Ham, that Taylor assured his lordship it would be death to him to start again that week. In fact, he put him into the van in Cantine's place at Salisbury, as he was far too weak to walk across the country. At Newmarket that autumn he made out very badly, but he began to come rather later on, and in a two-mile trial with Compromise, who gave him 25lbs. for the two years, the six-year-old Clarissa gelding 6st., and the two-year-olds Conscript and Gwellyan, he won just as he liked. He was tried at Stevens' of Ilsley in the spring, and was in Godding's hands for the Metropolitan and Chester Cup. This severe preparation knocked his legs about so much, that it was some weeks before Taylor could go on with him for the St. Leger; but he couldn't have made weather to

suit the immense work his colt had to do, more exactly; and a rough gallop in clothes for the St. Leger distance with Plumper showed him to be more than 2st. the best of the pair. Luke Snowdon had never been on him till the day before the race, and his orders to come at the distance resulted in the most decisive victory, since The Dutchman's day. The outside of the fetlock joint of the off fore-foot had always been his weak spot, and he was so lame on the Friday, that he had to be blistered and thrown up as soon as he got home. The Ascot Cup was fatal, and the weak foot went hopelessly on that hard course as he came round the bottom turn. Although he seemed more, he was only fifteen-two when in training, of a remarkable rich dark chestnut, with a peculiarly proud way of carrying his tail, and always ramping and neighing about. His length and hind-quarters, and great thighs and hocks were all fine points with him, and his staying qualities most undeniable.

Ashdown Park.

Ashdown is rich in something more than mere historic fancies. It was here that Miss Ann Richards, the strong-minded virgin of Wiltshire, used to leave her coach and six on the hills and do beater's duty close by her dogs all day, with her pole in her hand, and her kirtle up to her knee till :—

> "Poor Ann, at last, was view'd by death,
> Who coursed and ran her out of breath."

Here, too, met the renowned club who made such glorious matches, sang such merry songs, invented such luscious puddings, and found such a worthy chronicler in old Mr. Goodlake.

We first saw it on a peculiarly lovely morning, in fact, the one which, after a dreary winter, seemed to herald in earnest the welcome springtide of '60. The South Berkshire hounds, passing under the railway-bridge at Reading, on their way to a distant meet, gave us a passing peep at country recreations as we

swept along to the Shrivenham station; and there, too, the very pointer, emblazoned as a trade mark on a whole heap of returned corn-sacks, bore its silent witness to those sporting tastes which fairly permeate an Englishman's being.

Ride to the Coursing Ground.

A friend's horse was duly in waiting for us, and we were soon cantering along towards the hills, beyond which lay our coursing land of promise. An occupation road to the left led us past a farm, half hid in ivy, with rent-paying Herefords and juicy Devons lazily chewing the cud in its straw-yard, while the thrashing-machine kept relentlessly "crushing the air," not with its "sweetness," but its beetling hum, in the snug stack-garth behind. The farmer was as mellow and pleasant as his holding, and with a "Good morning!" and a few cheery words about Ashdown, we ride briskly on across the old pasture, and along the brook studded with willow-stumps, where the pike-fishers linger in the long summer days. A labourer with a waistcoat still deeper in its yellow than the straw-laden wain which rumbles along the ruts, recalls us from the delights to the stern realities of nature, as his wife addresses him behind the fence, in anything but the tones of the turtle; and anon we are climbing the hill to the downs in the wake of a little slipper, who is recounting his triumphs of "four years ago."

Once at the summit, and the downs seem to stretch away for miles in one vast, brown, rippling surface, with no sound to break their stillness, except the bleatings of the Hampshires, as they answer their newly born lambs; and the bullock language of the white-smocked ploughmen. The Vale of White Horse, so dear to Tom Brown's heart, furnishes a delightful sunny panorama, rich with trees and water, behind us. In front is a strip of tableland flanked on one side by a woodland dell, where the fox lies curled at the mouth of his earth, careless of V. W. H.

horn and hound; while on the other is Compton Bottom, with its patches of stunted bushes and undergrowth, and peopled with countless generations of "merry brown" and straight-backed hares. The plough, that gentle innovator, has stolen a march on those ancient solitudes at last. Teams of oxen toil along the furrows and scare the partridges in their track, while a group of farm-sheds and straw ricks remind us of a storehouse in a desert, and that civilization and rats will gain a settlement everywhere.

Notabilities of the Field.

Now, a dark mass of carriages, carts, and horsemen seems to be forming ahead round the "Rubbing House," and we press on for a true and correct card. The word of command is given when the Earl and his party arrive, and the tryer and slipper, both in scarlet, move down into the Bottom to begin, while the foot people and the commissariat carts linger on the hill. The Ashdown Cavalry are there, at least four hundred strong; and when a hare does take the hill, and they all sit down in their saddles and catch fast hold of their horses' heads, the very ground seems to start and tremble under them. Three or four daughters of a noble house are in the throng, and one of them especially, with a simple white feather in her hat, steers her beautiful grey to the front, each time, with a grace and dash that makes many a rugged courtier exclaim, that "It's worth coming to Ashdown to see those ladies ride." A rigid costumier would have been puzzled among that motley throng. Even the two field stewards have no unity on the point. The one is still faithful to the trim velveteen which was in such vogue years ago, while the other communicates lustre to a spruce overcoat of faultless whiteness, with cords and tops to match; and knickerbockers are all the fashion among the younger men, with, as lawyers were wont to say in the good old days of special demurrers, a little scarlet at the knee and wrist, to "give colour."

Grave Scotchmen are there in plaid, from head to foot; while the rough shooting-coat and unshackled Doric of the East Riding mark the Yorkshiremen, who have come many a mile to back Glengarry in vain. Smart young jockeys leave Lambourne for the day, and are easy to pick out from their clever hand and seat; some of them on two-year-olds, to teach them to face a crowd and harden their confidence for future contests. There, too, conspicuous from his tall, active figure, is Grantley Berkeley, the mighty hunter and rifle-shot of *The Field*, fresh from the buffaloes and the other *spolia opima* of the Prairies. "Stonehenge," too, looks on, and gathers material for new chapters in his mind's eye on the sport which he has made his own; while the editor of *The Life*, scorning to call horse or pony to his aid, be it hill or be it plough, is always in his place, near the judge, and scanning every turn with an ardour worthy of "The Sleepless Eye."

Coursers' Talk.

Their talk is all of dogs, distemper, and fine young puppies coming forward or lost for ever to the slips; and a joke about a Macclesfield man, who advertised "a low-bred greyhound," seems to be keenly enjoyed. One takes up more general ground, and details plaintively that there were only three waiters to forty-five diners at Lambourne over night, and that fears of coming frost had deterred the cautious landlord from speculating more extensively in his brother man. Then there is a slight dispute between a little ancient courser on a pony and a young farmer, as to the whereabouts of the White Horse Hill. Neither of them will bate one jot of his opinion. One says that he has coursed up to it for thirty years, yea, even before the other was born; and the elderly infant doesn't at all see the overwhelming force of that argument, as he "came from the hill this morning."

And now the great match of sixteen dogs of "The

The Two Blacks at Work.

World" against sixteen of Altcar Club, is renewed. Sixteen courses have been run off the day before, and the former has ten standing to the latter's six; but still Altcar does not despair, and the crowd predict that Rosy Morn, thanks to the Chadbury training, will come out as fresh as ever to-day. "There *she* goes" soon passes from lip to lip, as the first hare gets up in the Bottom, but it is not much of a course. The judge takes off his hunting cap and waves it to indicate that he will give no decision as to merits, and the flag steward waves both red and white flags accordingly. Somehow or other the white flag seems to win every course in the early part of the day, and people begin to follow luck instead of judgment, and to try and back every dog on the "white" side of the card. Rosy Morn, however, does all that is expected of her; the brown and white crack from Yorkshire toils after her in vain, and there is no hat off that time.

But the course of courses is to come, "one of the old sort," as the white-haired Nestors affectionately say. In vain the hare makes for the hill, and the cover on the other side, which she has known of old. The two blacks wont be denied, but they have the problem of perpetual motion to solve this time. "There's a picture of Ashdown!" says Mr. McGeorge, as at last, after watching them work her for nearly three miles on the hill-side, he sees them both lying down on the brow, near the Rubbing House, and the hare scampering away towards her old form in the Bottom. A painter might have followed the slips for inspiration all his life, and never lighted on such a beautiful "bit." Alas! poetry soon fades into a hard reality when the trainers "take up" their wearied charges; and then is heard the sad homily on the cunning of Patience, that she'll "not get over such a towelling this season."

Beating the Plantations.

There is another pretty picture to hand, as a small plantation is drawn. A few beaters go in, and the slipper crouches behind a hedge with his dogs, while hare after hare scampers towards him over the vacant space, with their heads straight for the City of Refuge over the hill. In not one instance is it reached, though the hares are nothing loth to charge the foot people. One is picked up in such dashing style that the crowd involuntarily raise a cheer, and a winner bears another proudly back in his mouth, as if yearning for his ovation as well. From the style in which he grips it, it looks at the distance like one of those troop of white mountain hares which a bewildered Southron (better read in the "Pilgrims of the Rhine" than "British Rural Sports") mistook for an elfin crew, as the Highland gillies drove them up to him, and, throwing down his Manton, fled on his lordly legs. Another is so disinclined to quit his hold, that it is only by the aid of three men, one of whom pinches his ear, that his fangs can be forced open at all. But the day wears on, and the hares begin to wax troublesome, and get up by threes and fours, three hundred yards ahead of the beaters. Sometimes twenty or thirty are on foot together, and they look nearly as big as foxes against the horizon line, as they move restlessly about or stand derisively on their hind legs to listen. But it is not for us to—

> "Sing in venturous guise
> Of ricks and turns, and falls and byes,
> And all the courser's mysteries."

Suffice it to say, that when the ties of that day were run off, the antagonists stood 4 to 4. The next day's post told of evens for the last time; and before Saturday's sun had set, Rosy Morn, daughter of Black Cloud and Riot, had vanquished the game Sweetbriar; and thus Altcar gloried in a double victory.

Over the Hill to Russley.

But Effort, Riot, Sackcloth, Mocking Bird, and even our old Cumberland neighbour Truth are out of mind, as we skirt the Bishopstown field, on another winter day, and think, as we are obliged, from stress of ruts and mire, to put into the fallows, that such a name as Trip the Daisy is only a delusion and a snare. Ashdown Park and its ancestral avenue of limes lie away in the homestead-dotted valley to the left, and just above it is seen the quaint old Rubbing House upon Weathercock Hill. St. Lawrence, the two "Blacks" —Tommy and Doctor—and Pretty Boy knew it well, and it was there poor Luke Snowden gave Brown Duchess many a breather for the "Green and Gold," when Kettledrum cleared his pipes behind Dilkoosh along the White Horse Ridge, and Dundee strode his defiance on Bishopstown Hill. Never before did three such flyers hold three neighbouring heights. Their grave and potent senior Thormanby is on the Bishopstown side, and there too Leamington, Saunterer, Sunbeam, Hungerford, and King Tom were sent along in their day, over the one and a half miles from the Craven Cricket Ground to the Two o'Clock Bush.

A Peep at Russley Park.

Once over that velvet turf, and Russley Park is below us, with its mysterious vista of beeches, which leads to nothing. A St. Leger and an Oaks winner are roaming under them, and the neat stable-yard on the left holds not only a Derby winner, and the mightiest second that ever made the Scots "cock their bonnets" so boldly, but the first favourite for the next year as well. A white reach and foot mark tell the tale of the massive sixteen-one Sunbeam, as she grazes quietly in the distance with the weight-carrying Miss Anne, both of them due to Lord of the Isles. Little Lady Lurewell carries her Wild Dayrell burden bravely, and so does Russley's dam, and the whole-coloured

Catherine Hayes, as she loiters affectionately round the house away from them all, and raises her sweet, mild head for her wonted pat as Mat Dawson comes up. One of the very first Fisherman colts is in a paddock beyond the yard, and, true to his Scottish ownership, Newhaven is his name; and we find a memento indoors of his aunt Rambling Katie, in the oxydized black duck inkstand, which tells its own tale of York, and a kind-hearted owner dead and gone.

Thormanby.

Thormanby forms a pleasant link for Mat Dawson between his old service and his new. He thought "Old Alice," as we did when we saw her at Cawston, a very hopeless subject, but the spring brought strength, and she did not turn from Windhound as she had done at the end of three weeks from Melbourne, who got no foal that season. It was in Sunbeam's year that Mr. Plummer encountered Mat, and begged him to come and look at "one of Alice's, which will suit Mr. Merry." Off they went to the Turf Tavern, and Mr. Merry struck a bargain at 350*l.* for him on the Friday, thus carrying away as it were a Derby and St. Leger out of the town at one stroke. Northern Light, Trovatore, Lady Falconer, and Apollyon were in the yearling lot that autumn, and he squandered them so decidedly when they did have a brush that it was thought advisable to hire the old mare. She foaled a filly to Wild Dayrell, and it died, and then she was barren to him again, and died herself, a mere steed of Old Mortality, with an enormous gathering in her udder, at Saunterer's paddocks.

Thormanby's Early Labours.

Never did a two-year-old work much harder than the chestnut, as he was out no less than twelve times between Northampton and The Criterion, in which his 3lbs. to Thunderbolt stamped him. A severe course like Ascot and the Newmarket finish always suited him best. When

Northern Light was beaten by Cape Flyaway (who was a first-rate tryer) at Bath, John Scott thought he had got the line, and sent Mat Dawson a friendly warning that he had a tremendous horse in The Wizard, and Mat sent back his compliments and his "Who's afraid?" The trial with Northern Light a week before had been high enough to allow of a margin, and as the chestnut had not a drawback, both trainer and owner considered that the Derby cheque only wanted Mr. Weatherby's signature. Twenty-four hours after the race their champion had a bad swollen gland, and as he required a great deal of preparation, it was not all plain sailing up to the Leger, where the infallible sign of turning a little awkward on going down to canter, was as fatal to the favourite as ever.

Dundee.

Mat Dawson had never heard of Dundee, till Thomas Winteringham begged him at Doncaster to come to the ring-side directly, as "They're just going to bring in Mr. Cookson's, and there's one by our horse." Strange as it may seem, Kettledrum was No. 1 on the list, and Dundee No. 2, and as Mat Dawson thought the latter a well-grown colt, and knew that Mr. Merry wanted a bit of Lord of the Isles, he put him in at 150.

Reeves of Epsom got one or two bids, and when the colt was knocked down at 170, he repented his lack of ardour too late, and begged Dawson to give up his bargain. Mr. Parr had one bid, but he did not go on, as his mind was rather set on taking home a Rataplan. He quavered between Kettledrum and Parasite, and got the one he wanted at 400 guineas, but found that he could only act in dirt, and was infirm in his hocks, and a roarer as well.

Dundee bullied Russley, Folkestone, Starlight, and Sweet Hawthorn in his gallops in quite the Thor-

manby style, and although very backward, he was tried very highly before Liverpool. A finish with Lady Clifden, Big Ben, Dundee, and Little Lady, and not three-parts of a length between, is one Liverpool may not see again, and Folkestone's defeat of "The Lady" at Epsom Spring kept the stable right. Once in form, and Dundee ruled for the season. Brown Duchess certainly extended him at Liverpool, in a splendid finish, for which the mare never got sufficient credit that year, as he walked away from her and Nemesis so completely in the Findon Stakes. On paper, the Stockbridge race was a great one, but the dead heat with Maggiore at York weighed more with the public than the stable. A young one was not likely to improve with heats, but Mr. Merry and Mat thought so little of Maggiore's form, that they would have tried their colt higher at home.

His Breakdown.

Dundee was rather a coltish, light-fleshed horse, with a beautiful wind, a very blood-like head, and fine thighs, but, like his sire, a little upright on his fore joints. Custance always liked to bring him eight or ten strides from home, and to feel him "come like a steam-engine." Thormanby eft it to Sir William, Russley, and Folkestone to try ıim among them, as he was almost too idle a horse o do so satisfactorily. Dundee did all that was de-ired, but there were indications two or three days efore Epsom, which made them watch the pointer of ıe weather-glass very jealously, and wish themselves nd the horse well out of it. Of his standing another reparation they had not a hope, and the lower part the suspensory ligament in the near foreleg went badly that after the Derby the fetlock touched e ground, and it was nearly forty minutes' labour tting him back to Sherwood's. Then it was another ek before he could be got into the van; three nths of cold-water bandages hardly put him into

a walking gear, and Habena was his first consort a
Eltham.

A Peep at Benhams. A few miles over the downs, and w
are among Tom Parr and his lot, whic
do their long summer work on the Seven Barro
or Sparsholt Down, and in bad weather on th
Charlton range. "*Pug and white wins*," has no
been heard from Weymouth to Kelso, for ten lon
years, and gradually the parchments of Letcomb
Regis and Bowers, Benhams and the Manors of Eas
and West Challow have given a solid significance t
the cry. The Goodlake crest lingers in almost unde
cipherable characters above one of the gable ends i
the most venerable of yards, where the green mos
and the houseleek still cling to the thatch. The highl
conservative corn chamber in the centre, whose store
have enabled so many thorough-breds to face the hil
is still faithful to its wooden steps and rusty staddles
and gallantly defies all change. The ancient kenne
of Glider and the other G.'s of the King of Wiltshire'
coursers is there, close by the box of Wyon and
Tolurno, but nothing but a fir cone arch, round which
the ivy is clinging, and an armless statue of Neptun
among the wild flowers on the edge of the swan lake
tell of the old man's home. Kildonan was in Fisher
man's barn, ripening (as it was then hoped) by a lon
winter's rest for Marlow's hand, but the Heron brow
is not forgotten.

Fisherman and Co. Mr. Parr still loves to tell how he hu
moured him with a long gallop or a shor
one, but "never left him many days together," an
points to the 65lbs. and the head-beating which h
gave Misty Morn (the winner of thirteen races tha
season) at Derby, as the greatest triumph among h
sixty-eight. The deceptive Lupellus had already die
out of Benhams memory; but, wonder as he migh
seem in his day, he was never so fast as his littl
Punch of a brother Lupus; and it was the style i

which Kildonan gave him 2st., and Avalanche 9lbs. over the *D.I.* which made Mr. Parr feel sure that Imaus would beat his half-brother no more.

Avalanche.

Avalanche was one of the pots of treasure which Mr. Parr is ever turning up. Captain Oliver met him in the train, and begged him to take her for her forfeits, which he did, but she seemed so unpromising that at first he only rode her as a hack. When the work on Sparsholt Down was over one morning, he rode her to Bowers Farm, where he intended to shoot, and her action in a brisk gallop across the plough at once decided him to train her. Her turn soon came, and she had to take Rattlebone's place in the Newmarket Biennial, when he fell amiss, and the trial at a stone with the four-year-old Indifference was so good, that her owner got on at 2000 to 200 about her. And well he might, as whatever beat Indifference in a trial won its race. Still, even Fordham, who can communicate his fine confidence to a nervous horse beyond almost any jockey of the day, could make but little of Indifference in public. In a trial at home, he gave Gaspard a stone and a year cleverly, and yet at Stamford he was himself beaten by Wallace in a walk. According to this truest of tryers, Avalanche took the horrors after Ascot, but "the shooting pony" won between 4000*l.* and 5000*l.* in bets and stakes, and went to Belgium for 800 guineas more.

Caller Ou.

I'Anson had almost made up his mind to send Queen Mary to West Australian in '57, but he changed his mind and chose Stockwell for her. He gave effect to his first fancy the next season, but she returned from Grimston with Caller Ou at her foot and barren. Scott told him by way of comfort that the little brown filly was a clipper, and that no foal in the paddock could come near her, when she galloped. She never lost a trial either at two or three years old; and nothing in the stable

could take more work, provided she was allowed to do it by herself.

Trials and Peculiarities.

In point of action it was Blink Bonny for choice, but their head notions were totally different. If Blink's jockey pulled hers up, she would have it down again, whereas if Caller Ou got excited and pulled about, up it went, and she would fight and wear herself out. Her first two-year-old trial was half-mile at even weights with the four-year-old Donati. Her victory was so hollow, that I'Anson tried them over again, and found it to be a true bill. Soon after that, a friend came through the stable, and casually remarked as they passed, "*If she could knock over Donati at evens, I'd give a thousand for her*;" but I'Anson never answered a word. After Beverley, he began to think that Donati was a deceiver, and the post-breaking feat at Carlisle did not improve matters.

On the Oaks day I'Anson had not discovered her mouth secret, and as Challoner did not ride her tenderly enough, she summarily shut up at the turn. Before York, she allowed Prologue to lead her in her fast work; but backward as she was, Starlight, whose heels were full of humour, never made her gallop there, and H. Grimshaw liked his mount so much, that he backed her to win him three hundred in the St. Leger. I'Anson's Doncaster hopes revived on Knavesmire, but still he offered her to Mr. Robinson of Australia for fifteen hundred. At Stockton she ran out two or three lengths, and the world did not know how good Oldminster was; and Derby did not at all convince her owner that there was going to be a Saucebox encore.

Her St. Leger Race.

The arrangement that Grimshaw should come down for a week to Malton to ride in her gallops, was abandoned, and when she did come to Doncaster, he met I'Anson at the station and begged to give up his mount. In short, the night

before the race, Lord Stamford had the refusal of her for 1200*l.*, and if it had not been "all the money" she would most probably have never started. Challoner's orders to let her do what she liked with her head were carried out to the letter, and at the Red House she was going so well that he felt sure of a place. At the distance she was still going, and when Kettledrum came away, he felt that there was just one thing for it, and that was to tackle him and never let Luke have a pull. He found he had the best of the speed the moment he placed her alongside of the crack, who was running as game as a bulldog in his difficulties, and there he sat, till the post was passed, not daring to move on her and touch her, and expecting every instant that she would cut it.

The Youth of Kettledrum.

It seems but yesterday that we saw Kettledrum for the first time at Mr. Cookson's paddocks, in that unsatisfactory transition state of a yearling in January. He was short, and not the most elegant, but the strongest limbed one we ever met with at that age. Rataplan had been chosen for his dam Hybla, who was never broken, purely for the sake of the double cross of Whalebone, through The Saddler and The Baron. It has alway been this celebrated breeder's theory, that whatever may be the best strain the mare has, a horse should be selected with the same. It was on this ground that Marmalade was sent to Lord of the Isles, that the double cross of Whalebone might unite through Waverley and Touchstone. The same end might have been effected by choosing Chanticleer, who also stood at Croft, but Dundee's sire got the preference on account of his Pantaloon strain, which always nicks well with Whalebone, either through Castrel, Selim, or Buzzard.

At Doncaster, many took against Kettledrum, as having far too heavy a top; but still he had a strong

party, and it was then written of him, that "with that strong neck, and those wonderfully springy pasterns, it will be strange indeed if he does not race or stay, or both." Poor William Oates felt no peace of mind till Colonel Towneley consented to purchase; and if he had got his way, nothing would have stopped him for Dundee as well. The heavy top made the biddings languid. Messrs. Robinson and J. Dawson were "in" a few times; but Mr. Eastwood's nods came from the dangerous left with the regularity of a piston, and the crack fell beneath them for four hundred. Three times before had Col. Towneley nearly drawn a great winner in the yearling lottery. Oates had said a great deal about not going past Thormanby; and on the advice of Heseltine, who looked after his dam Peggy as a boy, money had been bid for Mersid; and Gladiolus was preferred; and but for Mrs. l'Anson and her daughters begging their father not to part with the blood, the joint offer of 500*l.* for Haricot and the yearling Caller Ou would have been accepted. As it was, Mr. Eastwood bid 300 gs. for Caller Ou herself on the very Doncaster Thursday that he bought Haricot and Kettledrum for Colonel Towneley.

Training Kettledrum.

To get the young Kettledrum reduced in bulk was rather a snail-like process, and his first gallop was about December with Doefoot, who received 7lbs., and fairly danced away from him. At the next time of asking he was some lengths nearer; but he was a delicate feeder, and never took regular work till a month before the York August. His preparation had been so short, that although he got a bad start in the mud, and regularly cut up the Lincolnshire regiment of Dictator Volunteers, who crossed the Humber next morning in the direst dismay, he did badly over the same course on the Friday, and ran some pounds below his form in the Champagne. His dentition was tedious, and hence the intention of coming through with him in the Two Thousand was

abandoned. On a straight course he could make his own running, when he had a little time to settle, but he got his head up and crossed his legs immediately if he tried to do it on a round one. A tremendous pace was what he wanted, and the style in which he stole along on the Derby day from Tattenham Corner,—ever handy with Dundee, when the bay came down the fatal hill into the straight like a flash; or flew up the Doncaster one as if he fairly revelled in the design of Rising Sun to break The Wizard's heart, and heeded nothing of 10lbs. to an Oaks winner,—was not a sight to be forgotten. The five-year-old Dilkoosh, who never told them wrong yet, was the stable barometer, and he was fully 5lbs. the worst of the two before the Derby. He was laid up with plaisters on his legs, long before the St. Leger; but from a collateral trial, they believed Kettledrum to be fully 7 lbs. better than he was at Epsom. Perhaps, to our eye, he was not in such perfect bloom, but Yorkminster's flat refusal to help him up to the Red House was fatal, and instead of taking the fifth double first, he had to cast in his lot with Cotherstone, Coronation, Thormanby, and the baffled fifteen.

Col. Towneley's Paddocks.

His Doncaster and Epsom guardian had returned to his velveteen fellows, and their guns were echoing in chorus among the plantations on Beatrix and Middle Knowe, when with Wolfinden Crag as our beacon, we followed the windings of the trout-haunted Hodder. Above us were Staple Oak, Brennand, Whitendale, and Whitmore, links in the chain of those everlasting hills, and sponsors to Newminster and West Australian colts, over which Heseltine, the Dr. Caius of the glen, watches so tenderly. The "Black mutton," as the Monks of Whaley and the Robin Hoods of the district delicately termed it in the days of the "Bold Buccleuch," has departed for ever and aye since the fiat of disparking went forth. Those who remember the killing of the

last buck have long since grown into greybeards, and when antlers were extinct, the curved horn of the Lonk King reigned paramount on the dark heather sides, and up the ash and sycamore gullets of the Forest of Bowland, of which Mr. Richard Eastwood was the Bow-bearer. Two counties unite close by the Root Stud-farm, and we might well ponder whether we should stop in the West Riding to look at the Beeswing-like style of the yearling Stella, as she stood ready to greet us with the Voltigeur-necked Lamb Hill, and the well-grown Nugget in their polished boxes of home-forest oak,—or cross the elder-shaded stream, to give her spotted namesake with Faith, Emma, and Rosette, of Royal fame, a hearty Lancashire greeting It was well to be off with the old love first, so we chose the Yorkshire side.

An Hour with the Brood Mares.

The old matrons Florence by Velocipede, and the hollow-backed Boarding School Miss still remember their Grimston Paddock days, and enjoy an undying nine months' friendship, when they meet again each spring. Nelly Hill (on which Luke Snowdon won his maiden race), Honeydew by Touchstone, and the white-faced Haricot, have nearly as great a bond of union in Langdon Holme, and the little white-nose tip of Ellermire reminds us that the quickest starter in England, a daughter of old Beeswing, the dam of the St. Leger winner of the year, and the mare who beat off the flying squadron of King of Trumps, Hospodar, Kingston, and Ephesus, in a mile at York, are all confederates now. Rosaura, by Don John the germ of the stud, is there, with "fifteen or sixteen pure crosses, and yet one hair in her tail not right," as Heseltine observes in his fervour; and so is her daughter Hesperithusa, the first foal and the first Cup winner that Col. Towneley ever owned. Her half-sister Passion Flower waits for an audience close by the edge of the pheasant brake which fringes the holme, and Heseltine tells triumph-

antly how Doefoot, their Liverpool Cup winner, went as a yearling to Doncaster with old Rosaura, and how they returned without a single bid. Two white hind legs marked a second slice of Touchstone in Amethyst, and the blood of Windhound and Melbourne, which lays rival claim to the honour of Thormanby's paternity, is united here in the whole brown Be Quick.

Patience, whom William Oates never failed to have a word with, and the old steeple-chasing Velocity, another of the h. b. brand, consort with the white-legged Evadne in the Smithy Paddocks, and Nightingale, who has nothing but "three event blood in her veins," gives back an answering note as the white Velocipede face of King of Trumps is seen approaching across the bridge from Holme Head to give us a meeting on the knoll. Pompadour, who could boast of nearly as proud a lineage as Repartee, had just joined the ranks from Middleham, and Castle Hill, Rappel, Deerfoot, and Ellerby fill up the boxes, which Stella, Lamb Hill, Goldfinch, and Campanile have left. And so year quietly succeeds to year, and yearling to yearling; and perchance a third bonfire may announce the Epsom telegram from the summit of Staple Oak, and a cheer may be heard at last for a St. Leger winner, and "the white and black sleeves," in its own sweet valley of the Hodder.

CHAPTER IV.

STAG, DRAG, AND FLAG.

"I was lately in a company of very worthy people, where we had the Pleasure of a small Consort of Musick; a good Hand on the Violin, and a Young Lady (esteemed a top Mistress), sung and play'd on a very fine Harpsichord. 'Tis the fashion (you know) for every one to commend; and the most insensible Auditor, for fear of discovering his own Ignorance, must seem to be in Raptures. The Lady performed to Admiration; one stared, another talked of Angels and the Spheres, a third wept, a fourth was ready to drop into a Trance. At last a very honest Gentleman that sat by in a musing Posture, having his Ears shaken with a longer and louder Quaver than ordinary, look'd abroad, and gave me a Nod and Wink, with this ingenious remark—'*By Jingo, I never heard anything better but a Cry of Dogs; she draws out her Note like my old Toler.*' The Lady herself was not unacquainted with the Attractions of Hunting, and (as she told me afterwards) she was more proud of this sincere compliment from *Toler's* master than all the rest she received on the occasion."—*A Country Squire's Essay on Hunting.*

Old Hunting Times.

SO spake Old Toler's master, the sworn liegeman of the Prince of Orange, with all the freshness of the time when it first became the highest family ambition to have "a member for the county, a lad for the living, and a fox from the family gorse." An earlier generation had found pleasure in chasing the yellow-breasted marten, and the bustard. "Thick woods also extended from the village of St. Giles westward towards Tybourne; and Mary-le-bonne was then also a great Black Forest, into which the Queen used to send the Muscovite ambassador to hunt the wild boar." How and where the last acorn-eater was run into is involved in historical gloom; but no fox was found in Kensington

Gardens after 1798, when the gardeners combined against two litters in the sewer "for carrying off water into the fosse under the upper bastion," and shot one of their own body in their undisciplined ardour.

The First Master of the Royal Hounds.

Over fox-hunting, whether London or provincial, the old Master of Hounds to the King of Wales did not much care to preside. He busied himself more about beaver, marten, and float, and it was ordained by Forest law, that his hunting clothes should be bordered with their skins. His bugle was the horn of an ox valued at 1*l.*, and his protection extended as far as its note could be heard. He could only be cited to a court of justice early in the morning, before he had put on his boots, and whenever he had to be sworn, it was by his horn, his hound, and his leashes. Such was the Charles Davis of antiquity.

There are records of a tremendous run of seventy miles in the Merrie King's reign, and the Duke of York with five others rode it from end to end. They took their stag near Lord Petre's in Essex, and lay there for the night, and on the earliest opportunity, the Duke repaired to Court, to give an accurate account of his saddle labours.

The Royal Stag-hounds.

Towards the close of the eighteenth century his Majesty George III. was in the zenith of his stag-hunting. Earl Sandwich wore the golden dog-couples; Johnson was the huntsman, and six yeomen prickers, with French horns, wound the *reveillé* on Holyrood day. The fern-cutters never put in the sickle before that morning, and his Majesty seldom failed to give the field its first greeting of the season, at Charity Farm, or Billing Bear. "Farmer George" met his hounds twice a week when he was at Windsor, clad in his light-blue coat, with black velvet cuffs and top-boots buckled up behind; but as he rode nearly nineteen stone, the hounds were very often

Reverence of the Country People.

stopped to bring him on to terms. The country people loved dearly to see their King amongst them. We cannot cap the story which Bill Bean (who was hunting six years before the present century) once begged permission to tell to the late Prince Consort, when they were taking the deer in a cellar, that a rustic of that Georgian era believed his sovereign to have a lion for one arm, and a unicorn for the other. Still we saw pleasant traces of the feeling in an old workhouse dame, who told us how, when quite a girl, she had seen the deer killed near Leatherhead. Years had evidently created a little confusion in her mind, between the gayer dress of the huntsman, and the simple insignia of the King, and so she spake on this wise: "His Majesty had a scarlet coat and jockey cap, with gold all about; he had a star on his heart, and we all fell on our knees."

The King Out Hunting.

The runs were long, and the stags "Moonshine" and "Starlight" earned their title from the time at which they were taken. An own brother to "Sir Henry Gott" (a fine old sportsman, whose hunting-groom always wore a green plush coat down to his ankles), gave them the severest day from Aldermaston to Reading, and as his Majesty's horses were both knocked up, he was seen returning to Windsor in a butcher's taxed cart, and talking of crops and stock by the way. The only emblem of royalty on these occasions was the yeoman pricker riding on either side. At first, these guardians of the night merely had their hunting-whips; but when we were at war with all the world, and a spy or highwayman had shot down Mr. Mellish, the Master of the Epping Forest lemon pyes, on his return from hunting, two boys (of whom Charles Davis was one), each with a brace of horse pistols, were added to the hunting corps, and as soon as the chace was over, they handed their pistols to two yeomen prickers, in ex-

change for their horns. The horse for his Majesty's statues was modelled from the white Adonis, or the Hanover-bred Arrogant, which were strictly kept as chargers. Perfection was a favourite hunter, for many years, but the bay Hobby was his Majesty's last, and best. By the royal order, no hand but Mr. Davis's was permitted to shoot him, and his ear is still kept among that great huntsman's treasures, with the first hare (a white one) that he ever saw killed.

The original staghound pack, the whole forty couple of which were bought by Colonel Thornton to go to France, were lemon-pyes, and black-and-whites, from 24 to 26 inches. Their skins were rather thin, and their ears "as big as cobblers' aprons," and in fact they seemed all head and throat. For half an hour they were very fast, and gave tongue like "Big Ben;" but after that they sobered down, and never thought of racing like the present foxhound pack for their deer, when it was sinking. Kennel lameness was the Ascot scourge. In vain did Sharpe adjourn to Brighton for a month in the summer, and astonish "the languid bathers on the Sussex coast," by taking a boat, morning and afternoon, and making them swim after him till he looked a sea-god among attendant Tritons, or rather sea-dogs. They were as bad as ever before they had been back at Ascot for a week, and until Mr. Davis had a false flooring put, so as to admit a free current of air, the effect of the sand upon the bog substratum was never wholly neutralized. The Goodwood pack were given to his Majesty in 1813, and sadly the Sussex men grudged their departure. Their old kennels were considered a model at that time, and one *Sporting Magazine* poet had been inflamed into writing a copy of verses in the architect's praise. It is only the other day that we turned aside for a minute under their ivied arch-

The Original Pack.

The Goodwood Kennels.

way, to have a look at such a memorable spot. Two stone foxes guard it yet; but the Southdowns in the meadow beneath told how truly Goodwood had found a new love, before which, even the horn and the "red cap with golden tassel" had to bow; and all those pleasant hazel copses, across which old Tom Grant rattled the cubs so often in the dew of the autumn morning, invite him and his badger-pyes back in vain. With this pack a new state of things began at the kennel. Mr. Davis, whose father was "the hare-huntsman" to royalty, left the harriers to become first whip, the Duke of Richmond's men going on second and third, and Sharpe blew his first blast on a Robin Hood, instead of a French horn.

George IV.'s Hunting.

The Prince Regent, who used to draw his deer supplies from the New Forest each August, left stag for fox about '93, and with Mr. Poyntz, their ex-master, as his manager, and Sharpe as his huntsman, he took the H. H. country and Albury Park, whose ale cellar alone was valued at five hundred. His Royal Highness met the stag-hounds no more, either in his royal father's reign or his own. Once he thought of coming out again with the harriers, and had his breeches and boots duly ordered, but he never put them on. Mr. Davis's appointment as huntsman in 1822 was quite after his heart. "It delights me," he wrote, after it was gazetted "to hear that you've got the hounds; I hope you'll get them so fast that they'll run away from everybody." Such was the handsel of that ever memorable career.

Mr. Davis's Best Runs.

Mr. Davis was then thirty-four, and had been exactly the term of a minority in the royal service, and spent a third of it with the harriers. It needs a Bill Bean to truly tell his triumphs; of his stopping hounds when they had a slow deer in front of them, and of the daring talent of those casts, which none but the old stag-hunters can

fathom till they see the hounds again striking the line. Mr. Davis's own ideas of his fastest things centred upon two. The first was from Salt Hill to the "Oldaker kennels," fourteen miles within the hour, and he remembered it too well from the fact that his rat-tailed Nimble broke down. Mr. Harvey Combe, who was then the master of the Old Berkeley, happened to be on the flags that day. They took out their watches to mark the time before any one came up. Lord Alvanley was placed second at the end of ten minutes, but he jocularly claimed to reverse the yachting rule, and claimed "some minutes to the good over Davis for my extra tonnage."

Fun in the Vale of Aylesbury.

Richmond Trump gave them such a tremendous twenty miles from Aylesbury to Twyford Mill, that he was re-named "Twyford;" and he seemed so anxious to deserve the name, that he took them in his next run to Twyford in Oxfordshire. The first was a white stone day, in Lord Lichfield's first year of mastership; and Mr. Davis rode The Clipper, so called from being the first that was ever clipped for royal use. He had been originally in harness, and as he was up to sixteen stone, and his rider, even with a 7lb.-coat, did not ride above ten stone, he went through from end to end over grass in little more than an hour and a quarter. The hounds never checked for bullocks or anything else; and as Mr. Davis lay in the ditch with one arm round the deer's neck, he took out his watch with the other. For twenty minutes he had no companions, save the miller and his men, who were not a little astonished at the position of affairs; a gasping huntsman, "a hor-*ned* stag," and a pack baying like mad.

The Marquis at Bay.

Still Mr. Davis felt his position much more perilous when Earl Errol had established a club at Aylesbury, and went for a week into the country. The Marquis of Waterford came to see the fun, and a merry time there was of it at

the White Hart. Mr. Davis slipped away early, and they determined to be revenged. When they had conducted one of Mr. Osman Ricardo's handiest horses into the big room, and made him jump over the chairs and tables, the next proposition was to "unearth the old badger." Recognising whom they meant by the expression, Mr. Davis was out of bed in an instant, and almost before he could get his door locked, and a table and a chest of drawers thrust against it, he heard the horse coming upstairs and the men of war with him. A fearful attack was made on the entrenchments, but they were not to be carried. Mr. Davis stood well to his guns within, and the landlord, whose patience had been exhausted by the horse's ascent, fought like a Trojan without, and "the old badger" lay curled in his earth till morning.

Visit to the Royal Kennels.

Ascot Heath seemed drear and strange as we walked across it, to pay our annual May visit to Mr. Davis and the hounds. Two or three horses were slowly cantering round in their sheets, but even quite a summer sun overhead could not light up the scene; and it was one desolate expanse of brown ling and bracken, with here and there a solitary gorse flower. Time had dealt very gently with the veteran himself, as all the field allowed that they never saw him go better or enjoy the sport more than during the seasons of 1861-2. His parlour was rich in picture history. Mr. Farquharson and Jem Treadwell, by Mr. Davis's late brother, occupied the post of honour over the chimney-piece; and, in fact, the great majority of the engravings were from paintings by his well-known hand. Old Hermit, who loved nothing more dearly than the doubles in the Vale, was there in no less than seven positions, and Columbine, who finally went to the Duke of Beaufort's and bred some rare coach-horses, was not forgotten. The little chestnut Sepoy was happily still ripe and ready for the

Buck's side; but poor Pioneer's seven seasons among the stiffer fences of Berks were ended.

Pictures and Testimonials.

The earliest picture of Mr. Davis himself (who rode everything in a simple snaffle) represented him as a lad of eighteen, whipping-in to his father with the Royal Harriers; and beneath it hung the series of English Hunt Pictures, which preserve so vividly the fine outline of the head of Tom Goosey, and the thunder and lightning features of the redoubtable Jack Shirley. The Silver Testimonial of '59 was in the dining-room, with Lord Maryborough's bust on guard. Lord Chesterfield's mastership was commemorated by a silver stag-group, and tributes of the same character were ranged daintily below it, and flanked by two horns, one of them the gift of the present Duke of Beaufort. Not the least among them was the hoof of a hunter, The Miller, whose white fore hoof was selected in preference to his black, to show that popular prejudice as to soundness may err. Radiant, Byron, and Landscape of the beautiful skulls, were foremost among the hounds; and the Ripley Deer twice over claimed his place, both in his paddock and going like great guns with his head quite low. The Miller ran for thirteen seasons; and went for eleven before he became cunning and useless. They seldom used to uncart him more than three times a season, and then Mr. Davis always put an extra guinea in his pocket, as he knew it would be a case of sleeping out for his men. This noted deer was a hero of Lord Maryborough's time, and looked such a rough unprepared thing, that Mr. Davis could hardly persuade his lordship to hunt him. He knew his lines of country so well that if he got a few hundred yards wide, he would invariably right himself; and at times he would swim a river, dodge down the opposite bank, and lie with his nose just out of the water.

In the kennel we begged to have Waterloo, of

The Hound Kennel.

that rich grey tan family by Woodman from Fife Wishful, and his sisters, Wanton, Waspish, and Widgeon (*my* "Little Lady," as Mr. Davis always termed her) drawn together. Then we had out the Rockwoods, seven couple strong—Relish, Rakish, and Rally on one side of the rails, and Ringwood, Rifler, Random, and Rasselas on the other. There they stood, almost a pack by themselves, and yet it was a mere oversight, which Mr. Davis sadly deplored at the time, which brought the first lot of them into being. The old dog was of course there, looking as meek but yet as sly as a Quaker, and running well in his sixth season. He was from the old Goodwood sort, which Mr. Davis always found to last the longest; but he was then the victim of kennel lameness, which stopped him a good deal in his regular work.

Old Swinley Revelries.

A walk of two miles over the common, past the edge of the heath, and finally up a pleasant avenue found us at Swinley Paddocks. The house where the Marquis of Cornwallis and divers ancient masters of buckhounds kept such state, and where huntsmen and foresters drained horns quite as often as they blew them, has long since disappeared, and there was nothing save a large indentation in the ground, under the shade of some noble limes, to mark the tomb of all such revelry. High holiday was kept there when George III. was king, and each fourth of June came round. The Master of the hounds gave a great dinner to all the foresters and farmers, and twice or thrice the Royal party drove over and watched them while they danced upon the green.

The Deer Paddocks.

The Cotterill family live in a solitary house close by, and the present man's father and mother discharged the duties of deerkeeper for 79 years. George Cotterill, the son, passes quite a simple forest life, without even a badge or livery for

high days. He knows no special festival of St. Hubert; but sundry trophies of departed favourites hang round his walls. Wildboy's head is there; and judging from it he may well speak of him as "the largest deer I ever saw." There, too, in due array, are the four feet of Sepoy, of whom Cotterill has a vivid recollection as being not only a first-rate, but "a most amiable deer." His herd consisted of about 21, and stags were once all the rage, but the difficulty of getting them to run well between October and Christmas determined the question in favour of the haviers and hinds. Many of the former are caught and cut as calves at ten days old, and then they never have horns; while those which are selected later on for their style of going, throw up one set of antlers with soft tips after the operation. The Windsor Little Park and Richmond Park stags have not done well, and the best have come from the Great Park, which may be owing to the breed having been more crossed. The red deer from Woburn were the finest strangers, as instead of the usual cat-hams, they had quarters more like a horse, with rare backs and gaskins to match. In Lord Errol's mastership, the hounds went each April to the New Forest; Lord Palmerston used to meet them there, and Mr. Assheton Smith and nineteen other masters of hounds were once in the field together.

Deer Diet.

Nearly all the stags are born in Windsor Great Park, and the ill-luck which attended four that were bought for 80*l.* from Chillingham in Lord Kinnaird's time, decided them to keep to the home breds. Of this quartet Percy and Douglas did not run particularly well; and the other two, Robin Hood and Rob Roy, met with tragical deaths—one of them being spiked on some palings, and the other jumping over a railway bridge. Three runs in one season is a good allowance, and they have to be kept in tip-top condition to achieve that. Clover hay

of the second crop, as the first is rather too coarse for their teeth, is given them at the rate of about 7 trusses per week for the 17, and to this are added 2 bushels of the smallest and heaviest old beans that can be got, with carrots to vary matters in the winter. The deer-cart stood in a shed in the first paddock, on the door of which was nailed a foot, of apocryphal age; and the sick-house was in another corner, but with only Whimsey and her puppies in possession.

Paddock Exercise.

We were quite sorry to disturb a most harmonious and picturesque party of deer and cock pheasants in the next paddock. The former will come warmly enough round Cotterill at feeding time, but they would not fraternize with strangers at all, and we took care that they should show their action in three or four smart gallops. Richmond, with his fine antlers and great length, was far the most imposing among them, and he derived his name from having been dropped in the park of that ilk, to which he did the highest credit. He and The Doctor raced for the lead in the first heat, and in the second Sulky, who earned that unenviable name from his performance, or rather non-performance, at Hawthorn Hill, took the lead and kept it throughout. As to the third, we have an indistinct idea of Lightning, a very small but nicely-made hind, cutting well in at the turns, and getting the lead from Jack Tar, the biggest there, but with not an inch of apology for horns, and of Red Rover finishing close up.

Carting the Deer.

On the day before hunting, a well-trained sheep-dog is called in to separate the chosen pair from the rest, and they are driven across paddock No. 3, to the enclosure in the corner, and so into a little house just big enough for a brace to fast in all night. It is very dangerous to go into them there, except with a large board for a shield; and the pieces of hair strewn about proved how fierce some of the anti-Cotterill conflicts must have been

before he got them righted. King Cole was quite a savage; but as Cotterill used to say, "*I wouldn't care about his fighting the shield if he'd only fight the country.*" One side of this house has a moveable window, against which the door of the van is backed, and as the deer of the day has been adjusted, by dint of shield fighting, into the half of the house nearest the window, he gets the first leap, and running up one side of the partition-board in the van and round the space at the end, naturally settles with his head ready for "putting himself on the country." The partition-board is then pushed up to the end, and the reserve deer has to jump in, and ride with his head to the horses.

Peculiarities of Great Stags.

A run from Farnham Common on March 1st, 1861, was the last great thing that the lamented Sepoy (who first showed his form on the morning that news of the fall of Delhi arrived) ever gave them. He was out once more on Easter Monday, and was taken, after a run from Maidenhead Thicket, six miles beyond High Wickham, among the junipers at Mapple Common, where very few were left to see him dodging like a beaten fox; but he never lived to come back, and broke his leg that night, fretting over his captivity in a barn. They had hunted him four times a season since 1857, and he is quite embalmed in Mr. Davis's memory, with Woodman, the Ripley, and the Hendon deer. He was not a very large deer, but good in any country; of "the straight bang-away sort," no sulkiness or subterfuge, never letting a hound see him till he was fairly tired, and invariably taking some distant hill for his point. He was originally bred in Windsor Park, and there was not a bite upon him after all his perils.

Red Hart was also a marvellous deer, of about the same size; but, unfortunately, when he got to a spot where he had been before, he never would leave it, even if he had another half hour in him. Occasionally

he would make an honourable compromise, by running a short circuit and back again; but this was rather the exception than the rule. Cashiobury Park was a very favourite spot with him; and it was beautiful to see the hounds pick it out when he got among the fallow-deer there; and when Harry joined the red ranks once more in Windsor Great Park they actually stopped, and looked up to Mr. Davis for counsel, at the point where he entered the herd, after holding it for a few hundred yards over the foiled ground. The flints in the fair fields of Bucks play havoc with them; and Jack Tar, who made the hounds sleep out two or three times, came to grief in consequence at last.

Harry.

The specialty of the ten-year-old Harry of five season renown, was that he liked to finish in a house, and would never leave a wood if he was once there; and that he would have one particular run, and that the Bracknell one. In fact, "*Harry and Bracknell*" acted quite like a charm upon the London men, and they were loth indeed to miss it. They knew the length of his foot to a nicety that morning; and he never sent them back without seeing Binfield, Billing Bear, Haynes Hill, Ruscombe Lake, Hare Hatch, Park Place, "then down the hill to Medenham Abbey, and there we are" three times a season.

Commodore was very great in deep ground, and Cranbourne's forte was in a hill-and-wood country, as he never dwelt in it by any chance; and once gave Mr. Davis nearly forty miles home of it, from Garsington, near Oxford. Woodman, who was then in his eighth season, would not be taken at all, and went on jumping, at the end of a very long run, among the fields near Highgate, till he broke a blood-vessel and died. Two jumped over a railway bridge, thirty feet into a cutting; and the renowned Kit-Kat was hopelessly lost in his fourth season, and no doubt became the prey of some venison-stealer. He got into a large cover, and the heavy rain from the boughs destroyed

the scent so completely, that they gave him up. Tom Wingfield sent word, in a month's time, that he was in a cover near Mr. Drake's; but he was nowhere to be found when the hounds arrived.

The Great Leicestershire Stag Hunt.

The late Marquis of Waterford improved his Aylesbury recollections when he was at Lowesby, and the "Great Leicestershire Stag Hunt" was the earliest result. The preparations for the meet at Twyford were on a remarkable scale. The stag was trained for days before in a large walled kitchen-garden, and the Marquis with a horn and a whip and a couple of little dogs kept him in exercise for hours among the gooseberry bushes. The hounds had one of their best pipe-openers by running the drag of a clerical visitor, whose horse's feet had been secretly aniseeded, and all seemed ripe for action except the huntsman. He was a stranger, and the grooms and second horsemen had got at him, and made him so low-spirited by their geographical sketches of the probable line of country, that his pack was doubled in his eyes before he was told to lay them on. The stag made his point for the Queniborough-road, between Barsby and South Croxton, and then bent to the right, through Barsby village, leaving Gaddesby on the left. Up to this point the huntsman had gone well, and hallooing like a maniac; but his right foot was seen to fly up as high as his own head, crossing a ridge and furrow, and he was heard of no more. The Marquis on Saltfish was then left in command, and the hounds ran well for Brooksby, and down the turnpike road for Rearsby village. There the stag bolted into a farm-yard, and finally into a cellar, with his lordship and Tom Heycock after him, and kicked the spigot out of the ale barrel, and flooded the place before those eminent specials could secure him.

"The Marquis's" Freaks.

Riders were lucky who could find their way home, as the precaution had been

duly taken of sawing the guide-posts in that part, and turning the arms the wrong way. Those between Lowesby and Leicester especially suffered, and are still braced with iron as a token. At all events it was a great day; and how the Marquis once rode to Melton and back, thirteen miles in the hour by moonlight, and jumped all the stiles between Twyford and Lowesby on his way back; how he fastened his horses into the fishing-boat from Lowesby Pond, and enjoyed the locomotion along the frosty road, till they took fright at Twyford Windmill, and leapt the hedge; how he and his friend Sir Frederick Johnson bought a gipsy baby for 5*l.* (as a salve for having overset an encampment the night before, by means of a rope tied round each of their horses' necks), and in order to get rid of it, stuck it on to a hedge to shoot at, as they told the mother, till that nut-brown dame crept up behind, and nipped off with it; how he stopped a pulling horse, by riding him at a hedge, on the other side of which he had made a deep hole full of water, and exclaimed, "There, old fellow, I have you now;" and how he missed buying Mr. Hodgson's lady pack, from looking too long at the dogs—will long be told at the midland firesides, along with the Great Leicestershire Stag Hunt.

Baron Rothschild's Deer.

Most of the principal herds in the kingdom have furnished deer for the Barons of "The Vale," but with very varied success. The five brace from Stowe failed, but two out of a trio from the Cheltenham Hunt went most famously. The Berkeley deer were middling, and the Knowesley ones were too tame, and lacked jumping qualities. One of the stags was, however, a brilliant exception, but after his first run from Pitchcote over The Vale to Tring Park, the hounds got him down in a muddy pool, near Lord Lonsdale's kennels, and Tom Ball on Billy the Beau could not get up in time to save him. Mr. Drax's were out of condition when they came,

and were killed off very quickly before they were thoroughly fit. Those from Richmond Park went in pretty good form, but Sir Clifford Constable's,—which strained back to some of the originals that did such service to the Hon. Grantley Berkeley when he kept staghounds at Cranfield Bridge,—showed, along with the too few which could be got from Woburn, the finest sport of all. Sir Clifford's were larger and lighter in their colour, but hardly so strong in their loins as the Woburn deer, and required very careful picking. Of the two breeds, they were the larger and the better scented, and were all sent as haviers with cropped ears.

Sir Clifford's Deer.

"Burton Constable" was the wildest and straightest going amongst them, and once when he was turned out at Wing, Lord William Beresford was almost the only man at the take near Oakley, in Mr. Drake's country, after eighteen miles by the Ordnance map. "Pipemaker," another of these Holderness flyers, was apt to run a ring for the first mile, but when he did get his head straight, ten to fifteen miles was his regulation allowance, and if he had the chance he was sure to point for the Claydon or Doddershall country. From Perren's Farm over a very rough country on to the hills near Checquers Court was another of his great things.

One of the hinds was, we believe, the heroine of the run of nearly twenty-four miles over the Brill Hills to the turnpike on the Thame Road, close by Oxford, and she never hung for a second in the Wootton House Woods. Roffey, the huntsman, killed his Little Billy on this day, and Baron Nathaniel on Foscote, and Mr. Crommelyn beat all the field out except Tom Ball on Paddy, who had no second horse to assist him. The shade of Little Billy was avenged the next time she was uncarted, and great was the lamentation over her. The Chesterton Hind was also killed, but it was remembered in con-

nexion with her death, how Tom Crommelyn went on Nonsense; and how the Hon. Robert Grimston and Bill Golby jumped the Rousham Brook. Not content with that, Mr. Grimston, when only himself and two others were left in the run, charged the Eythrop river, brimming full, and swam out on a different side to his mare.

The best Woburn stag survived all his four season perils, and after giving them an infinity of good runs, became so infirm in his joints that he was sold as a stock deer. His greatest effort was from Golby's Farm to Dunstable, when only three rode at the brook near Blackgrove Wood, and Mr. Oldaker and another got in. One of the Woburn hinds was drowned in the river below Thame in a run, which told out all the gentlemen except Young Baron Nathaniel on Peacock, and Baron Alphonse, and they could not get nearer than Wootton; and Ribston Pippin dropped dead under Tom Ball, a hundred yards after he had laid the hounds on to another of the hinds, which ran from Cublington to Hanslope. The Duke could only spare a brace of these jewels each season. They inherited immense speed from the large, wild park where they were dropped, and their dark red coats, smutty faces, and fineness in the single, induced the belief that they had got some high-bred foreign cross originally.

Harvey Combe.

Harvey Combe, the biggest havier that Baron Rothschild ever had, earned his name from having been taken in the old Berkeley country. He never waited or hung, and made up for his lack of pace by his eternal bottom. His grandest run was from Aston Abbotts through Eythrop to Thame. He was brought out as second deer, and by mere chance Baron Lionel, who was going home with the hounds, met the deer-cart, which had missed its mark. This havier was particularly adapted for the Vale, as he did not care for being mobbed by

"the carrion," who pretend to hunt with the Baron, and carry out their boast by starting off as their only chance along the roads the moment the deer is uncarted. Still true to a favourite's fate, he died at last in a cesspool near Ledburn. Another havier met a rather more tragical death. He was uncarted at Wing, and went right over the Vale to Shardloes, where every one was beaten off except Tom Ball on Economy, and Tom was obliged at last to leave his mare on the road, and run over three fields to Mr. Grove's Farm at Amersham, just in time to find him impaled to his very back-bone on the iron palisades near the house. The white-faced havier must not be forgotten. He had strayed into the grounds of Combe Abbey, and Roffey was sent down with ten couple to catch him, and he proved himself worthy of the toil in his first one hour ten minutes without a check.

The Barons Rothschild commenced their pack in the spring of '39, and Bill Roffey, who was great on the Carbonaro mare, hunted them till the gout gave him warning. Barwick, Tom Ball, and Fred Cox have held the horn in turn. Fourteen or fifteen couple of Sir Charles Shakerley's staghounds, which were almost entirely of Cheshire blood, began the pack, and they were strengthened with a draft from Mr. Harvey Combe, whose Osbaldeston's Tapster was used pretty freely. Gunnersbury by Osbaldeston's Falstaff from Cheshire Guilesome was one of the first and best that they ever bred, and was the sire of Dairymaid. Cheshire also sent a draft, and Berkeley Castle did the same for two seasons. Among the latter was old Paradox, who contributed Primrose and Princess, and some other beauties to the lady pack, but never bred a doghound straight enough for Baron Lionel's fancy. Fitzwilliam Marmion suited her best, but still it was the Feudal and Bluecap blood, the former especially, which made the Mentmore kennel so indebted to the Milton.

The Baron's Pack.

The smutted-faced Feudals were quite staghounds by nature. They broke themselves, and one word was sufficient to stop them. Sebright always declared that the old dog was one of the most sensible that he ever cheered. At one time there were five or six couple of the sort in work, and although his sons did not get their stock with quite the same substance, the taste for the slot did not dwindle. Fitzwilliam Bluecap was also represented by eight couple at one time, but their beautiful noses were rather counteracted by their head-long style. There were also a few in the kennel by Belvoir Rallywood (when he was at Brocklesby), and of Belvoir Ranter as well. With their introduction to "The Vale," they seemed to forget all about fox, and when one jumped out of a hedgerow and ran up a furrow in view, close behind the deer, they let it bend to the right without even noticing it, and went straight over the fence.

Limits of The Vale.

During October, an old deer or two are turned down on the Ivinghoe and Chiltern Hills, on the Dunstable side, to give the hounds a good half-hour or three-quarters with blood at the end; and very early in November they descend into The Vale, which is all doubles and grass. Winslow to Marsh Hill below Aylesbury, and Mentmore to the Claydon Woods are the limits of this splendid country. Golby's Farm is its Kirby Gate; but Aston Abbott's is its queen of meets, as it generally secures them a run for Hardwicke, or over the endless acres of Creslow Big Ground. The Rousham, the Hardwicke, the Creslow, the Winslow, and the Hulcoat Brooks have all brought grief to heroes, and heroines as well, who will try to be even with the huntsman, "even if he goes through a canal." Black Grove and Quainton are the deepest countries, and there is scarcely a hedge in them without a back brook to it.

The Rothschild Cracks.

Baron Meyer used to hunt on both, but Monday was Sir Antony's, and

Thursday Baron Lionel's day. Baron Lionel has gone best on Rachel the old bay steeple-chaser, who was wonderfully clever and steady among the doubles. A grey was another of his favourites; and he rode Grouse latterly, till the black injured its coffin bone on landing over a brook, and had to be shot that day. Sir Antony has been most at home on Peacock and Topthorn; and Sir Nathaniel's delights before he went to reside in Paris, were Foscote and Scotsfoot. As a proof of their good going, they fetched a thousand guineas when they were sold, and the latter won the Cheltenham steeple-chase. Baron Meyer's peculiars have been Hornsby, King Charles, and Squib, and it was on King Charles before he received his knee accident, that he popped over the very high posts and rails by the side of a gate, at which a whole crowd were waiting, and got cheered for his style of solving "the real jam" difficulty.

Grouse, King Pippin, and Harkover were the *élite* of Tom Ball's lot. He had won a steeple-chase on Grouse, a big horse by Muley Moloch, at Aylesbury, and run second to Dragsman at Chelmsford. *Waterloo* was Grouse's original name, which was intended to point attention to a wart that had been cut out of his ear, and as he gave Roffey one or two falls, he thought that he was rather blind. However he soon became a top sawyer, and "galloped everything blind" on a great day from Whaddesdon Windmill to Hudnall Common; and Mr. Crommelin, who stayed the longest, was glad to give in, four miles from the finish, at the foot of Ivinghoe Hills. The chestnut Harkover, who had won a steeple-chase near Oxford with Bob Barker upon him, was a wonder through dirt or at a brook. During their four seasons together, he never gave Tom a fall, and if there were not too many casts, and he was not "rifled about" early in the day, he was not to be beaten. He carried his head up like a deer,

Grouse, King Pippin, and Harkover.

and was ridden in a double-reined snaffle and a martingale, and although he never seemed to see them, he "went at the doubles forty miles an hour, as if he was going to eat them."

Still at this branch of science, he was not such an *artiste* as the little King Pippin, whose praise was in all The Vale, and who never required of Tom Ball to open any gates. If there was no landing in a double, he crushed through it, and out like a shot, and once on a time, he jumped six or seven yards over some trees and a sawpit, which were ensconced on the other side of one of them. Such have been the trio of leaders in their day, and when Lord Petre was on his chestnut, the Hon. Robert Grimston on All Serene, Mr. Oldaker on Pilot, James Mason on Willesden, Cheslyn Hall on Brutandorf, Sam Baker on The Corporal, Mr. F. Knight on The Tory, Mr. Crommelin on Nonsense, Mr. Dawnccy on a little chestnut mare as good in her way as his Alderneys, Mr. Lee on an old un of Charles Payne's, Mr. Learmouth on Jerry, and Will Golby, Will Eustace, and Morrice on their best, they have had to meet a field which it was a glory to cut down.

Bill Bean, the Arch-trespasser of England.

A word on Bill Bean and the drag-hunt. What "stable mind" in and round the metropolis is not cognizant of that arch-trespasser, once the very Apollyon of the farmers in the Harrow and Stanmore country—that ancient youth who was stag-hunting nearly ten years before the century began, and ready still, in his disgust at the degeneracy of the steeple-chase age, to "jump my old pony Bean Stalk blindfold over a fence," which had been denounced at Hendon as presenting a premium on coroners' inquests. Still, a service of seventy years in the saddle has had its disadvantages. There are the books of doctors extant and deceased, whose testimony welded together would furnish some little account as follows:

"1792-1862.

"Mr. William Bean.

"To Messrs. ——.

"Attending you when you broke both your thumbs, fractured the near leg (twice), broke the near ribs, injured the near knee, dislocated the near shoulder, ditto off shoulder, scalped your head, broke your nose, and other severe falls, £ , &c."

"*Acteon Nimrod, Esq., Tyho Paddocks, Huntingdonshire,*" was the name which his deer-cart bore. The yokels used to stare at it, and say, "*See Tom! what a long way they've comed.*" At one time he purposed inscribing on it, "*William Bean, Land Surveyor,*" but the conception was too grand and too dangerous. With the hounds he was more open, and duly branded them with a B. Hence another identity-puzzle arose among the rurals. Says Jack to Tom, "*What does that big B mean on the hounds?*" Says Tom, in reply, "Why, Jack, you ain't half sharp this morning: it manes '*The Baron's,*' to be sure."

The Perils of the Drag.

The deer-cart inscription was but a very faint index of the mission of that remarkable M. S. D. H., after whom so many tax-gatherers toiled in vain. When the Chancellor of the Exchequer's fangs were almost in him, he would "fold his tent like the Arab, and as silently steal away," into another district with *Splendour*, and the rest of the five couples, old Will White and the three brace of deer. Sometimes he would be at Willesden, then at Finchley, and anon at Golders Green. Be the kennel where it might, Captain Nesbitt and the guardsmen and a dozen or two more of "the upper ten thousand," &c., always had the office, but whether it was to be stag or drag, they never exactly knew. Five or six years ago the pack was given up, and Splendour, that meekest of hounds, who could carry half a bellyfull of victuals, and three pounds of shot round his neck, and yet hold the lead, was given to Mr. Tom Mason, with whom he lately died. He had stood by his master in perilous times; and when farmers would

vindictively house the deer, and he "ran heel" to tell him, they generally knew that their trespassing was over for that day. Bill was more fortunate when he merely drove his deer into a china closet, or when he coaxed a farmer (who had been previously breathing out pitch-forks and slaughter against him) into a public-house, while his barn lock was being wrenched, and actually getting him to put on his coat and cap to see how he liked himself in the character of a British sportsman, left him at last to pay the score. But the drag was the thing after all, and in the trusty Will's hands, it became an engine of the deepest agricultural oppression.

Will White and his Successor Kit.

Will White had been originally an officer's servant in the Tenth, and when he was no longer in commission, his fine eye for country recommended him to Bill Bean. When he had duly fastened the aniseed cloth to his shoes, he would be told to come out at a certain milestone nine or ten miles away, and even if he had never been over the line before, he was certain to hit it to a half or a quarter of a mile. His finest performance was starting on Hampstead Heath, and going as straight as a pigeon to the ninth milestone on the Romford Road. "*There's London, Will, and there's Romford,*" said his master, pointing with his whip, and Will touched his cap, and waited to hear no more. He got over the widest brooks by making for a reclining pollard, and jumping with a sort of double-jointed spring from the top; and the hounds ran into him on the Bull's Eye night as he was snugly seated, after his toils, in a public-house at Hanwell. The customers were more tolerant of his aniseed flavour than the farmers. One of the latter went so far as to say that "*He's a regular nuisance; he injures our implements;*" and when he was asked to explain his dark speech, he replied, "*He goes and sits on them in the fields to rest himself, and leaves such a smell of aniseed that our men wont go near them.*" On

another occasion, he was taken up before a magistrate for trespassing. The complainant swore that he was only on the footpath, but that he "knew he was trespassing by the smell," and was exceedingly surprised at the dismissal of the case. Dulwich Park was a great country for him, as it was in Chancery at the time, and no one looked after trespassers. The perpetual heats and colds killed the poor fellow at last, and "Kit," his Irish successor, was generally too drunk either to run or drive. In his private account of this malady, he threw the whole onus on to the deer cart. "*Kit, my boy, one of them says 'It's a could morning for ye.' 'Faith and it is says I.' 'Kit, my boy, will you have a nip of anything?' So I couldn't be off refusing. 'Kit, my boy,' says another, 'what deer have you got to-day?' 'Faith, and it's not iligant in me to tell ye.' 'I'll stand ye a little drop if you will.' So I had a little drop wid him. Faith, and that deer-cart would make any boy drunk?*"

Bill Bean's Horses.

The two "Gunners" and Red Deer did well, but "Chunee" was one of Bill Bean's best, although he did give him thirty-seven falls in a very limited space of time. He was the biggest and the stupidest of hunters, and received his name from the elephant which attracted so many visitors to Exeter Change. A noble lord, who was not averse to the drag, gave 200 guineas for him and declared that he would now "serve out all the white gates in Yorkshire." In due time his lordship reported from his bed to Bill, that he had, in an incredibly short time, run up his fall score to seventeen on him, and despairing of stopping him, when he took the bit in his teeth, he had sent him at a haystack, in which Chunee had buried his head eight feet, and then tumbled backwards. Knowing his locomotive antecedents, Bill replied that he could believe all that and a great deal more of Chunee. His lordship also bought old Bag o' Nails, alias "Old Bag," who had

lamed himself by jumping with Bill into a gravel-pit. He could shuffle along very well in spite of it, and it used to be said that "he was so lame that he couldn't get up in time for the foxhounds; but he was always ready for the drag at one o'clock."

Persecution of the Farmers.

The farmers said that they did not mind John Elmore as he was always so polite, and would stop when they told him; but "as for that Bill Bean, when we're ordering him not to go over one place, he only pops over another." In vain did they lock up their gates, pile hurdles on to them, and lie in ambush with pitchforks and other missiles, when they saw the *avant courier* of the Aniseed sweep by like the storm. One of them watched till nearly dusk, and then heard the hounds go past, as he sat triumphantly at his tea. He was in fact so astonished that he found himself reduced to asking Bill in confidence how he did manage in the dark, and was admitted to his confidence in return. "*Didn't you see us?*" said Bill; "*we ride with a bull's-eye on each stirrup, and a bull's-eye on our breast-plates, we can go just as well by night as by day.*" Well might the persecuted ones say ever after that when they heard the cry, "*There goes Bull's Eye Bill! it's no use trying to stop him.*" He was not always so good to know. The legs and the seat might seem like his, but as often as not there was an enormous false nose, a fiery red moustache of fearful size, and red wafers on the cheeks, which utterly destroyed his upper-part identity.

The Great Indignation Meeting.

Notices not to trespass arrived by every post, and the Uxbridge ordinary resolved itself almost weekly into an Indignation Meeting. "Bull's Eye Bill" must and shall be put down. The day for striking the blow arrived, and as the arch-trespasser sat under his own fig-tree at Willesden, a clatter of horses' hoofs down the road broke on his guilty ear. In a few minutes a phlanx of

farmers presented themselves, and the very air seemed whitened with notices. Keeping his seat he received the "patent fulminators" from his foes with the most baffling courtesy. He marked and numbered each with a pencil as he received it. His countenance was unmoved, and wore the very slightest shade of contrition to be in keeping with the crisis. When the several notices were delivered a scroll containing their substance and all the names, was presented by a deputy on a sheet of foolscap. "*I can't read it in your presence, gentlemen!*" said Bill, "*it would not be respectful,*" and it was docketed with the rest of the papers. The situation seemed an alarming one, but ere another sun had set his line of action was taken.

How Bill Attended to the Notices.

Calling his first lieutenant to him, he made a masterly sketch of a drag-hunt for the morrow, which went through the very heart, or touched every farm in the round-robin. That afternoon he scorned all disguise. Once only he drew rein, and once more the oppressor bearded the oppressed. "*Why do I come here?*" he said; "*I come here, sir, on purpose to be pulled up;*" and then he poured it out just like a leading article. "*The time had now arrived when further concession became impossible, and forbearance a crime. If you begin, I'll begin. I've got all your signatures. You don't know what you've signed. I do. I've had counsel's opinion on it. That's why I wasn't here yesterday; I've been to my solicitors with that paper. I'll indict you all for conspiracy.*" And so saying he magnificently rode away, and he had rest from notices for nearly half a season.

His Graceful Manners with the Tax Commissioners.

Then the commissioners set at him, and he was charged for a whole pack. For once his spirits gave way, as he knew the chairman to be a man of wrath and endless notices, and that he and Splendour had not

spared him. In fact Bill had never been off his place, and kept him, rushing wildly forth into his flower garden, in an attitude of protest, and once in his dressing-gown only and his slippers. It may be that those were nose or moustache days, but at all events he did not recognise him till the case was called on. Then a flood of light gradually broke on him. "*William Bean,*" he said, as he put his nose down on the paper. "*What's your business? about dogs, I see; Ah! hounds! Oh! stags.—Why! you're the man who's always over my place. I've sent you several notices, I think.*" One of the other commissioners, who wasn't altogether guiltless, and who keenly enjoyed the fun, winked at Bill, as much as to say, "Now, Master William, he's regularly twigged you;" and then folded his arms and placed his eyes on the ceiling to hear the end. "*I admit it, sir; I admit it,*" said the crafty culprit, in his most unctuous tones; "*but really, sir, yours is such a sweet little inviting spot on the top of that hill, that I don't wonder at the deer always making for it.*" Bill scored four by that slashing hit to leg. The prospect, as the chairman felt, was certainly very pretty, it was well that his brother commissioners and the public should hear that confirmed, and he was mollified as to the first point. Still justice must have its way. "*But* MR. *Bean,*" he continued, "*you have a pack, I see, and you don't pay for them.*" "*A pack, sir,*" said Bill, more blandly than ever, "*I have only five couple. Mine is strictly a miniature establishment; I have a miniature pack; everything is in proportion. Would you favour me by coming to see it? My benches are only made for five couple; they couldn't hold five and a half; I am at your service any day, if you will favour me with an inspection.*" And so point No. 2 was got rid of.

Oddly enough, the assessors had overlooked the "*Actæon Nimrod,*" *&c.*, and only rested the third part of their case on the name not being behind as well as

on the off-side of the deer-cart; but Bill had quite got their range by this time. He accordingly went for the in-fighting, and involved them in such learned discussions upon stick-doors to admit air, a "thing absolutely necessary for air in the heated state of an animal's blood;" "might have difficulties with the Society for the Suppression of Cruelty to Animals;" "the impossibility of painting a letter on each stick;" that they gave him up as a bad job, and all the points as well. He returned gracefully to his friends and retainers, and he and Splendour trespassed worse than ever.

Jem Hills' Steeple-chase.

In 1833, Wiltshire had its first steeple-chase, and Jem Hills won it. It had its origin in a match which Mr. Horrocks made with Lord Ducie after dinner at Mr. Thomas Goodlake's, to match himself on one of his own horses against the whole of his lordship's stud, one to the post, and Jem, who was then the Vale of White Horse huntsman, to ride. There was to be no mistake about it, and the conditions specified that it was to be "four miles straight ahead, neither to ride more than 100 yards along a road, every gate to be locked, and no fences cut." Mr. Robert Codrington picked the ground from Tadpole Copse to Lyssal Hill, near Eyworth, all over the Water Eaton Vale, with bulfinches, gates, and two brooks to boot. The only guide-posts were a flag in the Cold Harbour Road, and another on Lyssal Hill, and they were to get to them as they could. The adventurous pair met in scarlet coats and caps at Cold Harbour, Jem with five horses, and a goodly allowance of shot to make up the thirteen stone. As soon as they had been taken up to the top of the brow, and learnt the line, Jem knew that it was the "old chestnut mare's" day. The history of that steeple-chase is one of Jem's finest bits of recitative, and we heard it to peculiar advantage, when he was warmed to his work by the deep sympathy he had just re-

ceived from the party on the grubbing up of Lyneham Gorse. Sometimes in his energy he fairly walked away from our pencil.

The Start.

"The first fence," he always begins, "was a double post and rails. We both stood and looked at it. You see I wanted to find out whether he'd take his own line or follow me. I said, '*This wont do. Come, you have it first.*' He said, '*No! if you can't have it, I can't.*' We might have been there all day, so I turned the old mare's head and popped in and popped out. He followed, and came over very prettily. The next was a great bulfinch, with a ditch; we got over that. I said, '*Mind your next fence, we must both fall*' (we chatted all the way). It was a stiff fence—post and rail—hedge and bank to clear. When we were coming to it, he said, '*Don't let us kill one another, Jem; I wont ride on you if you wont ride on me.*' I said, '*Give me plenty of room, and give him pepper.*' My mare cleared twenty-nine feet, and his horse twenty-nine and a half. We sent them at it with such a swing, I never saw a man so high in the air before. I looked round and saw his horse's shoes glittering the height of my shoulder. Then came the gate into the Cold Harbour road. I said, '*Mr. Horrocks, which of us shall have it first?*' he said '*You do,*' and we went over it side by side, our boots almost touched. Same way through the bulfinch out of the lane, like a bullet.

The Plot Thickens.

"Then we had some very small enclosures with very big fences; what I call creepers; my old mare, she could go the same pace all the way; the country was tremendously deep. When I found that he intended to wait on me, I knew how to deal with him. Then we came into a dirty lane, with a tremendous fence towards us. I tried the old mare at it; it knocked her backwards into the ditch, but without getting a fall; she re-

covered herself. I said, '*Now Mr. Horrocks, you have a try.*' We were very friendly all the way. He said, '*No, Jem, if your old mare can't bore a hole, my horse can't.*' So I put her at it; I couldn't help myself; and I got through. Well, he attempted, and his horse floundered, and he nearly got off, and there he hung. I looked back for my companion, when I'd got half a field ahead, and when I saw him in his saddle, and coming full tilt, I eased my mare. We had two miles to go then. It was up rising ground, I kept pulling, and he kept pressing till he caught me, bulfinches all the way not so big, we got very well over them, and came to a barn.

The Last Brook.

"Then there was a very large field down to the last brook. Lord Ducie and all the gentlemen were there. I was a hundred yards ahead when I passed the barn. I knew devilish well that neither of our horses could jump the brook (you know they always laugh at me about the brooks). The gentlemen kept hollering at him, '*Now Horrocks, come along, Jem's beat;*' and he came down past me at the brook, as fast as his horse could go. Believe me, the horse jumped right into the brook, pitched upon his head, and turned with his rump on to the other side, and there he lay. I rode quietly down to the brook; Lord Ducie was there on a fresh horse. He said, '*Jem, Jem! jump it, the mare will bring you over, I'll give you a lead,*' and over he went and jumped it beautifully. I pulled up and sat looking at Mr. Horrocks in the brook. It was quite a study. He was standing on the bank, and the bridle came off; he fell backwards bridle and all, and the horse went sideways. Lord Ducie was at me all the time, '*Come, come, Jem! he'll get out.*' I said, '*No, no, my lord! There's plenty of time.*' Then I saw a ditch, which led from the brook into the field at the opposite side. I stood as long as I could to let the mare get her wind; the pace had been strong all the way. When

I thought she'd had sufficient time, I let her down very quietly, and waded her across the brook, to go up this ditch. She made a plunge or two, and I went up it twenty yards, and into the field. I had still three fences to jump, and a gate at the finish. My mare was so beat, I scrambled her on to them, and then we scrambled out. The gate was locked, so I crammed her round the gate-post between the gate and the hedge. She was just like my old horse Bendigo, jump anywhere, where he can get his head. So I got to the winning-post, and into the farm-house, and had a glass of brandy and water before he was out of the brook. It was the only steeple-chase I ever rode. I was to have ridden another the next week at Cheltenham, only the horse broke down, and very glad I was, I never care to ride another." Such is the defendant's account of the great Wiltshire case of *Horrocks* v. *Hills*.

First Steeple-chase in Leicestershire.

The first steeple-chase was run off in Leicestershire about the year 1792. The distance was eight miles, from Barkby Holt to the Coplow and back, and Mr. Charles Meynell, son of the great M. F. H., won it; Lord Forester was second, and Sir Gilbert Heathcote last. There is very little oral tradition respecting it, except that Sir Gilbert's horse was rather fat, that Lord Forester was the favourite, and that Mr. Needham of Hungerton said to his lordship, "I'll save you a hundred yards, if you'll come through my garden, and jump the gate into the road."

Captain Becher.

From Noseley Wood to the Coplow, was the line of country on March 12th, 1829, when Clinker's bridle came off, to Tom Heycock's great discomfiture, in a fall at the second fence from home, and Field Nicholson won on Sir Harry Goodricke's Magic. Capt. Becher (who made one of the lot on Bantam) was entered to harriers in his native Norfolk, as a copper-bottomed infant, on a pony

CAPTAIN BECHER.

which no other boy could hold. A better berth than the saddle was soon found for him in the Storekeeper's General Department, and at sixteen, he was one of the staff in charge of the field equipments to the Peninsula, and spent two or three years with the army of occupation. Ramsgate was his first scene of action after the peace, and his horse-flesh yearnings had the fullest scope in landing the troopers and mules, which "Champagne Tommy," of Pimlico, had furnished by contract, and making them swim ashore with the guy-ropes.

The Palmy Days of St. Albans.

To use his own words, he "never had such a lark in my life," and when steeple-chases and hurdle-racing became all the fashion, under the auspices of Tommy Coleman, of St. Albans, he entered on such an amphibious existence for nine or ten seasons, that quiet householders who read of him almost weekly for six months of the year, began to have grave doubts whether he was an otter or a man. Tommy gave him a mount in the first hurdle race, which was got up specially to please the ladies, when races were established at No Man's Land. George IV., although within six weeks of his death, took such an interest in their success, that he requested Mr. Delmè Radcliffe to enter the Colonel and Hindostan, and beat Tommy's mare Bunter by a head, for the Gold Cup. Figurante was as simple as a young turkey in hurdle matters, and Becher's orders were to get her between two others, so that she would find the hurdles (which had no stakes, and were separately fixed), "the easiest place to get away." Under this pilotage she jumped in such style that Lord Verulam told her owner "That's a deep fellow you've got on your mare; her feet were higher than our carriage when she went over." The first St. Albans steeple-chase came off in that spring of '30. Sixteen started from Arlington church to the Obelisk in Wrest Park, near Silsoe; and Cole-

First St. Albans Steeple-chase.

man so managed the line, that he could start them, and then by making a short cut, judge them as well. Lord Ranelagh's grey horse Little Wonder, with Colonel Macdowell up, won the stake, which was worth about 300 sovereigns. The Colonel's orders were to watch nothing but Lord Clanricarde, who was on a little Irish chestnut; and one of the Berkeleys was third. The rest found their way into the Park from all quarters; with the exception of poor Mr. Stretfield on Teddy the Tiler, who had a fall in jumping a gate back on to a bridge after he had missed his line, and died in consequence. Coleman's general idea of a steeple-chase was two miles out and two miles in, and "keeping the line quite dark." Hence he concealed men in the ditches, with flags, which they raised on a given signal, as soon as the riders were ready. Other managers liked four mile straight, and after erecting scaffold poles, with a couple of sheets to finish between, they left the riders to hunt the country for their line, with no further directions than "leave that church on your right, and the clump on your left, and get to the hill beyond."

Tommy Coleman's Volunteers.

The March of '31 saw the St. Albans Steeple-chase in real form; and the carriages and horsemen poured in so resolutely for hours, that there was a regular block on the outskirts of the town, till Tommy gave the word. The horses came a week before, to train in Gorhambury Park, and other places about, and Moonraker created great excitement among the inhabitants, by jumping the Holloway lane in the course of an exercise canter. Beardsworth of Birmingham, had bought him out of a water-cart, and sold him, with his sinews quite callosed from work, for 18*l.* to Sirdefield, who borrowed the crimson St. Leger jacket of the previous year for Mr. Parker to ride him in. The bay was fully seventeen at the time, not fifteen three, and with quarters as good as his

Moonraker.

head was ugly. Coleman in his blue coat and kersey breeches proclaimed martial law among the riders that day. They saddled at his bugle-call in the paddock of his Turf Inn (then called The Chequers), came out of the yard three abreast, like cavalry, and marched up the town behind. If their general caught any of them peeping over the hedges, he was down on them at once, and declared that for a repetition of the offence, he would sentence the culprits to "run as a dead letter." Mr. Delmè Radcliffe was judge, and Bill Bean on Chunee rode with them, as umpire, and had a fall at a brook. The line began on the St. Albans side of Coombe Wood, leaving Haddons on the left, and Colney on the right; but it was not nearly so formidable as the Aylesbury or Market Harboro' line, and the finish was between two trees in Coleman's Paddock. Moonraker beat eleven cleverly, and Wild Boar, with Captain Becher on him, fell close at home, and was bled so severely that he died next day.

A Fierce Lawyer.

The Captain had very nearly a share in further bloodshed. A London lawyer claimed his bed after he had retired to rest, in a double-bedded room with his father, and as he stoutly refused to evacuate, the other thrust his card under the door, and announced himself through the keyhole as ripe and ready for the coffee and pistol business next morning. However, Coleman reasoned with him, and informed him, in such strict confidence, that the Captain had shot three men already, that discretion and economy proved the best part of his valour, and he disappeared so mysteriously from his sofa in the course of the night, that Coleman "hunted the country" in vain for his bill. Jack Elmore, who made an admirable chairman, had, as Lord Palmerston observes, a similar "invitation." He settled it very summarily, by saying that he knew nothing about cards and pistols, but he understood punches

on the head; so it too fell to the ground, and as he had already put one man bodily out of a window of that very inn, it was perhaps well for society that it did.

"The Squire" as Steward.

Twenty came to the post the next year, and Moonraker, with Seffert on him, disposed of them once more. He and Corinthian Kate jumped the last fence together, and Grimaldi, who came in a different direction to avoid it, closed in with them at that point. Mr. Osbaldeston was umpire, and after lecturing them all in his raciest style, led the way on horseback to Ellenbrook Green. The troop would have been almost too much for Coleman that day, and he might well say, "*Do face them for me, Squire; hold up your head like a Colonel, and be very decisive;*" and indeed he was.

Grimaldi *v.* Moonraker.

"The Squire" was so dissatisfied with Grimaldi's defeat, that he offered Elmore 50*l.* to make a five hundred match between the two, over his own farm near Harrow. The referees, according to the custom in those days, carried the stakes in bank notes sewn up in their pockets, and Elmore gave a capital spread to the Marquis of Abercorn, Colonel Anson, and several others at his farm. "The Squire" had a very slight opinion of Seffert as a rider, and requested to have "a bulfinch to begin with, that I may shake this fellow off;" and when some friend told him that he himself was in a flurry, he poured out a glass brimful of sherry, and held it out as steady as a rock at arm's length, to reassure his backers. There was only one thing, he said, which he did fear, and that was being "ridden against by those London dealers." However, the only clashing was between him and Moonraker, but Colonel Anson ruled in his favour; and the course, which was a very light one, and without brooks, suited his fast grey exactly. Water was the grey's great bane, and in a race from Brixworth to Cottesbrook Cow Pastures, in 1833, the

two brooks quite brought him to grief, and the men had to get into one of them and hold up his head.

Grimaldi and Napoleon.

Nothing daunted by this disaster, "The Squire" determined to go on with his thousand a side match against Colonel Charritie's Napoleon, a slow half-bred horse, but a magnificent jumper. In the St. Albans Steeplechase, Napoleon had been nowhere to him; but now there were two brooks and the Lem to be got over. The first two miles of the six was on a curve, and the last four straight; and the line was chosen from The Wharf to Gibraltar Farm, with the Windmill as the great landmark. The Pytcheley, of which "The Squire" was then master, met at Dunchurch, and a perfect regiment of scarlets lined the Lem side, which was the thirty-eighth jump, and six from the finish. Said "The Squire" to the Captain before the race (for it was especially stipulated that they were not to address each other while running)—"*I don't like water, I can't swim like you;*" and when they did charge it, they both went in headlong. It was thought that Napoleon would come up no more, but at last Becher's cap was seen, and then his horse's ears, and the pair floated a hundred yards down stream, the bay "fighting like a bad swimming dog." Napoleon got a hundred yards the best of it on landing; but he was fairly overhauled and beaten, and then a tremendous wrangle commenced. An envoy was sent back to see if The Squire had gone on the right side of a flag, before they would let them weigh in the granary, and Becher was so cold after his bath, that he told them they might send another man to look up the coroner. Eventually the stakes were withdrawn, and after being rubbed down and dressed, both of them went out hunting, and had the Lem again.

Viviana.

Bill Bean, who rode two dozen steeplechases, and won seventeen, was on Gri-

maldi in the first Aylesbury race the next November year. The bold Field Nicholson was there, but so was Becher on Vivian, with both his wrists bandaged. He fell over a gate, and got ducked in a river; but got first past the winning flags notwithstanding. This grandson of Swordsman was great in the Vale, and as Becher said, he seemed to "gallop open-mouthed over the doubles." Hence he was a most dangerous horse if he made a mistake, but he very seldom did. The present Lord Vivian bought him for 30*l.* from Dycer of Dublin, who had selected him at one of his Repository sales for the Hon. Colonel Westenra, M.F.H., by whom he was, we believe, returned, as unfit to carry his men with hounds. He had been previously in harness, but he didn't enjoy leather, and had kicked a most respectable family out of an Irish car. Lord Vivian rode him for one season and part of another, and made him a perfect fencer. He was so fond of his new business that after giving his lordship a fall early in his first season, he got away, and went to the end of a brilliant run by himself, and was one of the few, if not the only horse, which reached Charlton Park with the hounds.

In consequence of illness, his lordship gave up hunting for a time, and sold Vivian to a clerical friend, who resold him to Captain Lamb. The Captain thought so lightly of his purchase, that shortly afterwards, when Lord Vivian had gone to Leamington for his health, he pressed the horse on him at 130*l.*, the same price that his lordship had got for him; and the bargain only went off, because the latter declined to consent to his starting for the Debdale Stakes at Warwick. Soon after that Captain Lamb discovered the full truth of what Lord Vivian had told him, that the bay was one of the best weight-carrying hunters ever bred, and began to profit accordingly. His future "orange cap and purple" ally had never seen him before Mr. Osbaldeston challenged all the world

with Cannon-ball; and he came in fact from Market Harbro' expressly to ride Vanguard. At the eleventh hour, the owner's own son decided to take the mount, and Becher was put on Vivian. The horse's coat was very long, and as Captain Lamb concluded that Becher had brought his own saddle with him, he was not provided with one, and there was a regular borrowing of a leather here, and a stirrup there, on the ground, to get one fitted up of the exact weight. The finish was up a tremendous hill, on which the gentlemen of three hunts assembled five hundred scarlets strong, and Becher by jumping a very great fence came up the ascent on the slant, and contrived to keep more in his horse to finish with.

Vivian *v.* Cock Robin.

A month after he had won at Aylesbury, Becher found himself once more putting his saddle on Vivian, to meet "*The* Marquis" and Cock Robin from Shankton Holt to the Rams Head cover. Cock Robin and Monarch were two of the best hunters that ever drew breath in Ireland; and the defeated hero of this day, a smart brown, fenced so well and went so fast, that he got nearly three hundred yards in advance. For once in his life The Marquis, who was always in a hurry, was suddenly seized with a prudence fit, and in trying to avoid two tremendous jumps, which Becher was obliged to have, he got stuck in a dingle. The Captain saw his difficulty, and following some wheel ruts to the left, closed with him against the hill at the finish, which is quite as steep as "The Primrose." The Marquis always stood in fifty with The Captain, one to win, and was as good as a small annuity to him, as while the arrangement lasted, the former had only once the pull of him. On this occasion his lordship was rather wrath about his defeat, and said that he was "beat by the best horse;" so Becher offered to run him back again and change the horses, feeling sure that Vivian

would disagree with him before they had gone over four fields.

Fun in The Vale.

February found The Vale in its glory, and there were two races, one for the Light and one for the Heavies, the first of which was set for half-past nine. Bill Bean was on Rochelle, but he made too close a shave of it between two trees, and was knocked out of his saddle, and "left sitting." They were close at home at the time, and Bill believes that, but for his accident, which partially lamed one leg for life, he could not have lost. He had not been over the ground like the other riders, and not knowing the exact course of the river, had to jump it, and a gate on a bridge as well. Powell on Saladin got the better of Vivian this time, and the Marquis on his Yellow Dwarf, who looked exactly like a dun coach-horse, just beat Mason on Grimaldi for the third place. Powell did not win the light race on Lauristina, though he distinguished himself quite as much by jumping over a treble, consisting of Grimaldi, Seffert, and the fence; but the grey got up in time to be second to Vivian. It was a great day, and Mr. Davis, who gave the starting signal, brought out the staghounds as soon as the chases were over, and uncarted one of his flying haviers.

Latter Days and Death of Grimaldi.

Early in the ensuing year, Becher was again on the snaffle-mouthed Grimaldi, among the brooks near Waltham Abbey. This time he was more unfortunate than usual, as he threw his rider on to some stubbs on his stomach, and destroyed his powers of articulate speech for hours, but still he contrived to steal to them and catch them at the last fence.

The March of '36 witnessed the death of this memorable grey at St. Albans. He had hurt his back and kidneys in a grip at Uxendon a few days before, and Becher thought that he was dull, although he jumped as steadily as ever. Three hundred yards of

deep meadow finished him, and he was scarcely past the post before he reared and died. How he got through his work was a marvel, as his kidneys were proved on a *post mortem* to be one mass of congealed blood. He was a perfect fencer, and if there was a bit of sound ground he never missed it, but to the last he would never do more or less than walk into water, and all that the facetious Bill Bean could suggest as a cure was to "water him well before he started."

Flacrow and the Leamington.

"The Marquis," Lord Clanricarde, Lord Macdonald, Sir David Baird, and the Hon. Mr. Villiers were all in "the Leamington" of that year. Mr. Coke would not ride Flacrow, "because I should be beaten long before the horse," and Tom Heycock, who was his deputy, was rewarded with a golden shield for his side-board. Vivian with 7lbs. extra "went as if his head was on fire," to the lane before the last field, where he fell over a faggot, which had been kicked out of the hedge, and could scarcely rise at the last fence. Flacrow had gone like a stumped-up horse when he came out of the stable, but he soon got his legs at liberty, and Tom was cheered by the Marquis, when he caught him and passed him in the lane. "*Who is Heycock?*" said some Warwickshire men to Captain White. "*Who is he?*" replied the Captain, "*Lord Heycock of Owston, to be sure; a very old title.*"

Lottery's Beginnings.

In the same spring, Vivian literally walked over at Worcester, where everything else fell, and as the walk-over included a flight of five feet rails done with hoop-iron, and a ditch of four or five yards on the other side, it is a mercy that he ever landed on to the Pitchcroft meadows at all. His new rival, Lottery, appeared at the end of this season at Barnet with young Henry Elmore on him, and one of the strange, towering jumps at a road in which he then indulged, brought him over with a complete somersault.

Fun in the Midlands.

St. Albans closed its career soon after this, as the crowds were very unmanageable, and farmers began to be rusty about lending their ground. To its last celebration but one, Prince Paul Esterhazy gave a 100-guinea cup, in order that he might see one more steeple-chase before he left England. His Highness and Coleman had it all over again when they met at the Hampton Court Paddocks' last year, and there was the Prince at 74 and "as fond of riding and horses" as when he summoned Mr. Anderson to present him with the cup, which his Splendour had won. Although the tap-root was dead at last, the sport blossomed everywhere in the Midlands, and there was a match or two per week in the Harrow country. Vivian carried a load of penalties, and had Jerry and Cock Robin behind him at Dunchurch, but he could only contrive to repeat his second at Leamington, where he divided Jerry and Flacrow. Jerry was a tremendous horse for a severe race, but with his 12lbs. penalty he was only second to Conrad soon after at Northampton, which furnished a line of the biggest fences and brooks that living man had ever ridden over, in the country about Wootton Hill. Milton Brook was unusually swollen, and Mr. Payne lost a bet of 100*l.* to half a sovereign, that all the horses did not get over, and only one of them fell on landing. The Marquis had got another of his tremendous leads on Yellow Dwarf, but the shoemakers fairly blocked him in at one of the brooks, and he had to pull his horse into a trot. It was not done ill-temperedly on this occasion, but it was a common trick of the mob to dictate the line by "the pressure from without," and they always set their faces most decidedly against skirting, if there was a good stiff place which they wished to see negotiated.

Vivian *v.* Lottery.

Nothing more was heard of St. Albans after the December of this year, and

Midnight appropriately closed the scene. Her prospects were, however, completely obscured when her rider went to scale, as he could not draw his weight to half a pound. It was objected that the cart swayed about during the operation, but Bob Barker was not allowed to descend, and was solemnly carted in procession to Coleman's, only to try his weight once more with equal ill success. Mr. Anderson got the stakes, with Performer, and Lottery very much out of form, and ridden for the first time by the renowned Jem Mason, was third. Six weeks after "Elmore's horse" beat a good field at Barnet, and then Mason jumped a flight of bullock rails extra with him on their route to the weighing place. The McDonoughs and Oliver came out about this time; Cannon-ball, Charity, and Railroad were heard of in the West, and The Nun began to be a familiar word in Warwickshire. Lottery had not quite come to his form, and Vivian was not quite done with, and for the last time the great rivals met in April, 1838, from Drayton Grange to Flecknoe, and the one very big fence settled the question in favour of the junior.

Beginning of the Liverpool Grand National.

Liverpool began its Great National in earnest the next year, and when True Blue and Bob Barker had done Charity over the hurdles, both of them with Lottery, Seventy-Four, three of "Harkaway Ferguson's," Railroad, Cannon-ball, and The Nun were among the seventeen which answered the saddling-bell. Becher was on Conrad, and went first to get him to settle down, up to what was then a fence with double rails, and a large ditch dammed up on the off-side. The horse made a mistake and hit the rails, and in a second the gallant Captain had "formed to receive cavalry" by crouching under the bank. As for his charger he got back on the wrong side, and he lost him, and the place, although sadly degenerated, is called Becher's brook unto this day.

Leicestershire to wit. The Whissendine was the last jump that spring in the steeple-chase, which marked Lord Suffield's mastership of the Quorn. Mr. Villiers was first on Gipsy, and as the last horse had to pay the second horse's stake, there was a fine rear finish between Sir David Baird and Lord Cranstoun. Lord Desart was not satisfied at being behind Lord Waterford and his 600-guinea Sea, and attributed it entirely to his fall; but a match of 100 sovereigns from Shankton Holt to Ram's Head, that favourite old battle ground of Leicestershire, confirmed the first event.

Lottery's Zenith and Finish. The Nun held her own pretty well in the Midlands, Lottery bullied everything when he had the chance; and when Gaylad did the same, and no penalties seemed to stop them, the handicap era gradually loomed. Lottery began as Chance, and was licked into fits by Fop in a mile and a half trial; and then he was a performer at Jackson's Grounds, where The Mite and Columbine were heads and tails with him. He was a very peculiarly-made horse, short in his quarters, deep in his girth, but light in his middle and back ribs; with a perfect snaffle-bridle mouth, fine speed, and a very "trap to follow." When others could hardly rise at their fences, he seemed to jump as if from a spring-board. His jumping muscles were first brought into such high play by putting him in a ring, with flights of rails round it, and a man in the middle to keep him moving, and he perfected his jumping education with Mr. Anderson's stag-hounds. After his mistake at the Liverpool wall, he refused the first fence, a post and rails, five times at Fakenham; he showed his finest speed soon after that, when he caught Seventy-Four on the post at Leamington, and he was scratched along with Jerry, Seventy-Four and Peter Simple in the 100 sov. 25 forfeit steeple-chase, which was made up at Horncastle Fair, and which

fell to Mr. Anderson's lot with his blood-like Cigar. When Peter Simple and Gaylad came out from Lincolnshire, his reverses began. He was third to Peter at Boston, and was leading at Chelmsford when he came down in a ploughed field, and left Gaylad, who had 14lbs. extra like himself, to win it. Fit or not fit, Mr. Elmore would have him out, despite all that George Dockeray could say, and it was owing to this determination that he was enabled to pay off Gaylad soon after at Newport Pagnell. Later in the year he was beaten a length in this country by Lucks All, who was ridden in most daring style by Tom Goddard. He was giving away 29lbs., and the meadows were so flooded that no one exactly knew where the brooks began and ended, and five out of the twenty were all swimming together.

Establishment of Brocklesby Hunt Steeple-chases.

From '35 to '49, the Brocklesby men did the legitimate thing, and never "drooped and turned aside" either for a fence or a handicap. Their annual steeple-chase was for maiden horses, open to all England, and a victory or a good performance added so much to the value of their young horses, that they fetched very high prices at Horncastle. The Brocklesby Hunt Union Club was formed at Caistor in the November of the first named year, and it got under way very shortly at Rigby Slingsmere.

Tom Brooks of Croxby was its president, William Richardson and William Torr its secretary and treasurer; and old Will Smith blew his horn, as the starting signal. Lionel Holmes won the first race on a mare of Mr. Hargreaves's, and was so determined to lose no time after a fall, that he got on to her back when she was rising, and so to work once more. Flying Billy fell at the last fence but one, and lived to run for the Doncaster Cup against Touchstone, who beat him with nearly two distances in hand, to the infinite astonishment of "The Squire of Limber."

In '36, the course was paralled to Barton Street, and Cannon-ball the winner jumped a sheep-fold in a corner as his last fence but one. A lot of men were sitting there to see the finish, and they "dropped like rooks off a rail" when they found him thundering among them. Captain Becher had a mount, and fell clean out of Laceby into Aylesby Lordship, but some one lent him a fresh horse, and he got close up with the leaders again, and sung a tremendous song about Grimaldi that night, and "the stile at the top of the hill." "I'd stay longer, gentlemen," he said in conclusion, "but a mount on Vivian is too good a thing to give away," and to Egham he departed forthwith. The Old Granby at Grimsby had a still more roystering party the next year, and George Skipworth was duly congratulated on coming all his length into the winning field, and being first after all.

Valentine an old grey, which had been lame and drawn a harvest waggon, had to thank Loft's steady riding for his win in '38, against a field of twenty-one; and Gaylad was nowhere to Ormsby the next year, and Peter Simple second. Better luck attended Gaylad the second time, but Peter Simple had a mischance some distance from home. As the maiden clause had been abolished ere this, Gaylad went in a third time, but he only won by the quickness of Captain Skipworth, who saw that the winning-waggon had been moved, and wheeled his horse round so as to go on the proper side of the flag. The owner of Croxby by Velocipede had to refund, and this little affair cost the fund 140*l.* One county never sent out two finer steeple-chase champions than Gaylad and Peter Simple, but still neither of them could be said to be of the Lottery mint. Peter, for whom John Elmore offered seven hundred in vain, was a most beautiful horse to look at, and when he "paced he seemed fit to carry a king." He could go up to his

knees in dirt; but his mouth was not first-rate, and he was far too impetuous at his fences. Gaylad, on the contrary, was not the horse to catch the eye, and had a forbidding head, and was rather light through his brisket. He went fast, and flew his brooks and fences magnificently, but he was not particularly clever at timber.

Brocklesby Steeple-chases, 1842-49.

There is nothing connected with '42, except that Loft's Creeper won, and a cream-coloured colt called Paul Pry was the first entry in the mortuary tablets of the Club; and then for three years the fine, patient riding of Charles Nainby in the scarlet, had its reward on his own and his father's horses, the clever Crocus, and the two grey Tommies, Newcastle, and Northallerton. Crocus's was the last race which the second Earl of Yarboro' attended. His lordship delighted in seeing the thing done in good orthodox style, and hence the riders were all solemnly taken by way of prelude into a deep chalk-pit, to receive their instructions as to the line. Both the Tommies were sold for 200*l.* a piece, and but for a storm which prevented "Northallerton" from crossing the Humber to Beverley fair, he would have been sold for thirty some months before. In '46, Captain Skipworth did one of his best things on the hard-pulling Dubious; Lamplough crossed the Humber the next year with Salivation, and stole the race for the first time out of the district; and Mr. Oldaker wound matters up at twice, first by winning it with his Jenny Lind (when Pilot ran third), and lastly by a winning mount on Rachel. Twenty-two tried their hand against the bay mare in vain, and then the silk jackets were laid aside, and for many seasons no red flag has waved, to show the line to the lads of the Brocklesby.

The horse world of London could boast during this time of two men both equally great in their line; to

wit, "Old Tilbury" and Jack Elmore, the hunter dealers. The former lived to nearly eighty, and although he had signed no pledge, and received no pewter medal as a signet of his allegiance, there was not such a rigid teetotaller in the length and breadth of Her Majesty's dominions. He never got his full credit in this respect, seeing that the smell of ale or spirits was quite as exhilarating in its effect upon him, as if he had been in the Docks, and then he could be handicaped to give weight to most men in a story. In later life, he was generally black and all black in his attire, save and except his white neck-tie; and to the last his whole talk was of horses.

Mr. Tilbury, the Dealer.

The conventional pun upon the first syllable of the word had peculiar significance in his case, as, barring a little water when he could get nothing else, tea was the only fluid that ever passed his lips. He was always very neat in his dress, but short, and of the heavy-sternius build; and it was this peculiarity which used to call forth some funny remarks from "The Squire," when they were going from covert to covert, in those merry days when the two Georges, equally great in their line, ruled at Windsor and Quorn.

His Class of Horses.

He was never much of a rider across country, and perhaps not a first-class judge of a horse. As a general thing he seemed to go for horses of a certain power and substance, which would either frame into hunters or machiners, or as he used to put it, "if there was not one there was the other." When he first began, he had a little wheelwright's shop in Bryanston-street, Edgeware-road, and let out buggy horses. From this humble spot, he went on to South-street, the scene of his fine tilbury trade, and rising at last into all his glory in Mount-street, began to let out hunters, and took a farm at Elstree, three miles beyond Edgeware. After that, he took 200 acres at the Dove House, Pinner, which

afforded plenty of exercise and larking ground, of which his aid-de-camps, Newcome and Jim Mason (whom Bill Bean claims to have led over his first flight of park palings), and Jim Payne availed themselves to the full. Mat Milton, who was wont to say, that if he did lose his horse in the hunting-field, he could always "*pay five or six stout fellows and run him down*," was then at the head of the crack hunter business in Piccadilly; but Tilbury's stud, many of which were purchased from the Elmores, was never under seventy. He would let them by the day or the season, and Count Matuschevitz and Mr. Harvey Combe opened very paying accounts with him. In fact, many of his sixty-pound horses would earn their fifty guineas per season, and if any accident happened, he had always another ready to send down. They were picketted out everywhere, all over the Midlands, but principally at Melton and Northampton; and he would ride enormous distances, week after week, looking them up and making arrangements about proxies.

He also did a little in the steeple-chase line with his Culverthorpe, Prospero, and Tomboy, when Vivian, Cigar, and Lottery had brought up matters to a white heat; but he left off on the wrong side, both in this and his hunter dealing. The latter sadly dwindled a few years before his death in 1860. Mount-street and a few common stamp horses still remained, with a small farm at Thatch End, adjoining the Pinner acres of his more glorious days; but the younger generation knew him not, and went elsewhere for their hunters.

On the box it might truly be said of him that—

"Difficulties prove a soul legitimately great."

His Coachmanship.

As a four-in-hand whip he had no particular pretensions; but his delight was to have two raw young things in a break or a curricle,

and drive them in and out of places and along thoroughfares which hardly any coachman, with the most metallic nerves, would have dared to essay. "*Such hands*," as a good whip once said to us, "*never let them begin kicking; knew just when to stop them to a yard.*" If a young horse would not go on, he would sit as calm as a Mohawk Chief, biding his time. To take his tilbury into a field, and turn it neatly over, and step out of it, without the horse falling, was another sleight-of-hand diversion with the ribbons to which he was peculiarly partial. He had all the quiet manner of the old school, and was very full of anecdotes, which of course grew on as his life-shadows lengthened, till one or two of them became perfect sea-serpents. To the last he was faithful to the one about the two foreigners who hired horses from him to meet Her Majesty's at "The Three Magpies" on Hounslow Heath. Their horses were so beaten when they left off near Red Hill, that they were obliged to leave them and get a post-chaise. Then came the difficulty, which Mr. Tilbury told with appropriate action and streaming eyes. They had forgotten the name of the inn where they had left their hacks, and they only knew that it had to do with a bird. "*Drive us to the Pigons*," they said, "*de birds of colour; you do know—de black and white Pigons*," till they had utterly bewildered and exasperated their postboy, and were only helped out of the dilemma by a friendly scarlet.

The Two Frenchmen and the Three Pigeons.

William Elmore, the father of the three brothers' George, John, and Adam, settled in Hampshire, and came up to town only once a week latterly. He was a very big man, so much so that he used to tell a story of a countryman, who could not be persuaded to tell him and his fat friend which way the hounds had gone. "*You don't want the hounds*," he said, forking the dung into his cart all the time, with the most provoking coolness, "*you'd*

The Elmores.

better both send your guts on by the waggon afore you go after them." Upon the subject of dressing, he was particular and sensitive, and equally so upon having a beefsteak pudding always ready for him on his return from hunting. Once when he did not appear till twelve o'clock, it had been disposed of in the household supper, but his peremptory orders from that day forth were, to this effect, "*If I'm away for a week, never take the pudding out of the pot!*"

The Elmores as Hunter Dealers.

His son John was like him, rather a *bon vivant*, and inherited many more of his ways. George, the elder brother, and the master of the concern, was a quiet man, and hated steeplechasing, but left his brothers to do pretty much as they liked. He simply said that the more they spent, the less there would be for them at his death. John was a better driver, but not such a good rider as Adam, who had wonderfully fine "show hands," and an imposing figure on a horse. Still he was not equal as a salesman to his brother, but quite the best buyer, so that their special talents blended exactly, and for many years they had quite a first-class business. Their head man, Old John Haynes, with his bent leg and top-boots, went hopping about to all the country fairs, and knew every likely farmer and breeder in the Midlands. He also took Worcestershire and Shropshire in his rounds, with all the sagacity of a truffle hunter; and never seemed to think that his masters could purchase enough. It was no argument in his eyes that the cheque-book could stand no more. In those days before the rail, George Odell, Catlin, Sam Wilson, and the Drages used to buy up young horses in Yorkshire, and place them out with the Northamptonshire and Leicestershire farmers for a year or two, to be got handy, and it was on these fives and sixes, that the Elmores pounced at the Midland county fairs. Now, they are bought in

Yorkshire as threes and fours, and railed up at once; and all the grand middle education is lost. The firm removed from Duke-street, Manchester-square, to John-street, Edgeware-road, and after George's death in 1845, Adam stayed on there, and kept on the foreign trade, while John exchanged Neasdon for Uxendon, which he soon fitted up with a steeple-chase course, and cared very little more about business.

John Elmore at Home.

In his heyday, he was fully sixteen stone; but a slow consumption had gradually worn him down to about nine-stone-eight; and those friends who remembered so well his once florid and portly presence, hardly knew him again towards the close. He once farmed nearly a thousand acres, but latterly he held only one farm of about half that amount. As a judge of horses, and steeple-chasers in particular, he had no superior. A clever pony he dearly loved; and even the rough, hairy-heeled ones, which he did his farming on, had a character peculiarly their own. One of them would get over a fence, and regularly wait for him to follow and seize it by the tail, so as to be dragged up the bank on the "off-side." Like many of the old school, he was also right fond of a bit of cocking, and fought many a quiet "in-go" during the London season.

John Elmore's Stories.

He was the best of companions, and with some good story to tell of every horse or sporting man that could be named. One of Carlin the steeple-chase jockey especially delighted him. "*Where have you been to?*" he said when that worthy did not arrive till some minutes after the ruck. "*Been to, Mr. Elmore?*" was the reply; "*I had a fall, and a fellow called me an old brick-maker, and asked me where I was taking all the clay away to with me; so I stopped and had a fight with him, and so would you.*" Carlin was equally ready to account for

his absence on another occasion. "*You told me,*" said he, "*to leave it all to the horse, and I trusted to his honour, and he put me down—that's a pretty thing.*" One about Bob * * * * * * pleased him still more. Bob had sat up too late with his friends, after ordering himself to be called early next morning, and before putting him to bed they had amused themselves with shaving his head. Not being very particular in his toilet, he never got a view of himself till he came to breakfast, opposite the pier-glass in the coffee-room. He had the presence of mind to grasp the bell-handle and summon the waiter. "*Waiter,*" he said, "*where's that fool of a boots? He's gone and called the bald-headed old gentleman in the next room; and he's never called Bob* * * * * * at all!" This story has been told in a variety of ways, but Bob was, we believe, the great original of it.

Stag-hound Diplomacy.

It was always "*my dear boy,*" when John Elmore wanted to impress an opinion on you; and to disbelieve him seemed treason. It was said of an eminent manager, that he had a voice which could lure a bird from a tree; and, as a friend of John Elmore's once said to us, "*If John had done me out of ten thousand, I couldn't have found it in my heart to blame him.*" The farmers, during the time he kept his stag-hounds, would occasionally arrive at the farm, boiling over with a sense of injury to their crops; but the interview generally ended in their stopping to make an evening of it; and then assuring him, at parting, that they would take it as a personal insult if he did not continue to pursue the very same line of conduct they had come to protest against. He was a great favourite with them, and was, in fact, almost free to hunt his stags for miles round Harrow without being harassed with trespass notices.

"The stag-hounds" were half blood and half fox-hound, and perfectly indifferent as to whether they

had deer or hare in front of them; and he took to them the season after Mr. Anderson gave up his. He seldom kept more than half-a-dozen, and a brace and a half of stags; but they went at it the moment the hay was off the ground, and would often be seen tolling along through crops of standing beans. He was a good horseman, but very excitable in a run; and the time to see him go best was when he turned out his second deer for a lark after luncheon. None went better with Mr. De Burgh's; and occasionally he would have a day with the Queen's, or change to fox with the Old Surrey and Lord Dacre's, and then spend a month at a time in Hampshire. His last hunter was Paddy, a very excellent horse under his weight, but a great savage in the stable.

Some years ago, when he had quite ceased to take a fence, he would go wonderfully on his fourteen-hand ponies, always the very best of their kind, whenever the Queen's came into the Harrow and Barnet country, and dash down lanes, however rough, with an energy which the most inveterate road-professors could only envy, and not dare to imitate in its integrity. If any of his horses had a thorn, he didn't care how big the leg got; but he sent them hunting, to make it suppurate and come out.

Nothing pleased him better than to set five or six of his friends larking as they rode back from hunting by the side of the road, and to halloo at them all the way. Those were days when he was in full health; but for the last few years one lung had entirely gone. When he wanted his horses trained, he would invariably put his stable lads on them in red spencers, and watch them while they jumped everything before them with hounds; and it was thus that The British Yeoman "got into a fine practice."

Larking with Lottery.

Grimaldi, Lottery, Jerry, Gaylad, The Weaver, Sam Weller, and British Yeo-

man bore the "blue and black cap," in turn; but Lottery was the only one he cared to talk much about. His friends used to laugh at this "Horncastle horse," who was lamed with larking the day he got him, but he always said, "*You may laugh—you'll see it come out;*" and well was his patience rewarded. When the horse had ceased to defy creation with Jem Mason under thirteen-stone-seven, if ever a friend went down for an afternoon, with "Jack" to Uxendon, he would order him to be saddled. "*Hang it!*" he would say, "*have you never been on the old horse?—get up!*" and be the ground ever so hard, or the fences ever so blind, he would insist on their backing him, one after the other, if there were half-a-dozen of them. He would turn him over anything; and occasionally it would be the iron hurdles between the garden and the paddock, or, for lack of a handier fence, he would put the rustic garden chairs together.

He was in his sixty-sixth year when he died; and with him and "The Marquis"—the two original props—professional and amateur—of the steeple-chase have gone from amongst us. In these poor-spirited days, when too many owners think "the grasshopper a burden" in the shape of 10st. 7lbs., and rope away till they can blind the handicapper into a stone less, we may well wish for a particle of the spirit which brought the Uxendon and Curraghmore blues into "the tented field," and made even St. Albans a place of real spirit and renown.

CHAPTER V.

HORN AND HOUND.

"And Alvanley, too, shall Meltonia forget thee,
Oh! never while wit and wine have a charm;
Thou, too, wilt return, blithe as ever we met thee,
And with joke, fun, and glee still old Sorrow disarm;
And Chesterfield, too, and our honoured De Wilton,
With Plymouth and Stanley shall come in their train:
And the Lord of the Chase and the Monarch of Melton
Shall be Harry of Ribstone—success to his reign."

Visit to Joe Hewitt.

"YOU should go and see my old friend Joe Hewitt," said an *M. F. H.* to us; "I hear he's been giving them a capital lecture on foxhunting at Mexborough." The advice was too good to be lost, so away we strode from Doncaster on a January afternoon, down the short cut through that hazel cover, under the Conisboro' cliff, past the British School, whose rafters, on the testimony of the villagers, had rung again on that memorable night when Joe found his fox therein, and killed, after a brilliant burst of five-and-thirty minutes, from "The Platform Wood," and on to the lecturer's lair. He was full forty when he went to hunt Sir Jacob Astley's stag-hounds, in Norfolk, and that was in 1820; but age had, in 1860, told but little on his tall, active frame. The walls of his snug little home reflect the triple phases of his hunting life. Two stags' heads hang in the ante-chamber; Joe himself is on Paddy, with the Badsworth Watchman, and Ranter, Cottager, and Glider from Lord Scarborough's at his side; and a stout man, in a buff waistcoat,

with gaiters, and a dog-whip, is neither more nor less than the Mr. Frank Fawkes of his harrier days.

Service under Mr. Frank Fawkes.

It was just 5 to 1 on Joe in his good master's mind, and he was butler, groom, gamekeeper, valet and huntsman to him. They had not many horses between them; but still the stable cleared 500*l.* in seven years. Scarlet was the livery of the hunt, and they used the privilege to the full, by never whipping off if they crossed the line of a fox. They gave one such a dusting from Hickleton Spinneys, that Lord Darlington expressed a lively belief to Joe, that "*you'll come into my dining-room, at Bilham, next.*" And Joe did arrive there shortly after. His lordship had run a fox to ground at Barnboro' Grange, and asked Joe to dig him out and bring him to Bilham. Late in the evening, Joe was duly announced, with "Charley" in a sack, and after showing his prisoner to the Duchess and the family, dismissed him from the front door to his old head of earths. Colonel Mellish cared quite as much, if not more, for the harriers than the Darlington and the Rufford; and mounted on the brown Lancaster, he kept the field alive. And so for seven seasons "Joe" used to make the hares tender on Mexboro' side, with old Master Franky's harriers, and "prepare them for the spit by the inflammatory process of an hour's run, with a ten minutes burst at the finish."

Joe Stag-hunting in Norfolk.

Two years after this merry little pack was given up (in consequence of Mr. Fawkes's death in '18) Joe departed to Sir Jacob Astley's staghounds, with Bill Turpin and Jim Shirley as his whips, and half the country came to see his first day. The stag took at once to a creek, and Joe's jump over it on Paddy, eight yards, and rotten banks on both sides, "put him right in Norfolk." Still they never expected to behold him again. He wound his way over quicksands, where horse and rider had never

ventured before, on the beach between Morston and Wells, and only just got back with his hounds when he had seen the deer picked up by a boat, before the creek filled again. In token of his jump, and his restoration to them, after their terrible suspense, the field filled his pockets with silver, till he could hardly button his coat. Mr. Coke went specially to see the place, and introduced Joe to the Duke of Sussex and Sir Francis Burdett at the next Holkham sheep-shearing, with "*There's a fellow who's done such a thing as has never been done in this county before.*"

Fox hunting in Norfolk.

After a couple of seasons Sir Jacob turned to fox-hunting and did it well for ten seasons, four days a week. The Burrow Kennels soon had seventy couple in them, and a hundred and fifty foxes were got together, in paddocks near Melton Constable, and kept there for four months. Mr. Coke was very friendly, and told Sir Jacob to quarter any quantity he liked on Holkham, so they took him at his word, and turned down ten brace at his front door. Still well disposed as the great landlord might be, they were "taken care of" by some one, and scarcely two brace were ever hallooed away again.

A New Light on Fox-hunting.

The steward at Gawdy Hall, which is just on the Suffolk border, was well disposed; but had only been entered to pheasant and rabbits. Trusting to his natural instincts, the first time Sir Jacob met there, he rode furiously down the road the moment he espied Joe and the hounds, and called out, "*You're too late, huntsman, I've got all my men together to beat the cover, and we've found such a beautiful fox.*" He seemed to feel that he had acted so prudently, and so strictly with a view to sport, that as there was no help for it, Joe swallowed his feelings, and did not care to undeceive him, but simply inquired the line. It seemed a nice one over grass to a wood, and there was comfort in the hope that the fox might

wait there. Sir Jacob and the officers from the Norwich barracks did not dwell much at breakfast after the startling news of that morning, and they were soon out of the Hall, and into the saddle. Luck was on their side; one or two hounds feathered, and spoke to their fox when Joe held them on the line; they dressed him for five-and-twenty minutes in the wood, and ran into him over a fine open country almost without a check.

Fox-hunting Lecture.

Still, even this anecdote of the dark ages of Norfolk did not satisfy us. We had come specially to hear the lecture, and as we had been duly told that he had "a most humoursome voice in drawing covers," we persevered till the horn came down. When the lecture did begin, and Joe was finding and then breaking up his fox, we sat aghast at the pent-up volume of sound, the perfect cave of Œolus, whose blasts we had let loose on that quiet street, and hardly dared to calculate the effect upon "rurals" and passers-by. Clogs seemed to come with measured steps as far as the garden-gate, and then become suddenly spell-bound. Joe's own head was his manuscript, and always has been, and a mere skeleton abstract was the only result of our pencil attempts to follow him.

"If I had a piano," he said, "I could make a devilish good run of it, and give plenty of music to it; the piano should do the hounds. I begin with a single hound, then two, and so keep increasing. That's '*The try*' we don't find; then we try another cover. *Yooi in, yoicks! yoicks! Push him up!* one hound speaks. In that case, I should give the piano a single tap. I should then call, if it was a hound we could depend upon, *Hark! hark!* to such an one; if it still continues, and there's a fox on foot, *Hark! hark! To Watchman! Hark!* There I want the piano for the body of the hounds. *Hark! Get together! Push him up! Hooi!* that puts their mettle up.

"There's a *view halloo* [and indeed it was one, more clogs seemed to be arrested in their course, and we heard voices]—this is just the way, only shorter, that I gave it them in the British School; if there's a view halloo, then comes *Gone-away! Hark forward!* Now, you must begin with the piano, it should make the hounds; now I carry a great head. *Bless you,* gentlemen! Hold hard! Yoi Gaurt! Come back!* You see the hard riders have pressed the hounds too much, and they've overrun the line; as soon as you see your dashing hounds taking the lead, and your best hounds slackening, you may depend on it things are not all right. *El-loo back!*

"*Now, gentlemen, do hold hard!* You try back, and generally make it out if well up; *Yokes!* there's a chirrup; now I want the piano; there's another chirrup; I want two strokes; the whole body are sensible of it. *Have at 'em, my little fellows!* what's leading? I say *Hark to Rantor*, or such an one; then the whips and the piano go to work, and I carry a great head till we kill. We're in a wheatfield now. *Bless you, gentlemen, do keep furrows!* Now we view—*that's a Dead Halloo* [and thankful indeed we were that the whole village did not turn out at the summons]. I get the fox, and keep him up, hollering to get stragglers together. Then I told them about Madcap; she was keen, she jumped up and got hold of my ear; don't you see the mark? *you can feel a little knob there;* I could have kissed her to see her so anxious. That's the way the lecture goes on, I can draw it out any length that's desirable. I gave them another lecture about my visit to Raby Castle. I saw the Duke; his Grace remembered that fox and sack business at Bilham, though I hadn't seen him for fifty-two years."

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* According to the accounts in the *Old Sporting Magazine*, a more courteous huntsman never blew up a horn or a man.

So much for Mexboro' and its cheery lecturer!

The closing and opening decades of the two centuries found hunting sound to the core. Meynell was "King of Quorn." Tom Oldaker, of "Huntsman's Hall," in his yellow plush coat almost to his ankles, woke up the beech woods of Chilton and the wild ridings of Easthamstead, with the three sharp bugle notes, which told that he had gone away, and the still more tuneful *La Mort*. The lady of Hatfield was first in the field, and last at the ball. Mr. Coke's hounds hovered between Castle Hedingham, Holkham, and Epping. The Duke of Grafton's dwarf pack were busy in Salcey Forest and the vast Whittlebury woodlands. Dick Knight's cheer was heard in Sywell Wood, and foxes were dying an honourable death of old age in Bedford Purlieus, despite all the talent of Will Dean. Petworth, Woburn, Brocklesbury, and Belvoir, had each a family pack; and Cheshire mourned for its Bluecap, to which it subsequently erected an obelisk. Tom Grant was getting up and down the hills of Sussex like a flash on his chamois-footed steeds. Mr. Chute took everything that was too small for Tom, and kept up the glories of The Vine, which "The Iron Duke" nurtured so well in after years, and three times saved from grief. Lord Stawell was in the Holt Forest country, and Mr. St. John gradually changed back from hare to fox. Mr. Poyntz looked upon the killing of a May fox and a dance round the May-pole, when the Prince was at Albury Grange, as two vital points before he returned to Cowdray. The hounds and Tom Crane were always kept on the right of the line, whenever the army changed quarters in the Peninsula; and later still with Burdett, Whitbread, Canning, and Romilly, as the line-hunters in St. Stephens.

Fox-hunting, 1790-1810.

"The sport of all sport was reserved for the day,
When out of a bag they turned Lord Castlereagh."

The Late Earl of Darlington.

The Earl of Darlington was long the Nimrod of the North, "with his chin sticking out, and his cap on one ear." Many of the old hands still speak of him as always having his finger in his ear, or his cap in his hand, and consider that his hunting was conducted on no especial system. "He was all for riding, and four couple of hounds in front, and the rest coming as they could, was the general order of things." The stud, which was headed by the grey Ralph, whose skin still covers an arm chair at Raby, was first-rate, and worthy of their master. His lordship came into the Badsworth country each spring and autumn for six weeks at a time, and as he had finished his own cub-hunting before the autumn visit, his hounds, which had been well blooded, pulled down the foxes wholesale.

Squire Draper.

Squire Draper of Beswick and King's Huntsman for the East-Riding, has still a strong traditional fame in Yorkshire. Foxes were destroying the lambs to a great extent in 1726 when he began his operations, and Sir Mark Constable was one of his chief supporters. He had only 700*l.* a year wherewith to keep up his old Hall, and was blessed with three daughters and eleven sons. Kickshaws he eschewed, and once a month he killed an ox for roasting and salting. "All the brushes in Christendom" was his chosen toast, after he had drunk "King and Constitution," and a leathern girdle round his drab coat and a rusty velvet cap were his royal insignia of office. The general effect could not have been impressive, as a tailor who had come over from York to measure the Miss Drapers for new hunting-habits, did not guess him at his front-door, and he most rigidly exacted twopence for holding the horse. On another occasion when one of the same order came over equipped for riding, and said that he had left his horse elsewhere, he insisted on accompanying him to it, and made him confess at the end of a two or

three miles' walk, that his boots and whip were a pious fraud. He was a little caustic in his humour, and considered from what he had seen in his visit to the metropolis that "a Yorkshire haft" could at least hold its own. The drains of Holderness also suggest how he declined to assist a sufferer, on the short ground that he was "a whipper-in, and not a whipper-out." His daughter Diana, a regular "Di Vernon" in her way, had a rare voice and eye to hounds, but died after many perils in her virgin bed, at a good old age at York, and she is buried with him at Market-Weighton.

The Yorkshire Wolds.

Ash, "the weed of the Wolds," had not begun to flourish in the old man's time. Beyond a few solitary elms and beeches, and an occasional belt of firs, there was hardly a tree to be seen on his vast hunting grounds of hill, valley, and morass. Except round the village garths, there was not a gate between Market-Weighton and Beverley. The Wolds were covered with ling, to which the bee-wives carried their swarms in order to reflect its perfume and dark colour in the honey; but there was not cover enough for ten miles round Sledmere to hide a goose, much less a travelling fox. The land was worth two-and-sixpence an acre, and had hard work to pay that. Barley for future "Haver Cake Lads" was its only white crop, and big-boned, and flat-sided black and whites very faintly foreshadowed the era of the "Driffield Cow," which was almost as wonderful in its generation as the guinea-hen which hunted running and flying with the Castle Howard hounds.

The Wold Hunts.

The title-deeds of the Middleton hunt date back nearly 100 years, and seven separate masters, and a triumvirate consisting of Earl Carlisle, Lord Middleton, and Mr. Crompton owned them till Sir Mark Sykes purchased them from the first Lord Feversham in 1804, and hunted them for

two seasons at his own expense. The coats of the Club had light blue collars with a silver fox, and "*Sykes, Gone away!*" on the buttons; and Sir Mark mounted his men on Camilluces and Scrivingtons, many of his own breeding. The hounds were valued at 300 guineas, when Mr. Watt and Mr. Digby Legard formed a second triumvirate with Sir Mark, and after a Middleton interregnum, Sir Tatton took them in 1811, and held them with only a two-season break for two-and-forty years. Old Will Carter and his son Tom Carter were huntsman and first whip, and as Mr. Bethel and his successor had given up Holderness, Sir Tatton's country extended from Coxwold to Spurn Point. They always hunted on the Wednesday in the York country; and Sir Tatton (who was laying in a hunter stud from four Camilius mares), used to leave Sledmere in the dark, get on his hunter at Eddlethorpe, and often ride forty miles home.

The Sykes Hounds.

Every March and November Sir Tatton went to the Brandsburton Kennels to work the Holderness side, which he held for four seasons, till the Holderness Hunt was established, and Martin Hawke and George Osbaldeston, who then lived at Hutton Bushell, were the very life of the Hunt Club at Beverley. The election spirit, which ran so high in those days, did not penetrate within the walls of The Tiger. It made no matter to the Club, that a hare with a blue ribbon and "No Popery" round its neck was sent to every one of the plumpers on one side; or that a fair electioneerer, who had expressed a wish to be a man for a moment, that she might pull a rubicund opponent's nose, received as her answer, "*You are welcome to do so, Mam, but it will burn your fingers!*" The young "Squire" was fresh from Brasenose, and if some clever cork-cutters had not lived near the bridge at York, and by their joint efforts promptly put in his neck after

a tumble, that greatest and most versatile of all sporting careers would have been quenched very early.

The Badsworth.

A season under Mr. Musters and two under Sir Bellingham Graham, brings the Badsworth up to the era of Mr. "Tom Hodgson," about 1817. Sir Bellingham left him twelve couple of hounds and three horses as a nest egg, and he purchased several couple of hounds from the Duke of Leeds, and kept the pack at Thorpe.

Engagement of Will Danby.

Will Danby had been with the Badsworth during part of Mr. Hodgson's mastership, and Jack Richards, Mr. Petre's huntsman, was so sure that he was just the man to work Holderness, that he wrote him to go over to Snydale, and apply for the place. Will was then with some harriers near Halifax, and on the first non-hunting day he set off at three A.M. in his topboots, and at nine he stood before Mr. Hodgson. The energy of the man delighted him, and when he heard Will declare that "*the distance mattered nowt*," it was a bargain at a guinea a week; and Will walked back again the two-and-twenty miles, but "with a much lighter heart," to give his week's notice.

Waifs and Strays for Holderness.

To get the hounds together was the next object. Before his draft was ready, Mr. Foljambe sent to say, "I know you'll take waifs and strays, so you're welcome to a young hound which has come to my kennel." It was duly sent in the boot of the coach and lost, and yet, utterly strange as it was to the country, it came straight to Snydale, and was called Sensible in consequence. Young Will Carter happened to see it, and the moment his memory was confirmed by the ear mark, he challenged it as "Sister to our Driver." Still he begged Mr. Hodgson to tell his brother Tom nothing about it, as he has "far more than he can work." Ranter and Rosebud were all that Tom could spare in addition;

but Sir William Gerard, Mr. Foljambe, and The Badsworth sent in some fourteen or fifteen couple. Ranter was rather undersized, but a rare hound; and although Badsworth Reginald could hardly crawl into Holderness, from lameness, and was nearly hung on the road, he gradually worked himself sound.

Kennel Building.

In his time, Mr. Hodgson has built six kennels, and the lady pack of twenty couple which he sold to Lord Ducie for 1000 guineas at his Quorn sale, were kennelled for a whole summer in a transmuted hovel at Snydale. It did not look worth as many pence, and has since then been the birthplace of Prologue and Virgilius, and the shelter of the old grey hunting mare Twilight. The last kennel he had a hand in was at Whiston, near Rotherham, in conjunction with Sir George Sitwell, who was "Master of the horse." Mr. Foljambe gave up part of his country to him; but Lord Scarborough took the whole, and bought the pack from Mr. Hodgson when the veteran became the West Riding Registrar of Deeds at the end of his second season after leaving the Quorn country.

Life in Holderness.

During Mr. Hodgson's sixteen seasons in Holderness, the hounds changed their kennels three times. Their first was at the Rose and Crown, Beverley, and then they were removed to other kennels in the town, and finally to Mr. Watt's, at Bishop Burton. The subscription never exceeded a thousand a year, and for the first two seasons, it was barely 800*l.* for four days a week. At one time the work was so hard, that Mr. Hodgson and Will between them had only two horses that could get out of the stable at all. As Will said, they were "*never bet yet;*" but when a bye-day was asked for as well, Mr. Hodgson stood firm, on the ground that it took "horses of cast-iron, hounds of steel, and men of India-rubber" to achieve what they were doing already. There were

never more than 36 couple of hounds in kennel; and although the horses were only thirty-pounders to begin with, two of them sold for 130*l.* and 160*l.* at Quorn, after Mr. Hodgson had got five or six seasons out of them. Comical by Comus, and the gift of Mr. William Maxwell (the present Lord Herries) carried him for ten. Once he was scarcely off his back for fifteen hours, and when his master's reign in Holderness and Leicestershire was over, the old black found honourable burial under an oak tree in Everingham Park.

Will stipulated on going, as he did when he joined the York and Ainsty as huntsman, that he was not to wear gills; and the sport did not suffer in either case by his resolve. His speeches were not so caustic as that of a celebrated brother-chip, who sat on his horse in the middle of a heavily top-dressed field, and observed, "*I've had fourteen boiling-house lectures, and I shall now proceed to hunt my way out of this* 100-*acre field on purely scientific principles*;" but they were always straight to the point. On the legitimate duties and responsibility of the Legislature, his views were not expansive. "*Mr.* —— *is to be a Member of Parliament, Will!*" said one of the hunt, as he was riding home with the hounds. "*Is 'er*," replied Will. "*Well, he's good for nowt else.*" Again, when a black coat, whose horse was rather staring in his coat and hips sought counsel with him upon the matter, he clenched it with, "*I think Mr.* ——, *you must keep your horse on chopped sarmons.*" Nothing could induce him to have his portrait taken, and when the ladies asked him to sit, he put the question by, and said he was not handsome enough. At last Mr. Hodgson conspired against him on this point, and having decoyed him into treeing a fox, he held him so long, and gripped him so fast as he sat astride of his shoulders, that he got into a sketch-book irrevocably in this highly-favoured position.

Will Danby's Sayings.

Dreams of the Chase.

Master and man often rode five-and-twenty miles to cover, and early in the spring, Will hallooed a fox away from Wassand Wood, as the church clock was striking seven. Mr. Hodgson called to give Mr. Constable notice, but found the soup and fish on the table, and retired without him to the enjoyment of a merry kill by moonlight. This was nothing either to him or Will, as they invariably "hunted in dreams," and Mr. Hodgson had one of the most remarkable import at Bishop Burton. Will had drawn sixteen couple of the best dog hounds, to go into the Brandsburton country as usual; when to his surprise, his master appeared at daybreak and said, "*We must take old Melody with us, Will. I've had a dream; she must go, or we shan't get our fox.*" "*She'll disgrace us, sir,*" replied Will, in the blankest astonishment, as her toes were all down, and she was so nearly worn out that she had not hunted five days that season; but Mr. Hodgson stood firm. A fox was found in Dringhoe, and was lost beyond Wassand, after running across the finest part of the country. Melody came on the line as she could, and was of course missing when they checked. They could make nothing out, and Will had held them forward past a drain, where a fox had gone to ground two seasons before, when Mr. Hodgson bethought himself to trot back. In a minute or two he heard Melody's short yap in it, and digging up to her they found that she was baying her fox, and almost touching him. Lavender was another of Mr. Hodgson's handmaids, and so resolute, that when her master saw his pack carry a tremendous head to the top of Bempton Cliff, his heart quite failed, and he knew that she must be over. His prophetic mind was so convinced on the point that he pulled up, and went sadly home, dreading to hear the end. Luckily only six went over, but she was one. The late Ned Oxtoby, the first whip, and a very valued servant of Mr. Hodgson's was equal to the occasion.

He peeped over the edge of the cliff, and saw three hounds lying dead near the fox, and the others bruised, and yelping on the most remarkable crevices. By the aid of a rope, he brought up Lavender and another, but a ledge prevented him from getting at Romulus, and he left him with an aching heart, for the sea-gulls. When he looked at the place afterwards in cool blood, he declared that 100*l.* a year for life wouldn't have tempted him to go down. The reward was worth the risk, as a couple of Lavender's eight puppies lived, and at the end of twenty miles, Will Webb, who was then huntsman, saw the hounds swaggering over a new arrival, and guessed that it was Romulus, who had backed himself up a cliff almost as steep as a house side.

Holderness Foxes.

The Holderness foxes of that period were generally long, and dark-coloured in the low country, while those on the wolds, which Mr. Hodgson handled with his lady pack, were rather bigger, and lighter in their coats. Five were found in a rape-field, near Roos, which they drew four times that day. One was chopped to begin with, by being caught in a sheep-net, and the four others furnished runs of different duration from five-and-twenty to ten minutes. As regards foxes' habits, Mr. Hodgson was a perfect Buffon. On one occasion he sent his horse to a farm-house, and lay "stretched many a rood" in a dry ditch for hours, to see the vixen come and move nine cubs, which had been disturbed. When she did come, she proved to be the largest he had ever seen; but two magpies were chattering above her, and discomfited her so much, that she would not go up to them that night, and that long vigil was void. However, a sentinel was found, and his report was that she moved them to the opposite side of the field before daybreak, in lots of three at a time. Again he was summoned to a consultation by a farmer at Lowthorp, to come over and see thirteen cubs. His man had disturbed them on ploughing a headland, and taken seven out of

one angle of the earth, and six out of the other, both of which had only one common entrance. They were put in a stable with a half-door, and a lad sat up all night in the opposite granary, to pull the top part to, in case the dams came to them. Although the stable was half a mile from the earth, he had not to watch long; but the tarred string with which the door was tied, seemed to make them suspicious, and after scratching for nearly an hour at the bottom of the door they departed, and never came again.

Mr. Hodgson's Scurry Stakes at Beverley.

Strychnined-rabbits and traps were then happily unknown in Holderness, and farming men, with "master's compliments," and consignments of stub-bred foxes and cubs were perpetually arriving at the kennels, to await further orders. On one occasion a litter was dug up at Sigglesthorne, and the farmer came with them himself. "I will show you what I do with them," said Mr. Hodgson, and when Will had mealed them well, the trio adjourned from Bishop Burton to the bottom of the *Y.Y.C.* at Beverley, with their burden in a couple of sacks. All four foxes ran together up the course, head and head, to the stand, as straight as if they were going down a furrow at Dringhoe, and then the old fox drew away from them, and straight to Bishop Burton Woods, while the others bent to the right.

Mr. Hodgson would never bolt a fox till he had been made safe, but on one occasion, he felt specially glad to let his fox have a second chance for its life. He had run one to ground in Sir Tatton's country, and was taking his hounds away, when the ladies and the gardeners arrived armed with pickaxe and spade, and full of complaints about peacock and guinea-hen slaughter. In vain did Mr. Hodgson propound to them, in his most chivalrous tones, the whole law of hunting on the point. His learning and sophistry availed him nothing. The fox was a regular ticket-

of-leave offender, and they declared that if the digging occupied all night they would have him, and "the imminent deadly breach" began. There was only one chance of foiling them politely, and Mr. Hodgson descending from his horse in his legal agony and leggings, commenced stamping wildly on the top of the earth, and succeeded in bolting him, and then bolted himself. However, he was enabled to send back the brush and mask to his fair persecutors, at the end of an hour; and his treachery was condoned. Still, as the ground had been opened he felt bound to lay their conduct before Sir Tatton. The baronet had deftly apologized for his hunter's rudeness in jumping away when the lady of Thorpe Hall came out to speak to him, by saying that "*it had never seen anything so handsome before;*" and his dictum in this equally difficult case was as follows:—"*Dear Hodgson,—Whenever the ladies tempt you to do anything wrong, get out of their way.*"

Practical Jokes in Holderness.

These were not Mr. Hodgson's only difficulties. An East Riding veteran remembers why he did not care to sleep at The Tiger again, when its merry club were having a night of it in the next room, with Sir Bellingham and Mr. Hodgson at their head, but the latter was the victim of many plots in turn. They stuffed his horn so full of egg and buttered toast, that, although he showed them a capital run from Kilnwick Percy, he could not give them a note on finding. Again, with Mr. Foljambe as the principal, they disappointed him most grievously when he looked for blood. A Bessingby fox had gone to ground in a head of rabbit holes near Carnaby, and as it was rather a dragging day, a few scarlets agreed to stop and dig him out, when Mr. Hodgson went to draw elsewhere. "*We've got him,*" shouted Mr. Foljambe, when he returned, "*in that sack; I know you don't like much law, I'll take the sack myself, and go into the middle of that grass field,*

and give you a famous start." The sack was accordingly held up, shaken, and emptied. Alas! the hounds were still more disgusted than Lord Middleton's, when they were racing half a century ago for their fox from Kexby Wood, and threw up at a stuffed one, which was put to frighten carrion,—as they ran for nothing but an empty pie-dish, some plates, and a mutton bone. The party had sent for a capital lunch from Bessingby, and had never dug a yard.

The Biter Bit.

On another occasion Mr. Hodgson went to bed at eleven after a very hard day, and forgot to bolt the door. He was in his first sleep, when he suddenly became conscious of what seemed like a hairy pillow at the foot of the bed, and waking out of a sweet dream of Dringhoe and Blacksmith Gorse, viewed a party of his friends dressed in hats and scarlets for the occasion, and with spades and pickaxes in their hands, just putting in a terrier at the foot of the bed, to draw a tame fox. "*I know he's here, Will; I saw him go in,*" said one in true Hodgsonian tones; but their victim waited to hear no more, and in an instant the Gentleman in White dashed out into the passage, and tried the first head of earths he could get to. The wife of one of the scarlet conspirators, who had been listening for the "*Gone away!*" just got her bedroom door bolted in time, and he went to ground in Lord Hawke's earth. In vain did the unhappy bachelor beg to be let in. The key was turned for the night, and "*No, no! go on with the digging; there's clean litter in the Badsworth Kennel, and foul in the Holderness; I'll stop where I am till morning,*" was the only response. And so he did, and the pie-dish and the horn business were amply avenged.

Captain Percy Williams.

Two troops of the Ninth Lancers were at Beverley at that time, with Captain Percy Williams among them. It was under Mr. Hodgson, to whom he often whipped in, that the

Captain first began his hunting career, and he subsequently took charge of the hounds at the Oadby Kennel during Mr. Hodgson's second season with the Quorn. The first time he ever handled them was when they had a bye-day from the willow garths near Loughboro', and killed after an hour and forty-five minutes in Stamford Park. No one at that time could beat Mr. John Bower on his chestnut Marquis, or in fact upon anything, made or unmade, even when at last he could hardly hold the reins. One of the finest proofs of his horsemanship was in a very peculiar run from Gransmoor, after a poacher with a lurcher. His horse stuck fast in Barmpton drain, and was utterly exhausted when he got him out. He then hailed some ploughmen, and asked them if they had seen a man, and learnt that one had just fastened a dog to a gate, and run off. "*Can any one of your horses get over a fence?*" said he, and hardly waiting for a reply, and feeling sure of his friend Duggleby, the owner, he jumped on a raw young four-year-old, bare backed, with chains and collar, just as it was, and loosing the dog to run the scent, handed the filly over the fences, to the utter astonishment of herself and the ploughman, and ran into his game five or six fields beyond.

Mr. John Bower.

Mr. Ralph Lambton was one of the keenest disciples of Hugo Meynell. His brother, the father of the late Lord Durham, was one of the earliest of the sojourners at Melton, and kept a pack of harriers there as well. After leaving Cambridge without a shilling of debt (a rare feat which he loved to dwell upon), Ralph was a frequent visitor to Mr. Meynell at Quorn, and occasionally hunted with Sir Carnaby Haggerstone, who was manager of the Belvoir during the late Duke's minority. His father General Lambton always said that he would leave his boy "enough to live upon, and keep a pack of fox-hounds with any squire in the county of Dur-

Mr. Ralph Lambton.

ham," and well he kept his word. For upwards of forty years did that son keep a pack nearly at his own expense, and infuse a Meynellian freshness into Northern hunting such as it had never known before. After the death of James Shelly, who came as huntsman to Lambton Park, with the Talbot pack (which were of Vernon, or rather Meynell blood), Mr. Lambton always hunted them himself, until he was in his seventieth year, when The Kitten fell with him in the middle of a grass field near Long Newton, and literally broke his back. He had injured the vertebræ in 1825, and made matters no better by a second fall, but there was no hope now, and for six years and four months he faced without a murmur all the weariness of a sick room, with the calm heroism so peculiarly his own. A harder man or finer rider has scarcely ever crossed a country. Once or twice he was picked up for dead, when he had been riding some raw four-year-old; and at last Mr. George Baker of Elmore became so impressed with the belief of his having an invulnerable body, that he would not hear of his being called an iron man, but carried the comparison a point further to "those stub heads they make gun-barrels of."

His Habits of Life.

He was a remarkably high-bred man, in his look and address, and sat in Parliament several years for Durham. Boodle's was his great resort when in town, but with the exception of a few weeks in the season, he was rarely absent from his hounds for a day. Few were more abstemious and sparing in their diet, and he used to tell young sportsmen, "You'll be lucky if you've no more dinner-bag at my age." He touched nothing from breakfast till dinner, and rarely tasted any liquid but wine. It was his boast that he was never hungry or thirsty in his life. He always kept his weight eleven-four to within a pound, and barring his grey head, he stripped quite young at sixty. Such a Nestor, in the field or

in the coffee-room, could not fail to command respect, and the younger members of the Sedgefield Club always addressed him as "*Sir*." Scarlet with a silver button, and black with a scarlet under-waistcoat, were the field dress and livery, when the Club was in its bloom; and Lords Durham and Kintore, Sir Hedworth Williamson and his son, Sir M. White Ridley, Sir David Baird, the Messrs. Lambton (his nephews), Admiral Dundas, Mr. Spiers, Messrs. Shafto, Mr. Harland of Sutton, &c., &c., are names well remembered at Sedgefield, where it was duly held in November and February. Of horses he was no very great judge, but liked to buy thorough-bred young ones; and Volunteer, Firebrand, Undertaker, Doctor, Zephyr, Hermit, and Hannibal were among his best. No one was a more regular hunter of a country; no matter how rough it might be, every cover heard his boxwood horn in its due proportion, and that cheery "*Yi, Haro! Forrard. Yi, Haro!*" which came booming out in all its melody when his hounds had settled to their scent and seemed inclined to run hard.

Mr. Lambton on the Flags.

Mr. Lambton went to very few kennels; but when he did go to Belvoir, he told Goosey that he had quite spoilt him for home, and that he should return perfectly down-hearted. He hated a short-necked hound, and made an immense point of good shoulders, as the best preventive of lameness, but for legs and feet he cared less than hound breeders generally do. They seemed to lose their nerve entirely during their Quorn season. Old Talisman, Whipster, and Forester would look round, and when they saw the Melton Cavalry coming, they never stopped for a scent, and in one instance went nearly three miles across country without one, at tip-top pace, and no Treadwell or Tom Ball could stop them. Sometimes they did not taste blood for three weeks together; but when they and Treadwell fell on

quieter times in the Berwickshire country, and they could run away over the bogs from the horses till they seemed like little terriers on the cliffs, they soon got back their old form, and rendered a capital account of the Cheviot Hill foxes.

His Hound Feeding.

Of a stale hound, Mr. Lambton had an immense horror. He kept a large pack, and gave those that were not hunting long, steady exercise, and brought them out as fit as fighting-cocks. It was a saying of his, that if he saw a hound tire, he felt as if he could hang himself. Fresh pudding and flesh, and none of the latter on the day before hunting, were the great points of his feeding system, which he nearly always superintended in person; and Fenwick Hunnam his feeder, who had scarcely ever seen a hunt in his life, quite coincided with his master, and was most oracular on the subject of condition. "When hounds arn't done to," he used to say, "as hounds should be done to, they neither do credit to themselves nor them that's consarned with them. They may kill a fox in a shabby short of a way, but when they have to work for a second fox, and he's a strong un, they disgrace themselves, and them that's consarned with them; I'll not have my hounds treated in no syke way." Fenwick was a most faithful fixture, and so were all Mr. Lambton's servants. He did not give very high wages, but he knew how to inspire their loyalty, and his butler and housekeeper, his second groom, and several others lived with him from fifteen to fifty years. His head man, John Winter, was with him at Cambridge, and never left him till his death.

Mr. Williamson's Mastership.

When he was at last laid to rest, Durham was aghast at the blank, but the Marquis of Londonderry headed the subscription, and came out in scarlet again, and charged the fences, as he had done the Cuirassiers at Waterloo, and Mr. Williamson became master for two seasons of the

"Wynyard and Durham Foxhounds." The Lambton hounds had been sold to Lord Suffield, and Mr. Williamson had to put together such odds and ends as he could get, late in the summer of '38. Mr. Foljambe, who has so often been a friend in need on such occasions, sent a draft, and so did Sir Tatton Sykes, and Sir Matthew White Ridley, and others. Mr. Williamson was his own huntsman, and steadied his wild young pupils most wonderfully before the season was out. His woodland labours were well repaid, and in his second season, although he had to bring an unusual number of young hounds into the field, they carried a head and went the pace. Those who had played with the drafts of the previous season, began to be reminded of "the flying ladies" of old Ralph Lambton's heart.

Once again the old Sedgefield country was in peril, but as the renowned yeoman-farmer, Dickey Wood of Close—who was always in front on Buckram or Bagsman, or a raw four-year-old, or an "auld-gunner" out of the plough—expressed himself, my Lord Londonderry came forward once more and "kept the tambourine a rowling" without any subscription. His lordship bought the hounds, with a rare stock of old meal, and brought them to Wynyard, and with John Glover, a pupil of Walker's from The Fife, as huntsman, and a friend of Mr. Williamson as field-master, soothed the shade of Ralph Lambton once more, with the most remarkable run that the country has known.

"The morning" (Feb. 16th, 1841), says its chronicler, "was calm and dull, and the little wind that was blowing was from the south-west. The field was not numerous, as the Wynyard family were abroad for the season. Our meet was at Newbiggin, and before the hounds had been in the old cover at Foxy Hill (our first draw) three minutes, and almost before they had time to find him, Tommy Arrowsmith the whipper-in hallooed him away at the south-west corner of the Ten Acre Gorse. The field were stationed at the other end, and the hounds were away and half over the first field with a blazing scent, before the leading men could get to the Halloo. Facing as fine a piece of country as hounds ever ran over, we were evidently (barring

accidents) in for a run of the old sort from Foxy Hill, and so it proved. After pointing for Newton Grange and Sadburge, he turned northwards over Newbiggin Bottom, which was very deep, and the 'stell' brimful of water, crossed the water by Dales House, leaving Burmpton a little to the left, and then straight for Byers Gill, to the south-west of Great Stanton, crossed the Sedgefield road, sank the hill to Little Stainton, and had another turn at the 'stell,' rather broader, and quite as full of water as we had found it above, and so straight to Bryan Harrison earths.

"Up to this point the time was 45 minutes. The hounds were on the earths for two or three minutes, but the body of them (18 couple as it afterwards proved) came out of the small plantation round the south side of the earths, and settled to a fair holding scent, and away across the Darlington turnpike road near Newton Grange, and the Yarm Road near Oak Tree, where they had their only check of importance, and had slow hunting down by Traffick Hill to the river Tees. We had then run 1 hour 25 minutes in Durham, the first 45 minutes as hard as we could split over about 17 miles of country. Then the river Tees, swollen nearly up to the top of the embankment, and sweeping down with a volume and rapidity which might have deterred any fox, brought us all to a stand. Such as were left of the field and the celebrated 'black coat' of the country, concluded that the day was over, when up came John Glover, who naturally, after such a run, was anxious to account for his fox, and cast them along the embankment, not thinking that the fox had crossed. After holding them along it for a few yards, every hound dashed in, having winded their fox from the opposite side, and in an instant the torrent was carrying them down at twenty miles an hour. After being carried down about 300 yards every hound landed, and they quietly cast themselves back exactly opposite to the spot where they had taken the water, struck the scent into Worsell Gill, and away up it, with as fine a cry as if they had just found. Now, Mr. Glover, a pretty business you've made of it! It's a 100 to 1 against their being got home to-night. Worsell Gill is full of wild Cleveland hill foxes, and the chances are the hounds will go straight to the Hills. 'Where is the nearest bridge?' says poor John. 'Yarm or Dinsdale,' is the reply, 'and neither of them nearer than three miles,' chimes in our friend of the black coat, and with a countenance as black with despair at the thought of the hounds out all night. John Glover is an entire stranger to the Yorkshire side of the Tees, and Arrowsmith almost as much, and the notes of hounds going direct south from the Gill, is dying away from the ear in the distance! Horses are nearly cooked, as well they might be.

"Fortunately the manager was able to get a fresh horse at the Dinsdale Hotel, and with John and the whip crossed at Dinsdale Bridge, and held on towards Pickton, in the direction of which the hounds seemed to be bending from Worsell Gill. Between Pickton and Appleton the cry was heard again, and at Appleton we found them still ahead, and at Enter-Common they had crossed the Great North Road about ten minutes before us, going straight down for Lord Alvanley's Plantation in the Bedale country. At Cooper House, near Cowton, and at least twelve miles from Worsell Gill (where the hounds

entered Yorkshire), we heard a halloo, and found a countryman with the fox and eighteen couple of hounds baying round him. Every hound took the river at Traffick Hill, and they were all up at Cooper House, and had killed their fox, according to the countryman's account, in about 1 hour and 20 minutes from crossing the river. There is no doubt that they had changed foxes at Bryan Harrison earths, the only hounds wanting at the end of this extraordinary run being those which were recovered at Foxy Hill, where they had run their first fox back to cover, and some still think it was a fresh fox from Worsell Gill. And so ended this wonderful day."

Sir Harry Mainwaring.

Cheshire is truly faithful to the memory of the venerable father of its hunting field, Sir Harry Mainwaring. He was hale and vigorous to the very day of his death; and, although the glories and hospitalities of Peover had ended, he was as cheerful as ever at seventy-six, and fond of a little quiet cub-hunting when Sir Watkin's or the Cheshire came within reach of his quiet village home at Marbury. He assisted the late Mr. Heron for many years before he was Master himself; and his dynasty, which lasted for nineteen seasons, came to a close in '37. Will Head was his huntsman for several of them, and then came his favourite Joe Maiden, who bore such a distinguished part in those memorable days whose memory is embalmed in the Warburton songs. Sir Harry was a capital judge of a hound in kennel, or in his work, and made a tour of the best kennels every year. However promising might be the stories he heard of a hound's work, he never would breed from him, unless the kennel used him themselves; and the excuse "we have a good deal of the sort" was wholly lost upon him. He liked a large hound, and was most particular about legs and feet. Bedford, Gloucester, Gulliver, Bangor, Whynot, and Marquis, of the direct blood from the first introduction of hounds into Cheshire, were his favourites; and when he gave up the pack, it would have been difficult to find many superior to them in England; while the hunt had three or four men among its first-flight dozen who would bow to none. The day was never too

long for Sir Harry in hunting, and no man ever kept a country better together, or hunted it more fairly. It was his boast that during the whole of his mastership he was never five minutes late at the cover side, and yet he had sometimes immense distances to reach from Peover. When there, he would never allow more than five minutes' law. He always wore flannel, never drank spirits, never had a rheumatic pain or headache in his life, and was always an early riser.

His best hunters were Brown Bess, an eighty-pound one-eyed mare called Alice Grey, Virgo, Delamere Lass, and a little chestnut from Shropshire, which he bought for 50*l.*, and sold to the Rothschilds. He had also a wonderful long-tailed brown hack, called Sweetbread, from the fact that she was purchased from a Knutsford butcher for 18*l.*, which always kept up a perpetual-motion canter to covert, whatever the distance might be. Across country he was a good performer, when the day was not too misty; but being very short-sighted, he carried his eye-glass in the handle of his whip, and required a horse to pull at him a little, so as to keep him straight. The Vale of Chester and the Nantwich country he liked best; and Seighton Gorse in the former, and Ravensmoor Windmill, Warmingham Wood, and Bradfield Green in the other parts were the principal places and meets in his day.

Tom Rance's History.

Tom Rance was born with the century, and lived full a third of it with the Cheshire, as first or second whip, under seven masters and six huntsmen. His ambition was never stirred to be more than the successor of Zach Goddard, the "Father of English Whips," and he uniformly declared that he would as soon break stones as hunt a pack of hounds. The family seems to be subject to coincidences. His father and grandfather both died at sixty, but he safely passed that age, and went out

with his spade on long earth-stopping excursions, with all the zest of youth. Again he is one of ten, and he has begotten ten in turn. He began by whipping in two harriers, near Yarmouth, and came on from there to Mr. "Dick Gurney," of Thickthorn, near Norwich.

Dick Gurney.

This stout gentleman first "broke out" with ten or eleven brace of greyhounds, and Tom had to lead them gallops, and act as slipper on field-days. He then kept six or seven hunters for The Puckeridge and the Pytcheley, and *said* that he only weighed sixteen stone. Tom rode second horse for him, and he led home the great slapping Sober Robin, when his near foreleg gave way in the Ware country. Robin was fully sixteen and a half hands, with remarkable couplings, and rather a hot temper of his own; and in his heyday, Mr. Gurney refused a thousand guineas for him over the dinner-table. Clinker was another of his best, and so was a thickset chestnut mare. Tom always gave his master five-and-twenty minutes before he brought up the second horse, and delighted to watch him crashing away with no spurs, and nothing but a dog-whip. If a horse did refuse, he would "cut a life-time out of him;" and he would discharge the best groom he had if he found him putting his horse over a leaping bar. Six of them fetched upwards of 1300 guineas when they were sold off at Tattersall's, and Master Fray was bought in. When "Dick" was not hunting, he had plenty of time on his hands, and had abundant consolation in his snuff-box, the contents of which he used to fling about so profusely in church that he would set the pews behind him off sneezing.

It has been well said that—

> "The Ethiop Gods have Ethiop lips,
> Bronze eyes, and woolly hair;
> The Grecian Gods are like the Greeks,
> As keen-eyed, cold, and fair;"

and perhaps it was on this principle, that the great Pytcheley welter-weight set up as his idols, an enormous pair of twin Scotch bullocks. Once, if not twice a day, he pondered fondly over them, and when they had been feeding for three years he had a van made to take them to Smithfield. The best died before the day of departure, and the other never went after all. Southdown rams, one of which, Thickthorn, he hired from Mr. Webb, for 200 gs. a season, were another of his fancies, and, taking him all in all, Tom considers "*he was a right un.*"

Tom in Cheshire.

From his service, Tom departed to Baron Rothschild, as pad-groom "for two months, as near as a toucher," but the Baron released him at Lord Delamere's request, and in 1830 he met Sir Harry at Vale Royal, and accepted the seals of office, which he held to the end of the '61 season, till his eyesight became too dim. There was no finer characteristic of the man, than his genial tone and polite manner of steering his hounds at the end of his drooping whip lash, through a crowd of horsemen in a narrow lane. "*Jest stand a one side, gemmen, if you please; beg yer pardon; a little mossel, to let the 'ounds paass; thank ye, Sir; now gemmen, be so good; thank ye, Sir;*" and the feat was accomplished. Stimulated by these gentle blandishments, every one felt proud of the room he made, and quite a party to the safe conduct desired. Conciliation was the key-note of all his addresses, except to a transgressing hound, and there Tom was not forgiving, and rigidly included any previous conviction for riot in his sentence.

Tom's Table-Talk.

Of course we wandered off to have a word with Tom on the Forest, and found him most communicative on the few little points we had to ask. "We had four horses apiece," he said, "when I came; we had no second horse that time of day. We lost the Wrenbury and Wickstead country;

that's all done away with; we used to go to Wrenbury, and stop the week.

"Will Head was here when I came; he was a good little huntsman, a determined little fellow, but not so much so latterly. Joe Maiden came from the North Warwickshire; they were great times, few could go with him; resolute, determined chap was Maiden across country; so persevering; never liked to lose a fox. No one knew better how to handle a pack of hounds than poor Markwell. Head, Maiden, and Markwell.

"The foxes are sadly changed; so many of 'em turned down; very few straight-forward foxes at all now; keepers level the old uns off, and the young uns, a hignorant lot of little devils, they know no country; they've no parents to show them, or yet larn them the country, and it ain't likely they can find it for themselves. We had very straight-forward foxes in the Wrenbury country; the Chester country was never the same as the Wrenbury country for good foxes; they might chance about Saighton and Waverton to pick up a good one, and take it to the hills. We had two devilish good runs from Wharton Gorse to The Willingtons; time Maiden was here; one fox from Beech House cover, Hurlestone Gorse they call it, used to go away regularly, at the lower end for Radnor, and on for Peckforton Wood, up by Ridley. We ran him three seasons, and killed him at last. He was a greyhound fox; regular leggy one. They used to send me to the old corner at the lower end of the gorse. He knew us—before the hounds got there, you'd see Charley walking off quickish. These foxes on the hills, bless my heart and body, they don't half rouse them. We want two or three days amongst them, then we'd get some better foxes in the country; they want well rousing; that was a great point with Captain White; he made us stick to the hills and drive them down. Foxes and their Troubles.

Tom's Disasters. "I have had a good many accidents; I beg your pardon, gemmen; I lost my eye, when I was twelve,—with a gun; it's given me a deal of trouble; the first time I felt the other so bad, was at feeding time, the hounds and everything looked like a cloud of sulphur. The Manchester doctors have been trying their hands on it; I think they've cleared it a little; fire seemed to come out of it; and then something like a bottle screw, a black wavy thing from the eye to the ground. I could hardly see a fox at last; I dare say I missed some of them my last season. My horse once ran away with me, and broke the bridge of my nose against a bough; I couldn't blow it again for weeks; then a stub got into the blind eye, and I pulled it out; but when I broke the corner of my rib, I was in furious pain all the day. I still never gave in.

Sir Harry Mainwaring. "Sir Harry, he was a good un, coming up with his glass in his whip-handle; never a rattling rider; his two greys and a bay horse Briton I liked best to see him on; he would come on his back be it where it would, and his hunters met him from the kennels. He liked General of the old Galloper sort, and Hannibal and Hotspur; the best we had we lost in the madness; we put eighteen and a half couple forward after it; we had the *sweetest* pack before the malady.

The Cheshire Green Collars. "I beg your pardon, gemmen; talk about riding, I saw Mr. Wilbraham Tollemache take the river Weaver brimming full close by Nantwich: he had a black, snaffle-bridle mare; she slipped back again, and he jerked himself clean over her head on to the bank, and pulled her out. '*That's well done, Tollemache!*' said Lord Delamere, and in the next field but one they ran to ground. Mr. Tollemache stripped, and met us going on for Aston Gorse, in an old farmer's clothes, and rode the run; he rode little thorough-bred things; he was

a neat horseman, and had a deal of nerve. Sir Richard Brooke was a very good one, as long as he could last; he'd go as long as he could go; never nursed his horses. Mr. Glegg would take a line to himself, wide, always with the hounds, not as some of these young uns do; if they see the hounds a little at fault, they go by them and make the fences crash again. Mr. Smith Barry was a fancy rider, he rode to his horse; he was rather on the larking system, jump off and make horses come over gates and stiles after him. I've seen Mr. Warburton go along pretty well; he has his glasses on; he's obliged to take them off and polish them a bit, when we get to slow hunting. Colonel Cholmondley bruises along, I've heard him make these wire fences rattle a bit; Captain White he was a clipper; he could ride and keep them in first-rate order too.

"I beg your pardon, gemmen; there are great changes; men and country; they were all small fields, ditches never cleaned out in that Saighton country; now it's like a garden; for two miles round these cops are kept high and narrow, cut sharp as the ridge of your hand to keep the harriers off; they're getting a little flatter, horses get their hind feet on them; there's a deal of bone-dust about this country now; it alters scent; the hounds stop and peck at it, it's a bad fault these bone-dust fields; and there's so much of this goano used. I beg your pardon, gemmen, but I must go, I've some earth-stopping." And so all the richer not only by these notes, but by a fox's head, and some teeth which Tom considers a worthy breast-pin for the highest earthly potentate, we parted from the worthy old fellow, and watched his thin, upright form disappearing through the mist on his midnight errand.

Old Zach Goddard.

One word for varmint "Old Zach," the great link, in whipper-in succession, between Tom Moody and Tom Rance—who died in

1856, in his seventy-second year. Like Jem Morgan, he had four sons, who all followed his profession. Besides Jack, the inventor of "Tailby Thursdays," and Ben, late of the Bicester, there was Jem, a very determined fellow, who died when first whip to Ben Foote with Mr. Villebois; and Tom, who was very distinguished as a steeple-chaser and first whip with the Pytcheley, but he too died young, and is buried near Jack Stevens and Jack Woodcock, at Brixworth. Zach was only five foot six, and never much above nine stone; and it was when some one said to Mr. John Warde, "If I had hounds I should so like to get all men like Zach," that he made his much quoted answer: *"Oh! you should, eh! fond of light weights? I don't know much difference between heavy and light weights, except that the one breaks horses' backs, and the other breaks their hearts."* Zach had a large fund of natural humour, and many a tale to tell of the days when he was second whip under Nevett to "Glorious John," who made their place no sinecure during cub-hunting. The men slept over the stables, and he would often wake them with the thunders of his stick at three in the morning, to "come and give those foxes a second touch." However, they were of Billy Lackaday's opinion on bell-ringing, and never got up, unless he "persewered," and came at the door panels a second time.

The Snooze in the Park.

One sleep he never forgot to remind them of. It was a hot summer's day, and the three agreed to take a copper of ale, and sit out with the hounds in Westron Park. Zach vowed that he could keep awake, if no one else did, but they slept well on into the evening, and when they awoke, there were only two hounds left. One by one they had slipped off home, and the old gentleman had let them in. It was quite a matter of discussion who "dare and go face him first," when they saw him hovering in the distance about the kennel, but he put

them out of difficulty by meeting them and ironically asking after his hounds. Another day he dropped on to Zach on the hat question. Once a year he allowed each of his men a dog-skin hat, and Zach's had been ordered a month. Not seeing him at church, he asked Zach the reason, and he at once laid it on to his shabby hat. "*Oh! that's your excuse, Zach?*" he said: "*a very poor one, Zach; if you had the best hat in England the parson would not let you wear it; you'd have to pull it off.*" Zach didn't quite see his way out of this argument, so he simply told his friends, "Squire had me there; old man done me again." It was on a hat too that Mr. Warde's great New Forest story turned. "I never knew the nature of a bog," he used to say, "till I went to Hampshire. I saw a good hat on the top of one, and there was a head in it, and the head said, 'I don't care for myself, but do help to get my horse up, he's in a bog below.'"

Old Zach's Career.

Zach was with "Gentleman Smith" for a time, but he was best known during his seventeen seasons with Lord Middleton in Warwickshire. His scream was almost unearthly in its shrillness, and he trusted to the natural organ under all circumstances. Once, when Harry Jackson had broken his thigh, he was in command, and Lord Middleton told him to blow his hounds away from Woolford Wood. He put the horn to his lips, and then he said, almost in a passion, "*Hang it, my lord, you know I never could blow a horn,*" and he flung it away in the mud. In his latter days he became kennel huntsman to Mr. Bradley, in whose service he remained, much respected, during the time that gentleman kept stag-hounds, and he turned out the pack in excellent condition for their celebrated runs with "The Nob," and "Water Witch," &c., over the pastures of Warwickshire and Northamptonshire. When his days of service were over, he would come to Heythrop, when Jack was there. His ankles were

weak from rheumatism and a number of severe falls, but he would often come out on a mule and see Jim and Jack rattle the cubs about. In the evenings he would take his pipe out of his mouth to give them a "Southerly Wind" or "Tom Moody," and a series of those view hallooes which the Woolford and Farnboro' sides of Warwickshire knew so well. Itchington was a horse he liked to talk of, and the mention of his Grassini, which died when his lordship lost so many, was enough almost at that lapse of time to bring out a second flood of tears. He swore by "Mr. Shawe" as the best huntsman, and Woodman the best hound he had ever seen, and the picture of the last, and Grassini's foot were the only memorials of his woodcraft which he cared to keep.

Celebrities at Bicester.

The Bicester country had the good fortune to be held, with the exception of Lord Sefton's one season, by only three masters for nearly seventy years. Early in the century there was not a chimney corner to be let in its little capital, and upwards of a hundred hunters were stabled there. It kept its prestige amidst no small attractions elsewhere. The Billesdon Coplow day, than which Lord Jersey used to vow that he had never known a colder, had sealed the fame of the Quorn country years before; and it was not suffering in Mr. Assheton Smith's hands. John Warde was with the Pytcheley, and "Mr. Shawe" with the Belvoir. Still the Bicester men were quite content with Stephen Goodall and Sir Thomas Mostyn's four days a week, and the choice of Tom Rose and the Grafton, or Philip Payne and the Badminton on the other two. Sir Thomas, with Mr. Griff Lloyd as his factotum, lived at Bainton, close by the first set of kennels. Lord Jersey hunted with them when he was not at Melton; and when he was not on Gipsey, he generally rode the Hon. Mr. Vanneck's second best horse, and as generally beat him. Mr. Vanneck (who gave 700 guineas for two to

Mr. Lloyd, of Aston) was far below him as a horseman, and John Warde used to say of him, that he had seen him ride all round a field, and come out at the same place. This statement was rather qualified by its invariable conclusion. "*If he had not been a Melton man I'd not have shown him up.*"

Sir Harry Peyton went straight on Spartacus, and Mr. Harrison of Shelswell would give any money so that the twins Lindow and Rawlinson (who was great on Spread Eagle) might not have a pound the best of him in a fast thing. Sir John Cope and Mr. John Moore both joined the throng. Lord Stamford's nephew, Mr. Booth Grey, lived with Mr. Drake, who was very regular at the cover side, but he never rode hard; and the walls of "Hetters" or "The Cocked Hat," as it was termed, witnessed the good fellowship of Sir Charles Knightley, John Trémayne, twenty years member for Cornwall, and "Mr. Tom Pennant," from Wales. The latter was a very fair horseman, but Mr. Tremayne was more for hunting than riding. Sir Charles united the two in an eminent degree, and although Guidepost had a high character, and was named to correspond, his Consol and Tilton (which he purchased for 250 guineas from Mr. Harrison) were far better. Baron Robeck, the Swede, backed himself for 20 guineas when the Pytcheley found at Holderby, to follow Sir Charles on the latter over the three first fences, and came to grief at a bridle gate. Tilton surprised Mr. Assheton Smith when he came over occasionally to reconnoitre, and he said of him that "he pulled for two hours after he seemed beat." It was remembered as characteristic of the man during one of these visits, that on a Claydon Woods Day, when he could not get his horse to face his fences, he got off him at last, and flogged him away in his fury up a lane. Lord Anglesey's "winter officers," as the hard riders of the 7th were called, were often at the cover side, and so was Jacob

Wardell, one of the Billesdon Coplow men. As his friends dropped off, Jacob gradually gave up fox-hunting for wife-hunting, and set up a regular agency-office for the purpose. His latest report of himself upon the subject was, "that he had married no end of people."

Sir Thomas Mostyn and the B. D. C.

Sir Thomas was nearly as fond of his four-in-hand as his hounds, and nothing pleased him so much as to get behind a team of old hunters, which had only been in harness for a day or two; wait till they had done their shindy, and drive them for their first lesson 150 miles to his house in Wales. He was one of the B. D. C. Club, which preceded both "The Whip" and "The Four-in-Hand" Clubs; and Squire Annesley, with his strawberry roans; Mr. Harrison, with his bays; and Sir Henry Peyton, with his greys, used to delight in doing their twelve miles from Oxford to Benson, down the Henley Road. Sir Thomas was not a keen fox-hunter, and if he felt any great enthusiasm he never showed it. Stephen Goodall used to say that he was a good but a most provoking man, as "you never could judge from his face whether he was pleased or angry with the day's sport." He was, in fact, rather idle, and a sufferer from gout, which kept him out of the saddle for the last five years of his life. All his horses had short tails; and if he was regularly put up, he would go very straight on the chestnut Marcus, or Park Keeper, which had graduated in Leicestershire. He drove down punctually from London every April to make the draft, and generally looked over them in the dining-room. A few were put back the first day, the final pick was made on the second, and the naming came off on the third. As he then said, he had them thoroughly in his eye, and he could have drawn them without a mistake, when he saw them again in the autumn.

Stephen Goodall came from Quorn, and Harry King, who was whip, with Will Lepper, and afterwards head-groom, rode many hundred miles in search of suitable horseflesh for him. Cyclops formed part and parcel of his Leicestershire baggage, and Prince, Trinket, Convention, King Charles, and Chawbacon, were picked up in Harry's rounds. Ragman latterly became Stephen's cover hack, but he never had more than four hunters at the beginning of the season. Although they lived in a perpetual state of sore back, he never lamed them, and really tired them less than men of half his weight. When a horse suited him, it generally lasted him till it was worn out. Stephen Goodall.

Ragman was too often disposed to put him down, and wallow whenever they went through a stream. "*Coom up! coom up!*" was his constant adjuration, "*I don't want a toast in the water to-day.*" Trinket would also watch for an opportunity of favouring himself, and he would sometimes lie down when they were breaking up their fox. Stephen made it a point never to get on King Charles till they had found, and then there was a password in the hunt, "*Are you all ready? Yes, my lord;*" in allusion to what Buckle had said (touching his cap) to Lord Jersey, when his lordship once acted as starter at Newmarket. There were very few rides in Stephen's day, and the paths in Claydon Woods were such an utter bog from end to end, that if they kept changing foxes his horse soon got beat. If any one asked him his weight, he generally replied rather angrily "*About a quarter of a ton;*" but the best gauge of him and his five-foot-five is his scarlet hunting-coat. Poor Will Goodall, who was always a great pet with him, and just eight years old when he died, used to produce it solemnly from a cupboard, on state occasions, for his friends to try on, both for warning and encouragement, and accompany the ceremony with a tune on the veteran's horn.

Stephen in Kennel.

From old association, Stephen used the Quorn sires in his kennel, and liked a large hound. Seventy couple came in from quarters in Wales his first season, and the first draft of fifteen couple was sold to the Duke of Beaufort for 150 guineas. Lady was sent to the Quorn Sultan soon after Stephen came, and then to Quorn Ranter, and five and a half couple, Lucifer, Libertine, Lexicon, Loyal, Lydia, Lovely, Lazarus, Lictor, Lashwood, Lightning, and Lawless formed the two litters. All of them were entered; and some of the best hounds in England sprang from them. Lady generally ran hare till the fox was found; but she was beauty itself, and her head among foxhounds was much what Rosy Morn's is among greyhounds. Madness came into the kennel through a bite from a strange dog, as they were trotting along the road from one cover to another, and nearly twelve couple had to be put away. The rest were chained up in a large barn, and after watching them carefully for three months, Stephen signed a clean bill of health. His whips were always at the kennels at six in the summer, to feed and clean out the puppies; and if they were not there at the moment, they would hear the well-known clearing grunt, which preceded: "*Young man, you must have had fish for breakfast, and you've stopped to pick the bones.*" For the whipcord he was a most vigorous advocate, and used to take the pack once a week to Stowe Park, to show them the deer and hares. His great talk was of Quorn, and his proudest remembrance was pulling down a hedgerow fox in the Loughboro' country, after three hours, with a few couple of old hounds, and a most ticklish scent. He was wont to represent himself on that occasion as a perfect deliverer of shepherds and hen-wives.

Tom Moody.

Of his old Shropshire lieutenant, Tom Moody, he seldom spoke, except to say,

that he thought him fonder of fishing in the Severn than hunting, and fonder of ale than either. One of his stories about him was that they went into the servants' hall for an hour or two at the meet, to wait till the frost had got a little out of the ground. "*Now, Tom, there's something to do to-day*," said Stephen; "*don't be too free with the ale.*" "*Right, I wont, master*," replied Tom. "*I'll sit opposite you, and you tread on my foot if you see me getting on too fast.*" So far so good; but a Newfoundland dog, which had crept in unobserved, pressed Tom's foot when it shifted its position, and Tom mistaking the signal, called out in the most injured tone, "*Oh! hang it, master! I've only had one horn yet!*" Tom Sebright's father made one of this memorable group of huntsmen and whips.

Stephen lived two or three years after leaving Sir Thomas Mostyn, and had the use of old Ragman till his death, and a man from Mr. Villebois', for one season, and then Tom Wingfield the elder reigned in his stead. Ben Foote helped to carry him to his grave in Hethe churchyard; and Griff Lloyd was rather disappointed at not being asked to read the funeral service.

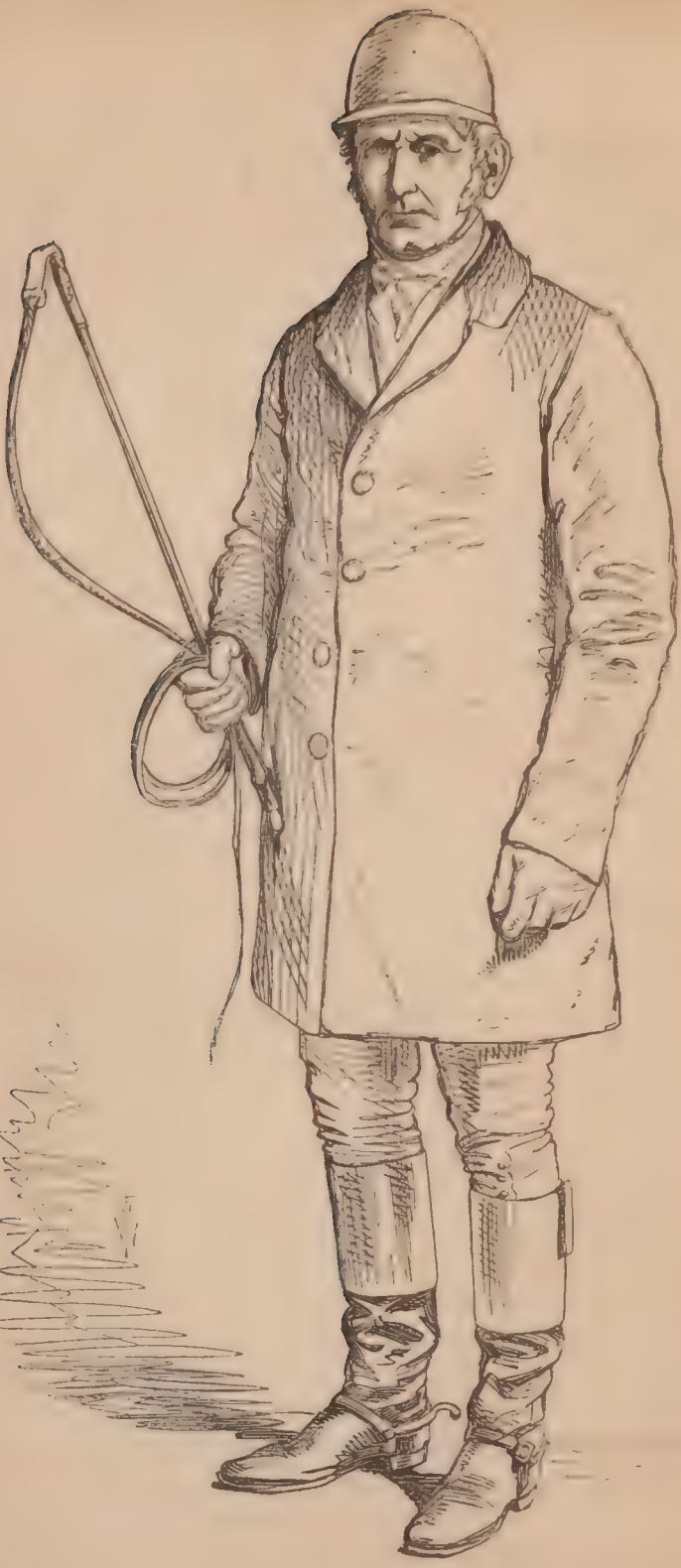
Griff Lloyd.

This curious character and Fellow of All Souls was the rector of Christleton, near Chester, and curate of Newton Purcell, in Oxfordshire. He made no sermons, but said that he was a better man who knew how to make a good selection, and, like old John Day, he generally fell back upon Blair. He read them in a low impressive tone, and never pitched his voice. They did say that he would put off marriages and burials to suit the hounds; but only once was he caught napping, and then he preached a Christmas-day sermon in February, and never found it out till he got to the words "The anniversary of this day." He lived with his cousin at Chesterton, bought the hay and corn, and well earned his title to be called the "Black Whipper-in," when he

went to work on his rat-tailed Ascham (which delighted him by throwing up its heels whenever he mounted) in the woodlands. He was very faithful to the family jacket, and whenever it won at Holywell he would wave his stick, and hit his hack and shout right lustily "*Yellow one first.*" Liverpool races he seldom missed, and made one at the annual race banquet of the "Double Dandy," who was several stone heavier, and in fact so big that he had to wait a day when his servant mistook the tenor of his order to take two seats in the mail, and returned after securing one in and one out.

Griff Lloyd's Power of Bearing Fatigue.

No one could go through such an amount of fatigue as "Griff." He would come by coach and chaise from Christleton to Swift's house during the cub-hunting season, get there about twelve o'clock at night, and be up and off at four, ten miles to cover; and he has been known to go back to Cheshire, always on the outside, the same night. If he was at Bainton or Swift's house he thought nothing of riding thirty miles to Shuckborough Hill, home again, and then out to dinner on a pony. Chaises on such occasions he regarded as the merest delusions. With hounds he was very persevering, and always fond of getting a nick in a run. If they were in a narrow dirty lane, he would call to the man before him in the blandest spirit of inquiry, "*Where did you buy that horse of yours, sir?*" and before he had time to answer, Griff would go to the front of his victim, and give him the dirty reversion of his heels. His voice in covert was magnificent, and when the hounds were slack in drawing Stratton Audley Gorse, which was unusually thick, the field would look round for Griff to aid them, and after a few of his stentorian cheers they would make it shake again, and the fox was hallooed away in no time. The joke he liked worst to hear of was that of the young polecats, which Stephen Goodall did not fail to trea-



JEM HILLS.

sure up against him, and produce at all seasons. His terrier worried a nest of four, as he thought, near the Bainton Kennels, and he was so proud of Vixen's exploit, that he nailed them up, and called Stephen to look and commend. Alas! the clearing grunt that time again heralded the words of doom, "*Well! Mr. Lloyd, you have done a pretty morning's work, you've killed four cubs for us!*" It was rather a bad job, as that same season a farmer's dog scratched eleven out of a bank, and killed them, and the farmer's tribulation was such, that he kicked the lad who was with the dog clean out of his yard, and declared that he "would sooner have lost a flock of sheep." When Sir Thomas Mostyn died, Griff took a house at Chesterton, and lived there in the hunting season, till his health began to go. At last a groom rode hunting with him, or he might hardly have known his way back. Hunting was still the theme of his discourse to the last, and he only survived his absence from the field for two seasons; and there never will be his "marrow" again.

Jem Hills.

Jem Hills was born with the century, which thus did a good thing early on; and he whipped-in when he was ten, and marked his pig-skin jubilee in 1860, by not having a single fall that season. The fine weather, and the pleasure of slipping down the fifty-three miles to Didcot in some two minutes under the hour, determined us to go and have a quiet afternoon with him at the kennels. On a July day, when the sun lights up the market-hall, and those nice old-fashioned houses, there is no pleasanter little town than Chipping Norton; but from its high position, no winter residence could be desired more exactly in keeping with "the man who couldn't get warm." Failing to find Jem at the old spot, we turned to the left through the churchyard, where old Zach lies; and skirting the station we found ourselves, after a walk of a mile, at the new kennels.

They are more in the centre of the country than Heythrop, whose ruins, after so many decades of ducal revelry and hound entries, are handed over bodily at last to the rats and to the owls. Tar Wood is sixteen miles distant, and Jem and his men only sleep out for New Barns.

View from the Kennel.

Although there is a pretty steep road to mount from the station, still when you are fairly at the kennels, you seem to be in a sort of bason among the hills. Jem, looking remarkably well, but with his right hand tied up in consequence of an attack of the old chalk-stone enemy, swept the horizon for us, with the eye of a general, as we stood by his garden wicket. "Boulter's Barn," of happy memory, was in front of us, in the shape of a clump of trees, clinging unobtrusively to the side of a hill; and beyond it we were requested to believe in the existence of Churchill Heath, on the principle of the groom who accepted the artist's explanation, that although he might be invisible in the picture, he was coming up the other side of the hill.

The Heythrop Covers.

For the gazer on Churchill Mount the chain of covers which have long since prompted the saying, "Better by half shoot a child than kill a Heythrop fox," take up the tale, as the eye sweeps into the opposite valley, and rests on the three hundred acres of the Brewin, where the long and white-legged foresters have their earths; on Churchill Heath, which is too damp for lying; the oaks and the ashes of the Norrells; but alas! on no Lyneham Heath. Well may Jem bewail that extinct gorse in the "Give me back my Legions" vein. "*None of your grubbing*," as he invariably says to Mr. Langston's agent, when that gentleman tries gently to lead his mind to the great subject of agricultural improvement, with axe, steam-plough, and tile: "*You've grubbed enough; I'm afraid of you.*" Then he will propose his annual compromise, which was repeated

again that day: "*You may grub up Churchill Heath and the Norrells, and Sand Pits, if you'll give us back only twelve acres of Lyncham Gorse.*" Over these past and present battle-grounds the eye roams off once more to Merry Mouth, and up a fine hunting vale to Gawcombe Wood, looking like two globe-shaped hollows, then leaving Oddington Ashes (the noted hermitage of wild outlying foxes) to the left, and so on to the spire of Stow-on-the-Wold, the village of the noted May and October horse fairs. There, too, is Seisingcote Wood, creeping up the valley towards Evesham, and there too, almost in front of us, are the quiet groves of Daylesford, to which, "when under a tropical sun he ruled fifty millions of Asiatics, the hopes of Warren Hastings, amidst all the cares of war, finance, and legislation, still pointed," and to which he at length retired to die. Warwickshire, Oxfordshire, Gloucestershire, and Worcestershire all meet hard by the Four Share Stone to the right of the Park; and between us and it, as we wrap up that stirring Mount panorama, is the expanse of Kingham Field, still bearing all the signs of recent enclosure, and alive with double fertilizers and ploughs, in which the Herefords and a few "doubtful" Shorthorn heifers are contentedly toiling together.

The Kennels near Chipping Norton.

The stables, like the kennels, are built of Chipping Norton sandstone, with rooms above for the grooms and the whips. The geological formation of the ground changes at this point, and the stables are on clay, and the kennels within twenty yards of them on sand. Save and except four clever-looking hacks, one of which Jem considers to be the best 25*l.* bargain he ever made, there were no horses to be seen, as the whole eighteen were at Little Compton, in yards and other loose places. Mr. Charles Simmond's contract with the hunt ceased some four or five years ago, and ever since then it has horsed itself. Pamela and her

litter of Hector puppies were the sole tenants of the loose-box of Bendigo, a great horse, but not more loved than Sailor, Betsy Baker, and the yellow bay. The field is on a slope, and a very beautiful one for hounds to spread themselves over. At the bottom is a small orchard, where they lie under the apple-trees with Jem in the summer, and dream of rich red foresters past and to come. In the snow, such is the confiding or rather chaffing nature of those foxes, although Jem has brought about a thousand brace to book in a quarter of a century, that they sometimes come to meet *him*, and a brace played such antics close up to the kennels a few winters ago, that the whole pack was in an uproar till Sam got up and view hallooed the intruders away.

There was no maiden nurse about, and we merely heard the story of Dairy Maid, who brought up five cubs and a puppy in days when Goosey and Shirley both adopted the system. We thought that there would be some music in the Nathan key, after the clouds of chaff which have descended upon Jem's devoted head by reason of him; and accordingly it soon burst forth, "*Talk about horses! that's a daughter of 'the clothes horse'; I was never to get Nathans with short legs.*" Welcome, her sister, was not of her stamp behind the shoulders, but it is an unspeakable comfort to Jem that she wanted no entering. She always joined the pack, when they came to Tackley Heath, and made a hit down a field of swedes, which will be mentioned in connexion with her to the end of her days.

Jem had then hardly set his house in order, but there in full array was the fox which got drowned in the trap. "Two dog foxes like wolves" preserve his race, as far as size goes, in the Forest. One of them had already licked Jem two or three times, so that he breathed vows of vengeance on the smallest allusion to the case. Still, amid this warfare, he is

not neglecting more peaceful pursuits; and although he has no Young Chipping Norton eleven in training to take the shine once more out of the crack Forest Club, the cricket spirit which he acquired in Broadbridge's and Wenman's day has not died out, and he has recently been umpire in a match at Deddington.

He claimed to have four hundred foxes at that moment within his protectorate, and barring one with white toes, which he killed at Worton Heath, he has seen no approach to hereditary white pads lately. He rather thought of getting some Scotch grey-hound foxes for a cross, but did not succeed. This failure does not seem to weigh upon him, as, contrary to the generally received horse and hound notions, he attributes the stoutness of his foxes to the fact, that the blood has been kept intact for generations. One of the patriarchs which had baffled him most rancorously for two or three seasons came to hand at last, after 1 hour 45 minutes from Langley to Wroughton. The crafty old foresters of Will Long's day would hardly recognise Wychwood now, as, with the exception of four hundred acres at each end, the whole of the forest has been stubbed up, and the consequence is, that the cub-hunting, which once began on the 1st of August, is now delayed till the middle of September. Some of Jem's best runs have been after a frosty morning; and when other people didn't hunt, the Heythrop would have their fun if they threw off at two o'clock, and, to use his energetic expression, "*fairly fetched it out of the fire.*" Heythrop Foxes.

The last great Tackley Heath day of 1859-60 began at half-past one. Hunting had seemed an impossibility, and, in fact, they dare not draw the Great Tew country, but a clipping one hour and thirty-five minutes rewarded them for their pluck. Up to February 20th it was a capital season, and they killed 39½ brace, and then for their last six Making-up Forty Brace.

weeks, do what they might, they had not scent enough to complete their 40 brace. However, their last day produced an old dog fox, who broke twelve times from the top of the Forest, and at last went a four mile gallop straight along the turnpike-road, and brought Jem to a complete stand-still at the cross roads. Things looked so critical that Jem, as a last hope, proposed to Mr. Hall to go and chop a lame fox which had been hanging for some days about a little spinney. Still he felt sure that his hunted fox had gone round towards Chorlbury, and that, if he came back, he should hit him over the wall; and so it turned out. Keeping along the wall *en route* to the lame un, he heard a view halloo at last, and ascertained that his fox had just gone into Boinall, so beaten that he had to jump three times at the wall before he could get over. The hounds could just hit it on the grass, but could hardly speak to it in cover, where a vixen did all the work for half-an-hour, till at last Helena dropped across the beaten fox, and pulled him down.

Of course, we had a cup of tea and a little conversation; and of course, we found Jem in a most "affable" mood, in every sense of the word. We discoursed of the forest and its changes, which seems a very delicate subject. "It's nearly all grubbed up," he said, "and the deer killed, red and fallow; we used to go through hundreds of them on the drives. Lords Churchill and Redesdale have left only a bit of it at the top and bottom, where the foxes must fly. The old foresters get puzzled, and they can't dwell; they get lost, and dare not touch certain covers and go down wind. It's a blackthorn and hazel cover, with grass. They used to put a six-foot hedge, with thorns outside, to keep the deer out. The foxes smeused, and the hounds would jump at the fences, and lose their eyes or get staked and drop into the ditch; that's done away with now,

that's one little comfort, but there's no badger hunting."

Jem and the Badgers.

Debarred as we were from seeing Jem at this game, we pressed him to set it before us, which he did as follows: "Twenty couple are useless, if you want to kill without the brisket dodges, they can't smother or bite him to death. Five couple which really like it," he went on to say, "will stick to it and catch a badger, where there are lots of cubs about. Lord Dillon and Mr. Webb didn't believe me, so Lord Vaux came and had a night of it with them; hot supper at Ditchley. We sent a man at twelve to sack the hole. The run of a badger is very odd ⅂⅂⅂⅂⅂, and so on. We got on to it at the bottom of the Park, and picked it out into the Oak riding. The cubs were up, and the vixen came squalling across the rides, after the badger and the hounds, a hundred yards behind. We gave him an hour and a half in the Park, and then to ground, and brought him home at three. I used to be with the hounds under a tree, and put a man to sack the hole, and watch. They'd be out eating beans like a pig. Three and four season hunters did it best. The Rocket sort were good at that game, and Platoff was very great. If another hound spoke to a fox, he'd come back to me. His note for a badger was short and deep, and for a fox light and clear. He'd bay them, but he'd not turn them up. Harlequin knew the brisket dodge, and we dare not take him out. Badgers and foxes go very well together. They tell me that they killed nearly all the badgers in one of the woods in Sir Tatton's old country, and that there was one found next day, and it was lying curled up in the earth with a fox. They're friendly enough, but the foxes are the lazy ones, and the badgers do the digging, and right they should. I killed nine badgers the first season I came here, and some of them with terriers. Once I turned one out in the frost with a

couple of my terriers, Cribb and Fan, and they shuffled along well. They held him till I walked a couple of miles and got a sack.

Glories of Cribb the Terrier.

"Cribb would fight a redhot poker till it became cold; his jawbone was quite bare; there was not a bit of under-lip, and he'd put out a fire with his feet. That's why they called him 'The Fire Eater.' You had only to say '*Kill that cat*,' and it was done. Still he would bear any amount of teasing, and never fought till I told him. I kept him two years after he was blind; he would make his bed at the badger's door, and get in next morning, and go creeping along by the wall to find his head. He was a biggish eighteen pound dog, and he'd draw a cover beautifully. They would go to his cry. I have got Jack, a great grandson of his, now, and he'll draw and find foxes with any hound. Never speaks to riot. Jack threw his tongue last season, and out came a hare. Mr. Hall was there. '*Oh! Jack, Jack!*' he said, '*you've made a mis-take.*' Then out came a fox close under the hedge."

Jem's Early Days.

We then tried back a little for Jem's earlier days, when "grubbing" troubles were unknown. It seems that he whipped in to Bob Bartlett and the Duke of Dorset's harriers at Noel House near Sevenoaks in Kent, while Tom whipped in to the Surrey. The Duke was a fine, tall young fellow, of nearly six feet; and he was killed larking a horse over a wall near Dublin. "I did a little whipping-in when I was ten," said Jem, "but his Grace would have it—he was all wrong—that I was too little to be trusted for fear of accidents, so I was left at home with the little grey hack, and precious savage I was about it. I had four brothers with hounds, we were by an earthstopper from a huntsman's daughter, so we couldn't be better bred. My father was a quarryman, and stopped earths as well.

My word, what a hand he was, stopping all the old quarries about Godstone! I was with the Duke three seasons, and wore a green coat. After that I was pad-groom, and whipped-in to Tom with the Surrey for seven seasons, then to Colonel Wyndham, then to the Badminton and Lord Ducie, and so on here. I knew this country well when I was with his Grace and Will Long, and the hounds used to come to Heythrop on September 16th, and the Duke on the 1st of November, and we carried on the game till Christmas. Then we had six weeks in the Badminton country, till February 16th, and then back again here till April.

Special Day for the Duke of Beaufort.

"I had the present Duke here in '57. I had told him how fast Harlequin was, and his Grace said he should like to see me prove my words. Mr. Hall had a special meet for his Grace at Bradwell Grove, and we had the largest field I ever saw out, foot and horse. I like to see foot people, they enjoy it so, and they never interfere with me. I've got them in pretty good training. We killed a brace in Bradwell Grove, then we found in Winrush Poor Lot, and ran to Aldsworth Village into a coalhole. His Grace said, 'I should like to see this Harlequin of yours catch a fox in six fields.' We turned him up, and the fox came back to the top of the wall, and all the hounds viewed him. Then he ran a mile along a green lane near Aldsworth, and we had a regular lay on. Harlequin led a hundred yards out of the pack, the fox went under a wall and Harlequin over, up a bank to a plantation, he wrenched and turned twice all by himself, through the fence into the next field, and pulled him down. His Grace said, that he 'never saw such pace in a hound before.' It was a rare day's welcome to the present Duke, and the hounds were as steady as beagles. Fast hounds are the thing, give him what old Philip Payne called 'palpitation of the heart' in the first ten minutes and

you'll do. Lord Valentia says I've 'no business with more than two couple;' and Captain Anstey's only for allowing me one hound. He says, '*Jem knows exactly where the fox is going with all this lifting and telegraphing.*' Captain Anstey was the only one who followed the Duke of Beaufort into his two countries.

Blooding Future Masters of Hounds.

"I blooded the present Duke at Heythrop in the deer park, close beside an elder tree, and I did a good day's work. The Duke was only speaking of it the other day; he remembered all about it; he said, '*I got a good scolding for giving you a slap on the face, but you did put it on so very thick.*' I blooded Lord Granville, he was master of the buckhounds then—he'll be leader of the Lords now; he was a good deal older, so I got no slap that time. He quite enjoyed it. When the meets were at Heythrop, the two Mr. Baileys from Bath, the two Mr. Worralls, Mr. Rawlinson and Lindow, Mr. Webb of Kiddington, Mr. Evans of Dean, and Mr. Holloway of Chorlbury, were the cracks. The sixth Duke was among us then on his horse St. George. Will Long had Bertha, Gimcrack, and Milkman then. I rode the first a little when she was five years old. I liked a grey mare, Tilburina, best. His Grace bred her, but she was a wicked one—the grooms couldn't ride her, so I begged to have a try. I made conditions, mind you, that if I killed her I was not to be blamed; and the Duke told me I might kill her if I liked. She was a devil certainly at first, but I got her to carry me as quiet as a dog horse. She was one of the best looking ones I ever saw, and a rare galloper and jumper. I never rode anything like her. She knocked them about right and left when I had gone, so they sent her to the stud. In '26 we hunted the Forest only spring and autumn. There were 8000 acres of it then; if they cut a place, they put a large fence to keep the deer out; it was well rided, and the

hounds pressed the deer hard if they got a scent. Ditchley Wood's only half what it was. I'll tell you what, there's only one-third of the cover left in the country to what there was then. We used to pay 160*l.* a year for gorses, which are gone—Cooper's Gorse, Hilbury Gorse, and Dunster Gorse,—all stubbed up.

Scent Symptoms.

"The scent is twice as good from Brewin to Northleach as from Brewin to Aston, and the fleeces of the Cotswolds are better. You know pretty well how the scent is by the hounds. If there is a nasty blue mist, there is no scent. Even in Gloucestershire where the scent is far better, they'll not go into cover, make any excuse. A little black cloud will stop them in the middle of a field; when you can hear well there's a scent; if it's bad hearing, it's a bad scenting day."

The South Warwickshire's Triumph.

Then we had the great story of the Warwickshire killing their fox at last, which despite any delicacy towards Jem must be given in all its details. "Well, you will have it," said Jem, "so you must. I had always been teazing them about never getting across the turnpike-road, which divides our countries, and they sometimes got quite riled, when I offered to have it sodded. Well, Mr. Henry Greaves was master then, and poor George Wells—a sterling good fellow and huntsman, was George—lived with him. They found at Woolford Wood, and carried a good head over Larches-on-the-Hill, down by Cornwell, over the hill by Boulters Barn, Sarsgrove to left, Sarsden Village; they *were* astonished to see a pack of hounds there, and Jem not at the head of them. Then on to The Norrells, through it, and killed him at Puddlicote Quarries. That was enough. Mr. Greaves and George Wells, and all of them,—it was our Hunt Meeting that day,—they came to the White Hart and regularly had me up before all the gentlemen, and Mr. Greaves pre-

sented me with the brush. '*Jem wouldn't sod that lane as he promised, from Stow to Blowam, and so he's quite entitled to this brush.*' George Wells stood there grinning, poor fellow. Then the gentlemen said, I must of course not receive it without a speech, and they said I ought to have a white sheet on. So I took it, and I said, 'I'll have it mounted in silver, with an inscription, *This is the brush of the fox which took the South Warwickshire five-and-twenty years to kill.*' So I gave them it back pretty well. Mr. Greaves said, '*Well, George! I think we'd better not have brought it,—Jem's down on us harder than ever.*' I tell the South Warwickshire men now, that I know it was only a three-legged one out of The Norrells, and that I've missed one since. The real truth is, if I can find a fox on these hills and get him over that road, and sink that fine scenting vale of theirs, when he's half beat, I can hook him, but if they find a fox in that Vale and bring him on to our cold hills, it's a good reason why they lose him.

Dislike to Water.

"They say I don't like water, and they've got a picture of me stepping into it. There was a huntsman's dinner at Banbury to Wingfield, Stevens, and myself, the farmers gave it, first-rate fellows; and they were all on me about it. I said very well, when we're at North Aston, and the fox goes over the brook, I'll pound you all. Going down from Doddington next time, I called up my second horseman; he was on the grey mare Julia. I said, go and stand under the thick hedge on the opposite side of the bank from where we draw. We drew first on Dean Hill. Cooper and Selsby were great at water, and they said, '*Come along down this field.*' There was a tree across, I turned my black horse loose and ran across it, and got on the grey, and George went back for the black. I said I should go across the brook at a place where not a man in England dare jump it, and I was right. I always go in and out. Another time when I got to a brook I

kept hallooing them on, forty or fifty of those Oxford boys, and I popped down to a ford 100 yards below, and crept up the other side of the hedge; the hounds checked on a fallow, and I heard them say, '*We've done him,—we've left the old un behind.*' '*Have you?*' I said, and I peeped through the hedge, '*The huntsman's here, and he don't want you to hunt them.*' So I did them again.

"Poor Will Goodall was so fond of the brook business. Such a carpentering he used to have the day after they had been at Melton Spinney with those rails at the fords, 'to keep the tinkers out,' as he called them. He was very fond of cricket; he went and fielded for a friend, when The United came to Grantham. He jumped about so in his white cord breeches; I had great fun watching him. I used to play a great deal; when the game went against me the better I liked it. Old Jem Broadbridge used to make me go in first, when things looked odd. When Brown came to play with the Brighton Club, we practised a fortnight throwing balls at each other's wickets, to be ready for him. I was one of the Petworth Club, and we went to Brighton to play them. Cricket Reminiscences.

"Broadbridge said, '*Do go in first, Jem, they're all afraid of these shooters.*' I got three runs off Brown, and twelve runs in all; Lillywhite bowled me. Brown was a great fellow, six feet high, his balls came like bullets; they were all over the place, three long-stops couldn't handle them. I never lost my wicket with a catapulta, I knew how to watch the machine; I was in with a catapulta up at the Forest, and I went and fetched seven off it. I watched where he set it for leg-stump, middle, or near stump. Once I took a young Eleven to play this grand Forest Club, and dressed them. I lasted them out each time, and made 130 runs. We wanted five to win. '*Don't you move your bat,*' I said to the last man; they shouted,

'*That's not fair, Jem.*' I got the next over, and I got seven, and we regularly chaffed the Club. I've not played them since. I always leave off a winner. Once I shot a pigeon match for 10*l.* a side; I won that, and I'll shoot no more. I've played one single-wicket match, and beat my man, and they'll not catch me at that again. I've ridden this steeple-chase and I won, so I may say that I've never been licked."

Clarke's Sanctum.

With an idle afternoon on our hands, and a clear sky overhead, we left the train at Chippenham, and faced the 10½ miles, heel and toe, to Badminton, to see that first Wonder and Spangle entry, which united the scarlet and black collar of Tubney, with the green plush of the Duke. The road is nice, but too flat to be interesting; and we were right glad to find ourselves in Acton Turvile, and then among the pretty cottages of Badminton, one or two of which seem perfectly clustered over with vine and ivy leaves. We found Clarke almost roofless, as his house was being enlarged, and he was living in the village *pro tem.*; but still he stuck to his snuggery, which seemed like a sort of oasis in a brick-and-mortar wilderness. Mr. Morrell's well-known print occupied the place of honour above the fireplace, on each side of which hung the heads of Vigil and Adeline. Old Trumpeter, who was put away soon after he came, looks out of canvas, in company with the young Harlequin; and beneath them was Trouncer, a relic of Clarke's service with Sir John Gerard Shamrock and Grimaldi, two old Berkshire friends, Horlock's Statesman (sire of Friendly and Filagree), poor Will Goodall, Hercules, and Philip Payne, found their place as well; and there, too, was Clarke himself on Topthorn, cheering Forester and Bobadil of Tubney renown; while Farmer, who died under his first whip after a great Craven run, at Lambourne, has left him his foot as a forget-me-not, for the sideboard.

The Kennel Beauties of Badminton.

The "blue and white" scalp-board with its fringe of pads, pleasantly keeps up the connexion with Kingstown, who stands near the kennels, and the yearlings which were coming forward for John Day. During the last four seasons, the average of noses has been 73 brace, and in the last they reached 91, the largest number, we believe, on record. His Grace can generally count on five hundred head of foxes in a country which is about forty square miles in extent, and from 14 to 15 brace are killed each season off Mr. Holford's property, which abounds with game. So much for true-hearted and industrious keepers, and an owner who has not one face for the master of the hounds, and another for his own men! This year (1860) was the first of the Tubney cross, and the result was to be found in twelve out of the twenty-one litters, from which the entry had been selected. Nearly 38 couple of dog-hounds were on the flags, ranging from $23\frac{1}{4}$ to 24 inches, with Hengist even slightly over that standard. The half-faced Fleecer, Clarke's friend of seven seasons, was there, by Fitzhardinge Furrier from Heroine, and so back through Fitzhardinge Flourisher, and Beaufort Fairplay to the Furrier fountain-head of honour. There, too, was the gay-coloured Forester, Wonder worthy in looks of his mate, and Wrangler, Sailor, and Sportsman of Warwickshire Saffron descent. Termagant and Tenderness had spoken up elsewhere for Harlequin, who was with his sister Honesty, the prize Tubney Cup holders in "the Hercules year," and blest with a remarkable head, which marks him among ten thousand.

Limner had been put away, but his Legacy and Loyalty were left, and so was his Paragon, straining back to Beaufort Warlock on one side, and from a dam the very last of the Beaufort Potentates. Sportsman, Prodigal, Sparkler, and Whynot were among the particulars, and Trimbush, who had been in train-

ing for the hound match. Spangle, the fifty-guinea matron of the Tubney sale, prospered in her generation after she came to Badminton, and did her work well as an eight-season hunter. Her rare Wonders inherit her somewhat smutty face, and Woldsman in his work exactly resembles her. Jack Jones bred her, and Clarke entered her, and looked forward to raising a pack from her when she died. She left eight couple of them in work, and a couple of handsome ones coming forward.

Among the matrons were Vistula and Vestal, Sanguine, and Vigil of the Warwickshire Saffron sort, in which Clarke delights, as "there is no end of them;" Wisdom, too, of the old badger-pie sort, Harriet, Hasty, Pleasant, and Pastime, and Countess, with Skilful, who has a deal of the old Sunderland head and crown. It would never do to forget Friendly, the yellow-pied Handmaid, or Caroline. There, too, was the grey face of old Spangle, and the very handsome Fallacy. Honesty and Toilet, both Tubney Cup winners, were in the throng, but as yet they had bred from neither of them; and so were Rarity and Playful, to tell of old Remus, who had been put away in his tenth season. Faithless by Flagrant, and Woful by Belvoir Comus, were there with Baroness; Seamstress was the least among that fair and good-tempered array, and never did two sisters show better than Waspish and Woodbine, as they passed side by side through the wicket.

Recollections of Will Long.

If you ask Will Long about his old Badminton pack, he will generally reply that he would lay his life down for Prophetess by Plunder, and Tuneful by Warwickshire Tarquin. Still Dorimont is the burden of his discourse. The day when the sixth Duke ordered him to draw Stowe-on-the-Wold, fifteen miles away from Badminton, only twenty minutes before dark, or when the seventh requested him to bring out Milkman in a

frost, and lark him over some flights of hurdles in the straw-ride, are still specially marked in his memory, but not more than the work of the old dog in Ditchley Woods, when he had been for months on the retired list. His blood comes up in all the best strains in the kennel. Rufus and Remus have it through their dam Rarity by Rutland, a capital son of his, and it can be traced in Wonder through Fearnought to Gaiety. Remus was the cleanest in his forehand, but Rufus had most power, and was nearest the ground, and decidedly the best of the two, and the Duke of Rutland and Sir Richard Sutton used him freely.

The Dawn of Leicestershire.

Mr. Childe of Kinlet first began hard-riding in Leicestershire, to Mr. Meynell's great disgust; and after Lords Forester and Jersey came with "the splittercockation pace," he declared that he "had not had a day's happiness." He and Tom Tit knew no troubles till then, and his horses used to rear on their hind legs, and jump gates and stiles standing, in the most sober and comfortable way. In fact, it was the regular Musters' régime; getting through a country, and not over it. The Bull's Head and The George of Loughboro' were the head-quarters, and a hundred horses would go past the window in the morning to cover. Mr. Meynell hunted the whole of the original Quorn country, from Clifton Gardens near Nottingham to Market Harborough, thirty miles away, and the Leicester harriers, whose patrons met once a week at The Bell, enjoyed themselves under his wing and got his small draft. Mr. Cholmondley, Sir Stephen Glynne, Sir Harry Featherstone, and Prince Boothby were great at Loughboro', and Brooksby Gate was the first meet of the season in November. Gradually Melton was discovered to be more central, and the attractions of the Belvoir and "Lord Lonsdale's Tuesdays" brought Loughboro' to grief, and the opening day to Kirby

Gate, which for sixty years never lacked Mr. Sheldon Cradock's presence on horseback, and at last in a chaise.

The Quorn Country.

Fourteen masters — Sefton, Foley, Smith, Osbaldeston, Bellingham Graham, Osbaldeston, Southampton, Goodricke, Holyoake, Errington, Suffield, Hodgson, Greene, Sutton, and Stamford—have reigned since. Still through all the changes of tillage and draining, Sixhills, Shoby, Widmerpool, and Willoughby held the best scent then, and hold it still. The Forest still continues to be what Mr. Meynell said of it, "the finest scenting country in the world;" and the best for breaking young hounds. The only part of the old enclosure is Charley, which remains the same as it did in 1800. All was then an open sheep-walk of heath and stone, and without any fence or even a tree, save a few hazels and oaks, for miles. The foxes were as wild as hawks, and were generally found among the Whitwick rocks near the present Monastery, where Mr. Meynell and his men would dig for hours. The four M's of the Old Club and Mr. Cradock of Loughboro' gradually took the management of the covers, and the subscriptions when Mr. Assheton Smith had the hounds and about 3500*l.* a year, were paid as punctually as a bank dividend. "The Blue Coats" were in their glory, and among them "Gamboy Henton" who spoke to his own nose down a drain, when Meynell's Gamboy could not. These flyers would "hardly open their mouths under two hundred;" and Jonathan King of Beeby would take a horse out of his stable for no one. "*Come and ride him*," he used to say, "*and if you like him, three hundred's my price.*"

Mr. Assheton Smith.

For his tackle, Mr. Smith still stands confessedly the first man across Leicestershire, and except Sir David Baird very few attempted to go so straight. The fences were higher

then, and no caps were worn, and both of them would have their clothes torn off their backs, and their flesh from their faces, rather than not go every inch of the way with hounds. As Tom Heycock used to observe of Sir David, "If he did get a fall, and you thought he was out of the run, he would always pop up by your side." Mr. Smith brought his little horse Benjie into the country, and as he said then, so he said to the last, that his present horse was his best.

Hunting-field Habits.

It was another of his axioms, that the great secret was "learning how to gallop," and he had to put out his highest proficiency on the Mondays, when Messrs. Rawlinson and Lindow would invariably come to ride against him. "He would often ride for a certain fall, when he wanted to make a cast," and no one knew how to fall off better. He studied it as a science, and when his horse was at all blown, he always sent him at timber a little aslant, so as to get free of him easier if he made a mistake. People knew what unmade, uncertain-tempered brutes he rode, and when he did something quite out of the common, they cheered him. This made him very tenacious, and if any one followed him over any of those "sensation jumps," he was quite crabbed and seldom forgot it. One man he was never jealous of under any circumstances. Speaking of the finish of a run he said, "No one was there but myself;" and when some one suggested Tom Gamble, he replied, "*Oh, he's nobody; he's always there.*"

He once rode against Sir James Musgrave, near Clawson, in the days when hunter pairs were all the fashion at Melton Thorns, but Sir James changed his black without his observing it, and jumping the locked gate at the bottom, left him pounded and in a fearful passion. From Broderip Oak over the Vale to Lydiard Wood, was another of his great rides, when Lord Kintore had the V. W. H., and he was

gracious enough to say to his lordship, "*Well! old friend, you had just the best of it!*" Be the country what it might, he never gave it a thought, and Mr. Davis always says that he was "the best stag hunter of us all," when he went into the New Forest.

The Billesdon Brook Leap.

One of his greatest Leicestershire leaps was the Billesdon Brook, which he leapt in a place where it was a regular ravine. The bank had rather curved in, and it required at least thirty-four feet to cover it, and a plashed hedge on the opposite side. The field saw him coming up the turnpike from the Coplow to Billesdon; and for the first time in his life nursing his horse. He knew what was before him, and then rushing through the crowd like a bullet, he went at it determined to do something tremendous; but Lord Aylesford followed him, and got over with a slight scramble on the other side. Dick Christian jumped the same brook, on Mr. Maxse's grey King of the Valley in his steeple-chase, and the measurement from hind foot to hind foot, was thirty-six feet. All Mr. Smith's escapes were as nothing compared to one of his friend Mr. Coke's when he went to stay with him in Hampshire. Seeing a nice practicable fence, he charged it, but not only found himself dropping all in a heap into a deep lane, but right in front of a horse and cart. This vision so startled the horse, that it dashed forward, and drew the cart right over the legs of Mr. Coke's hunter, as it lay on the ground, and lamed it for many a week after.

Training Little Will Burton.

Mr. Smith seemed to relax towards no one so much as Mr. Greene, whom he considered his best pupil, and there was also an exception in favour of little Will Burton. He determined to give Will his first lesson, when he was little more than four stone. Putting him on one of his steadiest hunters, he observed by way of prelude, "*Boy! if you don't stick close to me, you'll never see your mother again!*" Having made this first

and last appeal, he proceeded to give him a lead over some hog-backed stiles, and chose one so close under a tree, that the little fellow's hat was knocked off. In a minute his master was down picking it up. "*Rare fun this, boy, isn't it?*" "*Yes, master,*" said Young Hopeful, "*but if we don't look sharp, we wont see the hounds again.*" The retort suited his grim humour to a nicety, and he chuckled at the thoughts of it long after poor little Will was in his grave.

Will's Hound Education.

At that time, the hounds spent alternate three weeks between Quorn and Bowden Inn, where Lord Plymouth, Mr. Maxse, and Mr. Maher also sent their horses, and Mr. Smith told the story of the hat so well at Serlby, that the hero of it was summoned to be looked over and tell his weight. This occurred so often afterwards that Will began to think that "master will never have done showing me to the ladies." In other respects he was a precocious pupil, and in his leisure hours he clipped his master's cat. It came up as usual to be stroked by Mr. Smith at stable hour, and an inquiry soon fixed suspicion on the culprit, who said he "thought it would make her handsome." We do not know whether the punishment, blended as it was with the deepest instruction, would suit the authors of the Revised Code, but it simply consisted in writing out and then spelling over to his master, twenty of the hardest hound names in the pack.

Old Tom Wingfield, who had a peculiar habit of always catching his horse up, before he took a fence, never got on with Mr. Smith in kennel. Tom smoked morning, noon, and night; he did so at eighty-seven. Hence "*Send that fellow to me, when he's sure he's done his pipe,*" was the general form of cabinet council summons. There is a good deal of truth in what Dick Burton always says to George Carter, "I had the lion, you had the lamb," as Mr. Smith grew much milder latterly, and he took the

dog-hounds into the open, and George the lady pack and the puppies into the woods, without at all interfering with each other. There never was a better man to get away from a big wood. He would not speak a word after they found. There was no "*Whey! confound the horse;*" as with Mr. Codrington (when it wasn't stirring an ear), but he kept quietly moving in the ridings; and when they broke he was at them like a shot.

Mr. Hames of Glenn.

In Leicestershire, Mr. Hames of Glenn was his great hound secretary. He would put out twenty couple of puppies for him, and go round twice a week to shepherd them. "If you don't keep the one well," he used to say, "I'll send you two; and if you don't keep the two well I'll send you the dam and the whole litter." His good humour had its effect, and they came in from quarters like bacon pigs. Mr. Hames's enthusiasm did not die out, and they used to say in Mr. Osbaldeston's day, that if he heard Dick Burton crack his whip as a signal on passing through the village, he would have run out of church from a wedding or a funeral. A fox with a mangy brush and loins in Shankton Holt was a great card with him, and he named him "Jack." "I'll back old Jack to-day" was his offer, directly they found; and they never could succeed in killing him.

"The Squire" in Lincolnshire.

It was in Lincolnshire that "The Squire," after a capital season up to Christmas Eve, underwent all the agonies of "the great frost," which never broke up again till past the middle of February; when hunting men felt like the exiles of Siberia. After that, he had three things good enough to make the fortune of a season, one of them with scarcely a check seventeen miles from point to point, with Jim Wilson and Tom Sebright cheeking him all the way over Tower Moor, to keep him out of the Heath. It was all grass and no

plough in Lincolnshire then; drains have now made the top of the soil light; and sheep no longer rot almost up to their hocks in water, so that the labours and difficulties of those days must not be judged of by the standard of the present, when there is a stable of 70 or 80 hunters to pick from and sometimes 120 couple of hounds out at quarters.

The Osbaldeston Hound-blood.

The picture of Dick Burton and the hounds is the key, as far as sires go, to the finest Osbaldeston blood. Dick is not on the Big Grey, which "had always one spur in him, and the other never out of him," but Cervantes, one of his own making. Walton Thorns has just been drawn blank, and Vanquisher by Musters's Proctor, always one of the last out, comes up flying a stile. He was one of the most beautiful dog-hounds at Quorn, not so fast as Furrier, and, like him, he never smeused. The farmer who walked him at Hutton Bushell sent him in with the comment, that he ought to be a very good hound, as "he had eaten the mistress's prayer-book one day." The old black and white Vaulter lies down near the yellow-pied Pilgrim, "such a dog for ribs and thighs, and eight inches round the arm," who looks wistfully up in Dick's face, waiting for the word to move on to Mundy's Gorse. His sire, Rocket by Vernon's Rallywood, also shows those grave, long features, which were such a type of his road wisdom, and Furrier comes cantering up to the group, in which Mindful, his companion in the Belvoir draft, bears part with Nabob "an owdacious stinger, with a true Brocklesby head." The yellow-pied Hermit bears testimony to a Beaufort draft, and there, too, are Primrose, and Rosebud, the faithful consort of Furrier, and one with Rocket in the Vernon pack purchase. The little terrier Nettle is almost the "dearest of them all" to Dick. Her dam used to ride to cover in Lord Middleton's carriage, but Nettle despised all such help. Dick often tells how she was somehow or other

always first, second, or third over the rides for an hour and twenty minutes in Martinshawe Wood, and then pitched in to her well earned fox for the first time; how she went in at a badger with her legs under her, when she had hardly a cheek-tooth left, and how she honourably retired when "The Squire" had jumped upon her at the last fence but one before the fox went to ground after a very fast thing.

The Squire's Hound Tastes.

Blood rather than size was "The Squire's" aim in kennel. Four couple and a half of Rockets, none of them less than four season hunters, three couple of Vanquishers, and 2½ couple of Furriers, were the cream of the pack, when he went to the Pytcheley. Over the great grass-fields of Kelmarsh and Oxendon, the "Furrier ladies" for two seasons especially, were in their greatest glory. He had made them so handy, that at a signal they would divide in their cast, but latterly they were always flashing over the scent, when their fox doubled back, or dodged; and four or five scurries with different foxes, too often made up the journal entry at night. When they did settle to one, and blew him up in the open, "The Squire" might well say, "they don't fly like pigeons, they fly like angels."

The Squire's Scorn of Fatigue.

Never was he known to go in a carriage to cover; and he never seemed to know what fatigue was. "If you will have two horses, you shall have two packs a day," he said to the Quornites, and as he never went to sleep after dinner, he wouldn't have objected to a turn with a third by moonlight. Tommy Coleman, who often cut in for a half-mile gallop at his side during the eight hours and forty minutes of his great Newmarket match, declared that he could see no difference in him at the 20th and 200th mile; and yet some of his horses, old Guildford especially, pulled hard. He rode it a race all the way, standing up in his stirrups.

There was always quite a set-to at the end of each four miles; and he would blow any one up if they attempted to help him on to his fresh horse. When all was over, he insisted on riding into the town, and Mr. Gully was so grieved at seeing fine training and stamina so fearfully taxed, that he said, "Really, Squire, you ought to have a whip over your shoulders for taking such liberties with yourself!"

Meltoniana.

An acre of manuscript might be filled with the sayings and doings of the hard-riding men of Melton, back to the days when Ralph Lambton was treasuring up for Durham County use every waif and stray that fell from the lips of his St. Hugo; or when Lord Sefton set the whole country talking, by jumping the Decoy Brook near Bunny on his grey. He carried top weight about 20st., and won in a tremendous fast thing of 20 minutes, "a stone a minute," as he afterwards said.

General Grosvenor.

Then there was General Grosvenor, equally quaint in his way at Newmarket or at the meet, where he would sometimes arrive from Brooksby, with a perfect cloud of grooms after him, by way of giving his hunters exercise. "You ride no more for me," he said to "The Vicar" after he had ridden Dædalus, "you lay so far out of your ground, you nearly frightened Mrs. Grosvenor to death." A dislike to sleeping out was another of his leading features. A bed was at his service after he had dined out in the Cottesmore country, but he could not make up his mind. At last he sent for the housemaid, who was a woman of short stature, and asked when it had been slept in? "I slept in it, General, only last night," said she. "*You slept in it?*" he replied, looking her well over; "*you're not big enough to air a bed: order my carriage.*"

Mr. John Moore.

Mr. Moore wielded well the power of the Old Club, and did "the coffee-house part of the business" by keeping men together, and

gathering in the subscriptions quite early in the season. He was a thin man with long legs, and "daylight knees" in his saddle, and always a quiet rider. Like most of the men of that period, he never liked to be asked too little for a horse. Wright of Syssonby offered him one in the spring at rather a low figure, but he returned him after a trial, and a dealer bought him. The next season Wright espied his old friend at Thorpe Trussells; and it was a perfect bit of news for Mr. Moore, when he was told "You're sitting, sir, on the same horse you were on at the end of last season; I suppose I asked you a hundred too little." He was also a little of an epicure, and his friends used to tell him that they had heard his Shorthorn soliloquies at cattle shows: "I should like to have a rumpsteak out of you." Once he was regularly taken in when he was yachting abroad. He found, as he thought, a young lamb tethered to a stake, and gave five shillings for it. He had as it seems forgotten the size of the sheep of that country, and only thought of the Bakewells, and it turned out, as he said, with disgust, to be "an old tup, and as strong as a Billy Goat."

Lord Alvanley.

"Harden your hearts and tighten your girths," was Lord Alvanley's great watch-word at the "View Halloo," and it was magnificent to see him go over the first half-dozen fences. Twenty minutes was his allowance, or about five more on an average than Lord Sefton. He butchered his horses along when they would go, spurs well home and reins slack; and Prick Ears understood him best. Once, when he was on his white horse, they found at Whissendine Pastures, and as all the steam was in him, he came right out of the crowd, and had the brook first. The horse got in and plunged his lordship's hat to the bottom, and to the end of the day he persevered on bare-headed, and with his horse perfectly black, or rather pyebald from the slush. He had a skew-

ball, but the weight did not suit him, and his lordship announced after one ride, that he was sure that "the horse would commit suicide rather than carry him again."

A woodland day he abhorred. "What sport have you had to-day, Alvanley?" said one of his friends when he met him coming home rather glum. "Oh! beautiful, we've been up Tilton Wood, and down Tilton Wood, and through Tilton Wood, then we went away from Tilton Wood, and back again to Tilton Wood, and they'll very likely finish at Tilton Wood." On another day, he declared that he had been quite beaten in the "Whole Art of Riding made Easy," by a Circus man from Leicester, who came out to see the fun in a property scarlet, and on an old grey trick-horse. Near Quenby Hall, the man pretended to ride at a gate, and when the horse stopped short, he threw himself over his head, and made such a series of somersaults that the field thought that he and his top-boots would never come to earth again. Spending, his lordship termed "realizing," and defied any one to give a more philosophical definition of it; and when his servant told him that he was sorry to say that the corn-factor had turned awkward at last, he asked what was the state of his confectioner's mind, and on learning that it was favourable, he said, "*Oh! that will do: give 'em biscuits!*" His finest stroke of policy was when he gave away a whole boat-load of coals to the poor of Melton, and the inference from this liberality was so favourable, that he had a roaring credit for months, at the expense of the Navigation Company.

Mr. Maher's "Old Tommy."

Be it Erin-go-Bragh or Shugaraoo, or anything else, Mr. "Paddy" Maher never used anything but a snaffle. Mr. Frank Forester introduced a great change into the cover horse system, as he generally rode his own there, and this prevented the grooms from running riot as of yore. In Old

Tommy, Mr. Maher had a veritable treasure, as he seemed to have a private key to the run of every fox. He was such a wizard that Mr. Burton ordered his lad never to keep his eye off him, and go exactly where he did. Old Tommy was indignant at this, and when he could not shake him off, he pulled up, and sitting down on a gate began to read the newspaper. The lad thought that Tommy would be lost that day, and rode on; but when he was wanted, the veteran was there to a minute, and Mr. Burton had to look into space for his second horse. The lad explained matters, and acted so rigidly in future up to his directions, "If Tommy gets on to a gate to read the paper, get up beside him, and ask him to edify you as well as himself," that Tommy and he became fast friends.

Mr. Mayer Outwitted.

There was a story against Mr. Maher of the way in which he tried to trick Old Tommy, who was on a horse with about the same walking pace as his own. He held that going on one side of a wood was much shorter than the other, and sent Tommy to come along it with the strictest injunction not to break from a walk; but seeing from an opening in the wood that he was making as good time as himself, stealthily started to canter. Tommy saw it and did the same, and got to the meeting place first. Mr. Maher was exceedingly angry, and was not at all satisfied with the explanation, that Tommy had seen him canter just after he came to the wood corner, and saw no possible harm in doing the same.

Sir Francis Burdett.

Many compared Sir Francis Burdett's seat on Sampson to a pair of compasses across a telescope. He cared little for personal comforts, and his Westminster and provincial supporters who believed (after they had seen him seated at a window teaching it to his boy), that he did nothing but study Magna Charta all day, would have hardly

known "Old Glory" as the fox-hunting devotee in in those two little rooms which had once been part of the stables, at Kirby Hall, or dining out after hunting, and stopping all night in his dirty but historical top-boots. He had a soul for subscribing as well as hunting; and he and Lord Plymouth each gave 400*l.* to the Quorn. In fact, if he only hunted once in a season, he gave 200*l.*, and Mr. Sheldon Cradock tells no story with more zest than how, on hearing of cover wants, he asked for his two hundred cheque back, when that gentleman called on him in London, and wrote out a new one for three.

Sir Harry Goodricke.

Dr. Russell and Smasher were Sir Harry Goodricke's best horses. The latter went with his head up, and his ears nearly in his rider's face, looking as if he saw nothing, and yet seeing everything. It was, in fact, hardly possible for him to make a mistake. Dr. Russell's head, on the contrary, was set on very differently, but he was one to which Lord Lonsdale's saying applied, "I don't dislike a horse that pokes his nose out if he has a strong neck, and can't throw his head into your face." Mr. Coke brought him into the country, and could make nothing of him, as he always rode him in sharp curb bits. He then lent him to Tom Heycock for part of a season, and he trained him in a snaffle on his Owston Farm, which was too strongly fenced for anything but a hunter to get over. Sir Harry rode one of his sons afterwards, and the likeness to his sire was very striking.

Doing Tom Heycock.

Tom Heycock, who first acquired his one decision as to line and fences on "The Pony," used often to handle these awkward customers, and as he was so accustomed to be rolled over, and "see the sun, moon, and stars in full illumination," as he phrased it, the Meltonians felt no delicacy in asking him to get on. Sir James Musgrave was especially fond of the fun, and after he had seen him put

one of his young horses over half-a-dozen fences, and had him reported as "a little queer," he replied, "I should be surprised if he was not, he's never been over one before, but I thought it made no matter to you." Lord Lonsdale used to give Tom many a quiet lecture, when he was a boy, for being so forward, and said that he and "The Pony" (for which Mr. Coke refused 500*l.* after giving 50*l.*) were "just like a brace of wild hares."

Old Snow.

Old Snow, the farmer of this period, was like nothing else that ever was created. He knew nothing about

"Harry of Ribstone, success to his reign,"

and cared still less. When he saw the hounds coming to draw John o'Gaunt, he would turn out grinning like a hyæna, with all his household, men and women, pans and pitchforks, and loose the yard dog as well, to prevent the fox breaking on his side. Sir Harry sent him the usual game compliment among the rest, but he sent back to say, that he "would not sell his birthright for a mess of red pottage." Nothing daunted by this message, Sir Harry forwarded two gallons of gin, and then he said that the donor was "the finest man in the world;" and should come just when he liked. But these times and prospects of a master for life were too good to last. Sir Harry's illness began with a violent cold, which he caught deer-stalking in Scotland; and when he came back the next season, his friends knew when he greeted them that his hand had lost its firmness, and was as shrivelled as a washerwoman's; and although he struggled on with all his innate energy, they never saw him looking well again.

Mr. Holyoake.

Mr. Holyoake lived with Sir Harry when they first came to Melton from the Burton country, where their friendship commenced. It was this lucky legatee's hunting principle that

good start, and twenty-five minutes best pace, was long enough for any man and any horse. A friend asked him one day whether he would like them to kill their fox at the end of it, and he replied, "*Yes! if it's a satisfaction to the master of hounds; but it's none at all to me.*" He brought Clinker into the country, and the bay gave Captain Ross, who bought him, four falls the first day he rode him. He had a very long stride, and was bad in dirt; and if anything came upon him suddenly, he as often as not put his foot in it, and his rider down.

Captain White.

Captain White graduated with "The Squire" in Lincolnshire, and was the friendly go-between, who arranged that he should purchase Quorn from Mr. Assheton Smith. His first day in Leicestershire was on "The Widow," at Scraptoft, and they had eight minutes from The Laurels, very sharp, to ground. They went back and found again, and had eleven miles. Mr. Smith saw the mare and her young rider so forward, that although his temper went from being bogged almost immediately after, he did not forget it. The next time they appeared was in a very fast thing from Billesdon Coplow to Slawston Windmill. Only five were left in at last, and when Mr. Smith saw his brook acquaintance down, he caught his mare for him, and only gave him a warmish exhortation to be quick, as, with scarcely a breath left in him, he staggered over a fallow.

Putting-up Hunters at the Old Club.

Putting up horses for auction at the Old Club was quite a business each night. Parties were often made on purpose, and after a couple of bottles of claret, business became quite brisk. Each owner had one reserve bid, and it was quite a sight the next morning to watch the different horses change stables, to the great bewilderment of the grooms. Several were very sweet on The Widow the first day she came out, and "*four*

hundred" was put under the candlestick. The Captain's reserve bid was a hundred above that sum, and after the Billesdon Coplow day, Lord Middleton did not scruple to close for her. Mistakes frequently arose from the habit of having hunters of the same colour and style. Sir James Musgrave, who would give good prices at the end of the season for horses he had seen go well, had three greys, by Fitzjames (for which he paid a thousand guineas to a Shropshire man), so alike that the grooms and their owner only knew them; and Captain White had two equally "winsome marrows," in his dark chestnuts. The Quorn had had a very fast forty minutes, and the Captain had been in the front rank as usual with one of them, and come a tremendous cropper into a green lane. Luckily his groom was close at hand with the other, and as not a soul knew of the change, it was sold for four hundred at night.

Harlequin.

Harlequin, by Sir Oliver, was the best horse venture the Captain ever made, and was bought out of a Derbyshire team, for 100*l.*, when he was four years old. He had two splints his first season, but the bone grew up to them, and his action and blood made him quite equal to fourteen stone. He made his *début* at Easton Wood, and a few of them had two miles over the plough and back before the field knew what was going on; and they then changed foxes, and ran to Woodwell Head. The style in which the horse had jumped on and off a little bulrush island, during the run, got so bruited about, that when Lord Plymouth heard of it, coupled with Mr. Standish's report of his action across ridge and furrow, he determined to have him at any price. It was eventually agreed that he should give Pedlar and a 900*l.* cheque for him; and as the Captain sold the latter for 250*l.*, he made a clear thousand guineas of his horse. His lordship had got four falls off his 400-guinea Assheton, the first time he rode him, and

was glad to sell him to Mr. Holyoake; but he never repented buying Harlequin, and vowed after riding him for seven seasons, that he was the only one he ever liked. He was a perfect snaffle-bridle horse, and the only instructions the Captain gave with him were, "Don't bully him, my lord; hold him nicely for three fences, and then sit down on him, and send him along." From hip to tail he was all muscle, and Mr. Gilmour said of him, that he "only seemed to gallop over an ox-fence." There is, however, always a set-off to luck, and his brother Jupiter met his death, by a stake running into his chest, just as the hounds were killing; and General Grosvenor insisted on giving him honourable burial in the centre of the middle riding in Stockersten Wood.

Mr. Maxse Pounding a Couple.

What Harlequin or Merry Lad might have said to it is a different thing, but even the Captain and Admiral Berkeley* confess that Mr. Maxse with all the weight fairly set them over four oak rails, at the corner of Harlesdon Wood. Cognac, who took them with his chest, drew the stumps right out of the ground, and his rider looked back when the crash was over, and said, "*Ah! I always thought you were a pair of soft ones!*" This was the third or fourth flight of rails which Cognac, who was very fresh after a frost, and in one of his rushing humours, had served out that day. Mr. Campbell, of Saddell, had introduced him into his Melton song, and therefore he was more talked of; but Mr. Maxse was quite as fond of Treacle and the Baron, both of which he purchased from Sir Bellingham Graham; and it was for the latter that Captain Ross, who yearned to be the steeple-chase champion, offered him a thousand guineas in vain.

Merry Lad.

Captain White bought Merry Lad from Mr. Tilbury, for 200*l.*; but although he

* Now Lord Fitzhardinge.

did not go the length of Lord Cardigan's Dandy, who danced about on his hind legs, and flew at everything at the cover side, till they were obliged to bring him in blinkers; he was very restive at first, and required to be flogged out of the yard. His great day was one from Thorpe Trussells, by Great Dalby to Rolleston, where they killed in a ditch. He played first fiddle with the Captain for some twelve seasons, when Alice Grey took his place, and he was used in harness at last.

The Captain at Croxton and Heaton Park.

To see the Captain starting for the Scurry at Croxton or Heaton Park, and calling the young ones to order at the post was a very grand sight, and often in the middle of the race, a series of most sonorous Tally-hoes were heard from the same quarter, to make the impetuous ones go a little faster. Dick Christian has already told of the Waste Walk on the Kettleby Road; but the Captain had harder work than that when he had to get off 10lbs. in two days for Theodore, when he was staying at Heaton Park. During the last two miles of one walk, he was so beat, that in order to have something to force the running, he picked up a bag-piper, and was marching in state behind him up the flower-garden on his return, with a face like a furnace, when the house party encountered him.

Mr. Greene, of Rolleston.

Besides profiting by the countless riding hints which he received from Mr. Assheton Smith, when he first came out, Mr. Greene went into strong practice on off days, over his own Rolleston estate. He would invite parties to course there, and mounting one of his best hunters, ride so close up to the dogs, that at times their owners would be a little nervous lest he should jump on to them. He negotiated the ox-fences and wide ditches with which the estate abounds so brilliantly, that dog owners often said, that to see him at work was worth all the sport among the hares.

His hand and seat were so light, that he went by the name of "The Fly," and he seemed to tell his horse more by knee-pressure than anything, exactly what he expected of him. When he came out cub-hunting within the last two or three seasons, on a little chestnut, "Nat" (which Mr. Richard Sutton had bought from its namesake at Newmarket), the finest horsemen thought it quite a head-and-hand lesson to watch him gradually soothe the little gentleman, which would fly and kick about in every direction, into a quiet canter. Horse handling was a science he had quite thought out, and we remember well his delight when we sat with him, the last time we ever met, at the Alhambra, and saw Mr. Rarey have his first interview with King of Oude. He always said that he endeavoured to make his horses take their fences a trifle aslant, and he "came up to them," as a first flight friend writes us, "with bounding strokes to the last, when he slackened his rein, and allowed them to exert their full power, the fling almost invariably bringing him safely into the next field." Style of Riding.

Latterly he hunted about two or three days a week, in a quiet sort of way, but enjoyed it as much as ever. In fact, he said that in one or two runs he had "never ridden more up to the mark when he was one-and-twenty," and nothing gave him greater pleasure than a remark of Lord Gardner's: "*I say, Greene, you're cutting the young uns down.*" He had a great "eye forward" for hounds, and stoutly carried out the maxim, never to take timber if you can avoid it. He repeated this to Goddard (who was riding side by side with him in a fast thing by Holt), and Jack often tells how beautifully he suited the action to the word, and popped his horse through the hedge close by the gate-post and into the front rank in an instant. The Riding of his Later Years.

The white Glanagyle, which was given to him by

His Horses. Mr. Otway Cave, was his cover hack for nearly fifteen seasons. He always rode it in the Park when he came to town, and it finished out its days with Sir Frederick Fowke. He seldom kept more than six hunters, and was not given to change. "The bay mare" never had a name; and after her, Muley, of whom he records in 1835, "I was never carried better in my life," and Don John "very clever," were in force about 1837. Fanny, Asparagus, and Symmetry were in his stables together; Syssonby stood very high with him; Phantom, who was out of one of his own mares, won a Hunter's Stake at Northampton; and Alice Grey, little Piccolo, and the water-loving Mrs. Caudle carried him to the front, during his memorable mastership. The first was given away to a tenant, and Mrs. Caudle was bought in for 230 gs., when half worn out, and carried him for some seasons after that.

His Hunting Journal. He kept a rough journal of every day he was out; a little limp-backed red book, tied with a red ribbon. The entries till he became master seemed very slight, and those who expect to glean much of what took place in 1835-39 would search in vain. With Mr. Hodgson's two seasons, his writing ardour seems to have been quickened, although once or twice we detect a mere pencil entry, the gist of one of which is, "*rode Norton, a fall.*" "*Rolleston, lots of foxes,*" occurs several times, but the great Assheton Smith day of 1840 has merely these three lines: "*Assheton Smith, met at Rolleston, we had about two thousand horses and thirty carriages, Prince Ernest present, rode Don John.*" However, a Leicester newspaper extract, pasted into each end of the book, puts the flesh on to this skeleton entry. Among the more varied entries are "stopped the hounds in consequence of a mad dog;" "Laughton Hills, excellent day, was on my horse twelve hours;" "Coplow, only our old fox, plenty at Barkby Holt;" and then comes

"Kilby Wharf, found one of the best foxes I ever saw." "Waterford's hounds at Somerby, turned out a stag, rode Norton," shows that steady and orthodox as he was, he could not resist a peep at "The Wild Huntsman," and "1 hour 45 minutes" was his reward. Two runs with Mr. Hodgson's seem to have delighted him most in the whole of the seven years' chronicle, which we have glanced at. One of them, January 20, 1840, is described as "a great run, two hours from the Coplow, killed, one of the finest runs I ever saw, carried brilliantly by Harlequin." To the other, of December 9, 1840, he applies the terms, "best run I ever saw; ran from Thorpe Trussells to Spinney at Rolleston Brook, 52 minutes. From Halstead to Rolleston not a horse within a half-a-mile of them, 22 couple, and all up; rode my grey mare, and she had decidedly the best of it, and not beat."

His Great Thorpe Trussells Run.

Latterly he rather leant to the belief that a run in his own mastership from Thorpe Trussells to Rolleston Gorse, was perhaps the best of the two, and Tom Heycock is with him on the point. There were twelve horses in Twyford Brook, and full fifty per cent. of the remainder were beaten off in Tilton Bottom, Mr. Greene on Retriever, Tom Day on Cossington, and only five or six others being able to get up the Skeffington Vale. How he and Tom Day ever got such a pack put together astonished all Leicestershire; and not one blank day went into the diary during his six seasons. He took great pains with his foxes: one of the broad-backed, short black foxes which Captain White sent him from Derbyshire went, like the celebrated Manton Gorse ones of two seasons since, and gave him three runs from John Ball, before Tom could bring him to book. As an M.F.H., none were more energetic or popular both with the gentlemen and the farmers. If the meet was thirty miles off, he would never miss it, and he would saunter down to the kennels at Billesdon on

every non-hunting day. It was at that village that Mr. Grant had his studio while he was engaged on the Melton Hunt picture, and spent some weeks at Rolleston while it was in progress.

Mr. Greene at Home.

It was beautiful to hear Mr. Greene talk of hunting, especially at the head of his own table. He was all animation, and you hardly knew whether most to admire the conciseness and spirit of his descriptions, or the delicate grace with which he kept self so completely in the background, —giving every first-flight man his due, and hitting off his peculiar style. He was tenacious of his old friendships and early predilections. "Holyoake," for whom he acted during his mastership, Goodricke and Bellingham Graham were ever on his lips; and the riding of Lords Wilton and Gardner, and Mr. Gilmour, a theme which never grew old; but still he did not grudge the younger men their laurels. Fairness and kindness were great features in him, and no one had finer tact in settling a vexed question, or putting two men together, when they had begun to fight a little shy. To give another chance was the great rule of his magisterial life, and young offenders might well say appealingly, "*Take me to* '*The Squire!*'" He delighted in a little farming, and never seemed happier than when he had his tenants round him at the rent dinners, and invited Sir Frederick Fowke and Mr. John Marriot, and perhaps one or two of the neighbouring clergy to dine with them. Latterly he was a good deal in London, and loved dearly to meet his friends Sir Bellingham and Mr. Maxse (who had been at University College, Oxford, with him) in his daily visits to Boodle's, or to have a chat with Mr. Payne and "The Squire," at the Arlington. He often dropped in at Tattersall's on a Monday, and if he did not care to accompany Lord Berners, who always came to dine with him in Upper Baker-street on the evening of the Private View, each Christmas, he amaz-

ingly enjoyed judging the hunters at the Leicester Agricultural Show. Up to the last winter before Mr. Smith died he was a regular visitor at Tedworth, and it was there that he renewed his acquaintance with Mr. Coke.

His Latter Days.

An affection of the heart had given its infallible warning some ten years previously, and he should then have given up hunting. He would stop for breath at the bottom of Bushy Close Hill between Billesdon and Rolleston; but it was not till his grey Topthorn gave him a fall at a hedge and back-dyke between Norton Gorse and Barkby Holt, about twelve months before his death, that he really began to fail. He had never recovered the loss of his nephew, who was to have inherited Rolleston; but when the shadows began to thicken round him at last, he was enabled to look more steadily into the future. Taking a friend into his stables to show him Topthorn and Crinoline, his eyes filled with tears when he said, "*There they are, I shall never want them again.*" To many he seemed wasted, and he thought so himself; but when his groom Shield weighed him just a fortnight before his death, after a lapse of two years, he was within a pound of what he had been in 1855, "*Eight stone one, Shield,*" he said. "*Is that all you can make it? that was exactly my weight when I was at College.*" He seemed to take heart from this, and not only ordered a new whip and scarlet, but rode over to Leicester the day before his death to try a horse at Hames's.

The Meet at Rolleston.

The next morning was the first monthly meet of the hounds at Rolleston. He was in more than his wonted spirits at seeing so large a field, and Sir Frederick Fowke, Captain Baily, Mr. Tailby, and so many of his friends round him. It was quite a summer day, and the servants said they "had never seen the sun shine so brightly on

master before," and thought sadly afterwards of the old country omen, when they knew the end. While the second breakfast was going on, he sauntered down to the sunk fence, to have a word with the master and Jack Goddard. "I never saw a nicer lot," he said, when Wildboy and Welfare, the cup winners, and two couple more from Sutton's Lively, had been pointed out to him; "you're just getting them the size I like so much."

His Last Hunt, and his Death.

Shield had taken the fine edge off Crinoline when they had looked them through, and there was soon a view halloo on the Tugby side of the gorse. The fox bore away by the keeper's house, leaving Loddington Village on the right, and so on to Launde Park Wood. Jack Goddard's horse hit him a sharp blow on the muscles of the back in a somersault over some rails near the Uppingham Road, but he picked himself up in fearful pain, and on his Poet once more; and Mr. Greene caught his last glimpse of the chase as Mr. Tailby led the field up Skeffington Vale. He had got a good start, but he jumped no fences, and between Rolleston and Skeffington Wood, he suddenly turned quite pale, and said, pressing his side, "*I feel very ill, Shield; I can't ride to-day.*" A little brandy rather restored him, and he cantered and trotted along homewards. "*Shield, I've done with them,*" were his last words to his faithful groom as he gave him his mare, and he never crossed that threshold again.

He sat down in his armchair in the dining-room, and had scarcely asked for a little brandy, and said that he thought he had ridden too hard, and felt "that odd sensation again," when he bowed his head and died. The thoughts of a lingering death had always possessed a peculiar terror for him, so much so, that he often declared that he would rather be shot down in a battle or a battue. His wish was fulfilled, and a mere lad took him up in

his arms, and laid him just as he was, in his scarlet coat and boots, on his bed in the east room, which he had specially chosen as his bedroom, so as to see his hunters go out for exercise each morning.

The Sale Day.

The coat of arms keeping their grim dog and boar guard in the entrance-hall, with "Love and Loyalty" to the last, stood out sad and unchanged amid the dreary havoc of the sale day. The Billiard-table was blocked up with the claret-warmer, the china, and the books. The chair in which he died was on the terrace, waiting to be carried away by its new owner. The Billesdon Coplow, "The Whissendine appears in view," "The Melton Hunt," and the pictures of the hunters were ticketed on the floor, and turned with their faces to the wall; while a crowd were pressing round the gay, sweet-topped Topthorn, and the slashing, hard-pulling Crinoline in the meadow, or following the auctioneer, all eager for a relic, if it were only a spud, into every nook and cranny of the yard.

It was indeed, "after me the Deluge." Rolleston was there still; the silver firs with their quaint rectangular branches near the knoll once so dear to the Quorn; the deep claret shade on the fish pond in front of the house, from which generations of foxes had filched the ducks and swans and received a free pardon; the cross by the old grey church worn on the south side with pilgrims' knees; and the dark boat-shaped arbour at the top of the dark yew walk, where Mr. Assheton Smith and his pupil so often sat and gathered inspiration from the view of the top end of Rolleston Wood and Goadby with its "tremendous" vale,—they knew no change, but there was now another lord of the soil, and the heart of the place was gone.

Sir Richard Sutton.

Sir Richard Sutton's style of going was rather slow, but straight. He was never anxious to be first, and did not seem to ride for

a place, but took the fences just as they came. Even when quite a young man, he never cared to go beyond a certain pace. Hedge and ditch he liked, but to timber and water, the latter especially, he was not very partial. He liked Emperor quite as well as Whitenose, who gave him six or seven falls in one day, and he went well on Snowdrift, which he purchased for 250 guineas from Sir Tatton, and named from the circumstance of his being obliged to return to Sledmere that day, to borrow a snow-plough, so as to enable him to get on to Mr. Osbaldeston's at Ebberston.

Thrussington Gorse, Barkby, and Scraptoft were his most favourite Quorn meets, and he always said that he was not sure that he had done a wise thing in gravelling the Burton country wood rides during his long mastership, as instead of the field being left fetlock-deep in them, they could get away and interfere with his hounds. If he was pleased after a run, he had a peculiar way of putting his whip-hand on his hip, and holding his horn against the pit of his stomach, and snapping his little dark eyes.

Hunting Incidents.

Nothing perhaps delighted him so much as Daphne the grandam of Dryden, of whom Will Goodall said that no hound "brought so much intellect into our kennel." On this occasion, Sir Richard ran his fox from Shoby Scholes to Lord Aylesford's covert, and Grimston Gorse, and right up to Belvoir, and to ground again in the middle of a field near Shoby Scholes. Daphne rushed right into the drain in her stride, and was working there up to her shoulders when Ben Morgan came up, and on hearing of it from Ben, Sir Richard got off in his delight to clap her. He enjoyed no hunting-field joke more afterwards, than that of a labourer waving to him at a check. When he got to him, and asked how long the fox had been gone, the

man scratched his head, and replied, seemingly in all sincerity, "*I seed him at five o'clock, when I wur a foddering the beasts.*" Well might he say to Lord Wilton, "that man must have a great opinion of my hounds." He did not care for hounds being very level if they worked well; but he never forgot it if any of them were too free of tongue. Giving away the old and young draft, generally about five-and-twenty couple, was a great fancy of his, and the huntsman was allowed 70*l.* in lieu. He was going very deep latterly into the Belvoir Guider blood, when he had done as much as he cared to do with Trueman, whose dam Pastime came, like Wildair, in a Brocklesby draft. No one exactly knew why he took such a fancy to Trueman, but he and old Bluecap were the only ones which shared his carriage to cover, and stood in with him for the lunch of cold chicken or pie, with which it was always stored. Trueman was a fair dog, but never ran to head, and crossed well with the Brocklesby blood, and Affable by Vine Grampian.

Early Days of Will Goodall.

Will Goodall was placed in Mr. Drake's stables under his father, when he was eleven, and after three seasons as cover boy for Mr. Tom Drake, he was put on as second whip under Wingfield. Dick Simpson was first whip, and judging from the style in which he had seen Will from a boy "jumping the church walls like a hare," he knew that he should have a lively colleague. Will had had his early perils, as Flounce dragged him fully twenty yards across the stable-yard at Shardloes before his father's eyes. As he grew older, he "had an aching tooth to be with Jem Hills," who had just then come to the Heythrop. His father, who had been a hunting-groom for eight seasons in the Belvoir country, wrote to Tom Goosey, but there was no answer, and the lad still pined for change. Nothing might have come of it, but Mr. Cox once said to him before Lord

Forester's brother in the hunting-field, "I am told you want to leave, Bill; they tell me the Duke of Rutland wants a whip." Mr. Forester hearing this, struck in and said he was not aware of the fact, but promised to write, and in ten days, which Bill described as a lifetime, his lordship sent for his weight, and ten stone was the reply. Another letter arrived from Belvoir to say that he was to go down directly, and he saw the '37 season out, beginning on his first morning at Woolsthorpe Cliff Wood. Goosey received him in a very candid way. "*You must not mind*," he said, "*if I give you a good blowing up in the field, I'm as likely to do so if you're right as wrong.*" This great huntsman told his mind to his whips without circumlocution, but to the field it was generally prefaced with "I beg leave to say." "*You jumped on that hound, sir, at the fence, and I beg leave to say, sir, you buried him as well*," was his ironical remark to one of them.

Will Goodall at the Belvoir.

Will's was latterly a very forced voice, and summer and winter he generally said he had a cold. He was broad across his shoulders, and big in the legs, and seemed at least two stone above The Emperor's mark; but he always nursed his horse, and this added to his immense quickness of eye, brought him where he was. He also rode Lightheart, Knipton, Swing, Multum in Parvo, Nimrod, and Melton during his last season. The two first were his best, and it was Lightheart by Greatheart from a mare of Mr. Frank Grant's, and bred by Lord Forester at Willey, which carried his successor Jem Cooper so well on the Hose Gorse day, which first marked his maiden year. The end of Will's ambition was to get his foxes over the Nottingham turnpike by Lord Plymouth's lodge, from Melton Spinney, and so by Goodricke's Gorse into the grass, but it was scarcely once in a season that he had this felicity.

Two runs on February 15th and 21st of his last season pleased him, so he wrote us, more than any he had ever known. In the first they were hallooed forward to a fresh fox, when their old one had crept in somewhere near Culverthorpe, after "one hour and fifty minutes of regular blazing." "From Dembleby Thorns," he adds, "they went away like pigeons in flight, the horses, and even many of our good men melting away like snow in summer; they ran from scent to view; and killed him by themselves (with the exception of fifteen minutes from Culverthorpe), as hard as ever they could split, for three hours and twenty-two minutes. I was first into the last field, and the only person who saw them course him, and his Grace was in the field when they caught him. We were the only two, but Mr. Frank Gordon, Mr. Hardy of Grantham, and Mr. Housen, Mr. Brooksner, and Jem came up to see them eat him. Sir Thomas Whichcote's horse stood stock-still one field away." We had no further particulars of the run of the 21st than "We had a regular trimmer! Oh! such a trimmer, which few men live to see. The hounds did not get home till one o'clock the next morning. With their first fox they had two hours and ten minutes to ground nearly in view, and with their second one hour fifty minutes. They tired everyone out and ran into him by themselves charmingly; it was all over our best country with both foxes."

Goosey had a story that he was never driven but once from cover by a foggy day; and "then I beg leave to say I had done my best, for I drew a turnpike-road, and thought that the trees on the other side were the cover." How Will's genius would have dealt with this emergency it is difficult to divine, but he used to declare that when a Humby Wood fox beat him in the morning, he went back again in the evening, and had a lot of old men and women with lanterns in the rides, and so worked on till he had just

time to get home, and save Sunday. He considered that he had kept all Goosey's quality in the kennel, and that he had got length with Rallywood; and he swore by Trusty by Foljambe's Forester, and in fact all the sort, as such close workers and steady hounds for an afternoon. Almost his last piece of advice to Ben Morgan, when he told him, "I've had many rough falls, but none like this," was, to use one of the sort, Alfred from the celebrated Nightshade, and he had one more word ere they parted for the glories of Comus and Guider.

Tom Sebright.

Tom Sebright was wont to say, that he first learnt to be so fond of hounds by running after the late Mr. Villebois' pack, when he hunted the Romsey side of the old Hampshire country. Time scored him on its page at Stowe-on-the-Wold in 1789, and it dealt very tenderly with him to the close. His father, Tom Sebright, who died there in his eighty-sixth year, was quite a huntsman worthy in his day. He showed all the science of a "master forester," when he hunted the New Forest; and nearly to the last, he would trot out on his pony, to meet Jem Hills when he came to Heyford Village. No wonder that such a keen hand wished his lad to begin early; and at fifteen Tom was duly entered with Mr. Musters, who soon observed his fine hand and quick eye to hounds. He went from the Annesley kennels to Sir Mark Sykes, who was then master of the North Riding Hounds in conjunction with Mr. Digby Legard, but his style of riding was too tremendous. Hence, when "The Squire" came after the drafts which he wished to add to his new purchase of the Monson pack, Mr. Legard said to him, "*You may take the whip as well: we've tried him three seasons, and he kills all our horses.*" And so this brilliant pair crossed the Humber, and hunted the Burton country, and the Southwold woodlands, and worked their way round through Nottinghamshire to the Quorn.

We have dwelt so often before on Tom's Leicestershire career, that we are not going to "run heel" now. He never hunted the hounds except when "The Squire" was away, and that only happened twice, to speak of—when his mother died, and when he broke his leg. Tom's day had very nearly ended in the canal near Stragglethorpe. They had found at Ella's Gorse, and away by Widmerpool, into the Vale; and the fox, after running the towing path a short distance, took the water. He was viewed over, and as some one must go, Captain White swam it on Pilot; and Tom tried to follow. Half way across the horse sank like a stone, and was drowned, and Captain White had no little difficulty in rescuing Tom, by fishing for him with the lash of his hunting-whip. Tom in Leicestershire.

Mr. John Moore recommended him to Earl Fitzwilliam as successor to John Clark, and he headed this celebrated pack for exactly forty seasons. He came in March, and the first meet was at Bedford Purlieus; but the hounds kept changing their foxes, and his lordship decided to have a turn at Sutton Wood. Tom rode Thorney that day, and the decision with which he lifted his hounds for five hundred yards over the plough, and did not allow his fox to dwell for an instant in Abbot's Wood, made the old hands say, that "There's no mistake about our new man." Monk's Wood and Bedford Purlieus were latterly very different to what they had been in the dykeless days of Will Dean, when horses had fairly to skip from one sound bit of ground to another in the ridings, and Tom found no better places for making hounds steady. Aversley Wood foxes had always an honourable mention, and he looked upon them as quite the wildest and the best. The Soke of Peterboro' with its Castor Hanglands and Upton Wood, was a very favourite place for his infant school in the autumn. "When there was a scent," he used to say, First Day in the Milton Country.

"hounds run as well there as anywhere;" but taking the season through, he leant to Barnwell Wold. Of Morehay Lawn he was also very fond, and it was there that he entered George Carter to the country, three weeks before the season closed, in the April of '45.

Scenery about Milton.

We loved to stroll out with the old man and the hounds into Milton Park, and by judiciously leading up to her, induce him to talk of "Relish," a name which he used to pronounce with as much unction as Robert Hall was wont to throw into "Mesopotamia;" and we mischievously got him to say it for the last time, just before we bade him good-bye on the show ground at Yarm. He was one of those fine, sterling characters which well repaid the study; and the whole place and its accessories seemed so exactly in keeping with him. The rick-backed church, with its crooked wooden belfry, the Fox Hounds sign nailed to the elm, the straggling thorn clumps at the edge of the park, over which, under a cold December sky, the withered clematis was hanging in rich tracery, like the veil of a bride, the Nen creeping on its "lazy Scheldt"-like course along the broad meadows of Overton, the white sun-dial on the wall of the steward's house, and the quaint intermixture of the martello tower, with the thatch and the ivy at the kennels, all blended so thoroughly with him, and his honest pride of being part and parcel of an old English home.

Tom on the Flags.

During the summer he spent nearly all his time among "my lambs," and cared very little to wander afield. The Yarborough, Beaufort, and Belvoir kennels were what he principally used; but during his last two seasons he dipped deeply into Mr. Selby Lowndes's Royal, an old-fashioned-looking dog, and rather wild in his work. "*Ah! my lad, the dam is the secret,*" was his constant remark to young huntsmen. Like most reserved men,

he was tough in his opinion, both in the field and the kennel, and no one but the boiler knew what the puppies were by, till they were ready to go out to quarters. He hung very much to the notion that in breeding two negatives would make a positive, both in style of work and make, and enforced it pretty generally in all his correspondence. It was delightful to hear him tell, almost under his breath, when you asked after the cream of entry, that they were "perhaps *just* the most beautiful I ever had," and believing himself most implicitly, summer after summer. "A thing of beauty" was most truly his "joy for ever." If he was showing one of his hounds, which he thought a little out of the common way, he would indicate his delight by thrusting his hands deep into his breeches pocket, and kicking out his little right leg. He would then draw his hand over the hound from the head to the stern, and remark, in his gentle tone, that "it couldn't be more beautiful if it had been spoke-shaved."

The Kennel after his Death.

To stroll among the hounds, as they lay cub-dreaming on their benches was quite like entering a congress of woodland senators. Old Hardwicke, the winner at Yarm, had ended his line hunting, after his sixth season, and was there no longer to tell of the Harper sort though eleven couple of his puppies may. One of them was the last that Tom gave any directions about, and he requested George to call him "Hardwicke," and send him to Mr. Strixon's. Foreman sat up, showing in his wise countenance all the intelligence of the Feudals, which enabled him to be pilot so often; and near the one-eyed Fugleman, was Bachelor, who "kept Greenwich time" for Tom, and Rasselas, with that ancient grey-dished face, which always made him remark, without any disrespect to dignitaries, that he "had a head like an archbishop." Friendly of the Feudal sort, for which Milton has to thank Badminton, and repaid its

debt with Hermit, had also devoted her best years to the pack; and with his paw on her, and his brother the line-hunting Bachelor's white-face on his own quarters, old Bluecap takes his snoose. Susan and Shiner with his long tan features, speak up well for the Shiner sort; and the Feudals are here again, with Finisher, who lies with his smart head over the ledge. The badger-pied Ferryman, from Hardwicke's sister, which Tom was always quoting as "the neck and shoulders to keep in your eye," is also in the group, full of honourable scars, and with a split-up ear, which show that he will have his cub dividends in full.

Tom in the Field.

Tom's manner was rather phlegmatic; and he never wearied of enforcing the trite maxim, "that so much mischief is done by being in a hurry." When a fox was found, his scream "made you shake in your saddle;" but still his View Halloo was hardly so musical as his predecessor's, John Clark. In hound language and horn blowing, none could excel him, even when he was long past the thirty to sixty era, which he spoke of as "the prime of a huntsman's life." His language to the field was remarkably courteous and guarded, even under deep provocation. If a fox was headed right into his face, he seldom got beyond "*Od l Rabbit it altogether!*" and if a whip did not put hounds to him immediately, or mistook orders, he appealed most forcibly to "*Rags and Garters!*" to aid him. Perhaps he tried too high for the majority of whips, and not only expected great excellence too early, but was a little impatient if he did not find it. Although very kind in his nature, he was decidedly chary of his professional praise. He would listen to some eulogy on a whip or huntsman whom he knew to be far below proof, and observe as a closer, with his little short laugh, that "He might have made a good boiler if he had been properly brought up to it;" or else "He can halloo and blow

the horn." Then, perhaps, he would put down his lip, and sum up a horse with, "When the wind was in him he was good enough." The fast talkers he always dismissed with the comment, that they were "not always so fast over the country, when it came to the contest."

Style of Hunting.

In the great woodlands, where he was so quiet, and always there, it was beautiful to see the hounds fly to his horn; and nothing pleased him so much as "to give him a rattling good turn round, and get them close at him before he goes away." His broad bald forehead, of the Old Noll mould, was a treat to look at, when he lifted them to their fox, which he never did till they had made their own cast first. He was not fond latterly of long casts forward. "*Odd Rabbit it! let them hunt, gentle-men,*" was all his desire; and then came his cheery "*Catch them if you can now.*" At the death he was almost nervously anxious lest the horsemen should tread upon his darlings; and then, if the master was out, there came the fine retainer-like courtesy and touch of the cap: "*A dog fox, my lord!*" Never but once did any one of his three Milton masters speak a word of reproof to him. "*Tom! Tom!*" said his late lordship, in his quiet way, when he had been left behind at Washingley Wood, "*you rode away from the master of the hounds.*" "*I blew my horn three times, I assure you, my lord, before I left the cover,*" was the answer. Nothing more was said, till his lordship broke the silence, as they rode back to Milton, with "*Tom! don't let the sun go down upon my wrath;*" and Tom often said afterwards, "*This was the first and last scolding I ever got at Milton.*"

Describing a Run.

Along with this story and the deeds of Thorney, Patriot, and "The Squire," he generally got in a word for Mr. Hopkinson, his hero of that great day from Barnewell Wold, when they killed in the ploughed field, near Papley Gorse.

Hounds and hunting were his unvaried theme, and latterly he had rather a curious habit of exaggerating the distance of a burst when he was giving the points of a run. "*Then right away*" was his mode of delineating it, with a triumphant wave of his right hand into space. His friend John Payne used often to quiz him about it, when he went to smoke his pipe with him in the evening, and tell that octogenarian sportsman what they had been doing. "*Right long way that was, Tom; rare long round, I should think; about two or three miles, eh?*" and then, if Tom added that they "went as straight as a pigeon," he would good-humouredly drop on him again, with "*a pretty pigeon that would be!*" and being thus duly cautioned, Tom had to begin again.

He considered the season of 1847-48 as his best. For the first ten seasons at Milton he kept a diary of the sport, and then he tired of it. His hound-book, on the contrary, was a perfect Talmud in his eyes, but it was not till within the last three seasons that he began to entrust its treasures to print. He stuck to his few old cronies whom he had known when he first came into the country, and as he saw them dropping off one by one, he could cheerfully say that he "had had a very good innings," and tell George Carter that they would "soon be changing houses." Frank Buckle used to hunt with him, and they were, of course, acquainted; but Frank was "on the other side of the question," and came very little to Milton; and Tom felt sure that "he cared a good deal more for bull-dogs than hounds." Shirley and Goosey were his earliest friends among the huntsmen, and when they or any of their juniors came over, he would solemnly take his pipe out of his mouth, to announce that he was "bomb-proof," and then "puzzle out the sort" with them into the short hours. One or another of his neighbours ploughed up his close for him, and helped him in his few farming

Tom at Home.

operations; but his heart was in the gorse and not in the granary. He hardly ever went near a race-course, till Ignoramus became too much for his philosophy, and then he not only timed a visit to Old George Carter, in order to see the colt run at Stockbridge, but duly appeared at the Grove Kennels on the eve of the St. Leger.

He once only had an impulse to shoot at a private pigeon-match, and scored with the best of them. The joke of his beating Lord Fitzwilliam's gamekeeper was much too good to be lost, and he found himself promptly figuring in a true and correct list of the crack shots on that occasion. His mingled dismay and disgust when he got hold of the paper, and found himself and his deeds gazetted in full, as if he had been some professor of the trigger, is remembered by his family yet. Except for a little fun with his grandchildren, he never took a bat in hand, although as a young man he was a very fair player. His early veneration for "The Squire" was not unconnected with his powers in that line, as when Lord Frederick Beauclerc broke his finger at Nottingham, there were few all round players who could cope with "the little wonder." "The Squire's" bowling was as rapid as his riding, and when he played two of the best of the Notts Club for fifty guineas aside, he made eighty-four, and bowled them both for seventeen.

Tom's Snuggery.

A likeness of him, in cricket costume, with his bat under his arm, used to hang above Tom's fireplace; and his driving-match was equally honoured. The walls of that little chamber presented a curious, unpretending medley. A *Sporting Magazine* print of his father holding sweet converse over a half-door with New Forest Jasper, was kept in countenance by the blue and white prize tickets from the Yarm Show. An old mare's hoof was trouped with the late Lord Milton's spurs; and The Billesdon Coplow, "Reynard's last shift," and "An

Earth-stopper" comported well with the rusty high-crowned hunting cap, which had its peg on one side of the writing cabinet. Patriot, with the hounds Hardwicke, Marplot, and Rasselas, from his son George's hand, some portraits of the Fitzwilliam family, and his two horns (about the disposition of which he left special directions in his will), adorned his drawing-room; and he never wearied of telling of the old black, which carried him so well over Kimbolton Park palings from Leighton Gorse. In his prime no man was more determined, and be it timber or water, he was in his place as quick as lightning, whether he was on Reformer, Blucher, Clipper, Zara, or the fidgety Martingale. He liked also to tell of Mr. Osbaldeston's Orange, which won the Cup at Lincoln, and carried him over six gates in succession on one day; and his best water jump in Lincolnshire was on a Scrivington horse, with a middle like a cow, and carrying the saddle on his shoulders. He liked big well-bred horses; and Hellaby exactly suited him during his last season, as he could sit down on him, and let him go along at a nice lobbing pace when the hounds began to run.

Sport of his Last Season.

The cub-hunting in his last season (1860-61) did not begin until the middle of September, which was later than he had ever known it; and before the woodlands were "regularly stripped for business," he attended the pleasantest meet of his life at the Huntingdon Town Hall. His Grace the Duke of Manchester was in the chair, and handed him, with many kind words, the 800 guineas in a silver cup, to which 293 of his friends had subscribed. The old man could hardly speak his thanks when he received "the treasured heirloom," and sketched the past very briefly, but he "came again" later in the evening, and told them how, when he could cheer hounds no longer, he trusted to fill the Cup, and bring it to his cottage door, when the hunt went past

and drink "Success to Foxhunting" with them once more.

The next season began nicely, and he soon wrote to tell us of a day from Farcet Fen, which had greatly delighted him. They found in some coleseed, and the fox took a ring in the fen, &c., "then right away to Washingley Woods," and was eventually killed near Buckworth Great Wood. He added, "It was about eighteen miles straight; time a little more than two hours. This was one of the old-fashioned runs I have seen in this country some years ago. I do expect this season to be one of sport, the country is in such good condition for hounds; and the greatest advantage will accrue from the hard riders not being able to ride over them, which is a great pleasure for me to see." One of the principal events of his last March was the clashing with the Pytcheley in Oakley Purlieus, and packing with them up to Boughton Wood, where the forty couple divided, Tom and Charles Payne going away with one lot (which was, oddly enough, made up nearly half-and-half from each kennel) and running their fox to ground; and the four whips with the other, which lost their fox near Brigstock. Thirty-five brace was the return of the season, which "was altogether a satisfactory one," and his last day was at Laxton Hall, on April 24th, when he unfortunately killed a brace of cubs.

First Symptoms of Illness.

A fall from his grey mare near Winwick, in March, was the first cause of the mischief which gradually brought him to his end; and it was strongly suspected that he had broken a rib. For a man of his age and weight the fall on the side of a bank was a severe one. He hunted the hounds again, but his cough never left him, and it became so troublesome to himself and the congregation, that for the first time for many a year his wonted seat at church was vacant for Sundays together. The summer brought no apparent change in these

symptoms, and going to the Hound Show at Yarm increased them. These shows were latterly quite a bright spot in his life. He looked upon them as a little private bout between himself and Ben Morgan, and after he had beaten him with Hardwicke and Friendly, he never failed to tell that "they were rattling good fellows at Redcar." Ben had beaten him in his turn with Warrener and Languish at Middlesboro', but Tom was most philosophic under such reverses, and instead of railing at the judges, he forgot all his rivalry in "the social cloud," and hoped on for another year. The next August he was ready for another trip North, with three-and-a-half couple and a terrier, to Yarm, and he said for weeks before, "I'll drink their good healths that can lick me with my Bachelor and Hercules."

Tom at Middlesboro' and Yarm

To get up Old Tom after dinner, and cheer him till they got a short burst out of him, was quite a tent feature of these meetings; and the respect which was shown to him both by masters and huntsmen gratified him not a little. Others might go in mufti, or unorthodox hats, but he always attended in full costume as the professional Premier of the Noble Science, and those hound shows would have seemed to lack *solidarité* if he had not been there. He looked quite a link between the wood and the woodlands, as we met him in his scarlet with the green plush collar and his dark corduroys, strolling along the dock side at Middlesboro', and a forest of masts bristling in the background; and there was still a more remarkable link between Yarm and Leicestershire, as the Quorn huntsmen of '19, '39, and '59, himself and the two Treadwells, stood side by side. His son Harry was whipping in to him that day, when he brought up his Friendly and Bachelor before the bench for the Champion Cup, and from the whispers which went on, and the notes which were made by the Bench, it seemed morally certain that

Tom would be there or thereabouts again. Then came the pause, and Mr. Tom Parrington as clerk of the council stepped up for instructions. Poor Will Boulton was beckoned to, and once more he and Bonny Face were on the boards. Then "Ben" got the office, and Captain Williams taped Middleton Languish, and cast a very longing eye on her as she retreated. Tom seemed to have gone to ground for a space, but he did not peep out in vain from behind the half-door. For him too came the welcome signal, and he darted forth leading Bachelor, and then handing him over to Harry, positively made a run of it back for Friendly. "*That's all you want*," said Sir John Trollope, the last entries were made in the books, and Tom stood second. However, there was balm for him in the other classes, and when the cards of victory, red, white, and blue, were placed in front of the compartments, Mr. Hill's, Lord Middleton's, the Bramham Moor, and the Milton all bloomed like a bouquet, and nearly twenty pounds was Tom's value received when he marched amid a perfect chorus of view halloos up to the chairman.

The Last Party.

He might well tell his doctor that he had been at rather a gay party at Yarm. His cough grew worse after the journey, but he thought "that one of my old doses would set me up again," and he was anxious to invite a few of his friends, who were not able to come to the testimonial dinner, and get that off his mind before the cub-hunting began. That wish was fulfilled, and Mr. Percival of Wansford, the Goodliffes, John Core, and two or three others sat round his board once again, and noted how cheerfully he spoke of what he hoped to do for them the next season on the Thrapston side, and how he dwelt on the kindness of Mr. Fitzwilliam when he gave his health.

He generally required a little pressing, but he was no laggard that evening, when "*A Southerly wind*

and a cloudy sky" was called for according to custom. Although his cough fairly broke him down when he had got through two stanzas, and he was excused the rest, there was all the wonted animation in his "*Have at him, my boys*," "*Hi, wind 'em!*" and his face shone again as he spoke to his hounds in that chorus, and found them doing everything he told them. There was such character about him and the song, that when you had a chance you didn't like to lose it. Then George Carter and his father dropped in unexpectedly at night, and the horns were got down, and Tom talked like a composer upon Chase music in general, and fairly beat Old George out of the field, when he challenged him to a tune. A stroll down to the kennels before tea, and a little more chat about the cubs and Yarm closed the evening, and only one or two of those old friends ever saw him again. It was a meeting he had long set his heart on, and it proved his farewell.

His Last Illness.

A few days after he took the hounds out for their Tuesday's exercise as usual, intending to give them a long trot round by Upton. He had scarcely gone three miles when he pulled up, and told George Carter that he felt very sick, and ill with a pain in his side, and that they must cut it short. "If I had had any further to go I should have dropped," were his words when he got off at the kennel door, and gave Carter the list of the hounds to draw for hunting next day. He was in such pain and profuse perspiration that his daughter, who met him near the wicket, fancied that he must have had another fall, and he required no pressing to go to bed. For the first part of his time he dozed a great deal; his efforts for breath could be heard all over the house; and he was so restless that he hardly knew night from day. On the Friday he was better, but the pain returned next morning, and the action of his heart was so feeble, that the doctors dare not grant his request

for leeches. He thought but little of kennel matters, but merely sent for George Carter to tell him about Mr. Strixon's puppy, and asked him on leaving after his "little Georgy, poor little boy," whom he had always liked to see among the hounds. George told him that he had taken out six-and-forty couple into the Thistle Moor and killed a cub, but he made no comment.

His Death.

His son Harry and his son-in-law helped to nurse him by turns, and sat up with him the night before he died; and fresh water from the pump was all he longed for. They saw that there was no hope, but still his appetite seemed suddenly to return, and when his dinner was brought him next day he did think it "looked like business." Once more he hoped for life: "See what a dinner I've eaten, I shall be up in three weeks; I don't want to leave you yet." He then insisted, as it was Sunday, on having two glasses of wine as usual, to drink his time-honoured toasts, "A good health to you all," and "The master of the hounds." "*That's not enough,*" he said, "*to drink Mr. Fitzwilliam's health in, Winifred,*" when she only poured out half a glass, but he could do little more than taste it when it was given to him. The toast he had drunk Sunday after Sunday, for those forty seasons, made him wander back to the hounds; "*Don't you see them?*" he said to his daughter, "*they're all round my bed; there's old Bluecap, and Shiner, and Bonny Lass wagging her stern.*" "No, no, father," she replied, "you're mistaken." "*Ah! they're gone now; strange, isn't it, I should see them so plain? Oh, dear! my eyes deceive me; they're only flies.*"

The window was open, and the sound of the church bell floated into the room. In his days of health it had never struck on his ear in vain, and he spoke to his little grandchild and told her not to be late. "*Are you dressed for church, Harry?*" he said to his son, who sat

and watched him at the bedside, but he was hardly conscious of the answer, and almost before the bell was down his own last summons had been given and obeyed.

and Burial.

They laid him at Thorpe, by the side of his Dorothy and his son. Her loss two years before, had almost bowed him down. "She helped me through many a hard trouble; nothing but her tender care made me the man I have been, but God's will be done." It was thus he told the grief, which in his quiet nature sank so deep; and those who knew him best, knew too how truly he had spoken through the lines which he selected for her headstone:

> "Restrained from passionate excess,
> Thou bidst me mourn in calm distress,
> For those who rest in Thee."

And there the old man sleeps; and as we passed away from the spot, and lingered for a moment by the grave of Will Dean "aged 79," and read how "all fall alike, the fearful and the brave," we might well think how long and brilliant had been their career, and what pages might have been added to the annals of the Chase, if "The Master of the Donnington," Will Goodall, and Sir Harry had not died in their prime.

THE END.

SADDLE AND SIRLOIN

AND

BY THE DRUID.

(PART NORTH)

LONDON
FREDERICK WARNE & Cº

DEDICATION.

TO

GEORGE PARKER TUXFORD,

WITHOUT WHOSE KIND ADVICE AND SOLID AID

I SHOULD NEVER HAVE FACED ALL THE WEARINESS AND

ANXIETY OF AN AUTHOR'S LIFE,

THIS WORK,

WHICH DEALS WITH THOSE COUNTRY SCENES

THAT WE BOTH LOVE BEST,

IS DEDICATED BY HIS FRIEND,

THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE.

THE title of this work should pretty well explain its nature. "Sirloin" speaks with ponderous emphasis for itself, and "Saddle" has a triple bearing on horses, sheep, and pigs. It is, in fact, simply the record of what I have seen and heard during the last eleven years in the course of my summer rambles from Cumberland to Cornwall. My business among the leading breeders was in connection with The Herds and Flocks of Great Britain for *The Mark Lane Express,* and sundry Prize Essays in *The Royal Agricultural Society's Journal,* the main points of which are briefly re-produced. A large share of attention has been given to coursing; but racing and foxhunting have been passed somewhat lightly over, as I have already devoted three books to them.

Looking back on the friendships of the last eighteen years, I remember sadly that hardly three of the older generation with whom I then began to take counsel as to "the brave days of old" are left among the living. To have known them, and to

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SADDLE AND SIRLOIN;

OR, ENGLISH COUNTRY LIFE.

CHAPTER I.

"At Doncaster, at York, and Leeds,
And merry Carlisle had he been;
And all along the Lowlands fair,
All through the bonny shire of Ayr;
And far as Aberdeen.

"And he had seen Caernarvon's towers,
And well he knew the spire of Sarum,
And he had been where Lincoln's bell
Flings o'er the fen that ponderous knell—
His far renowned alarum!"

Wordsworth.

Over the Border—Professor Dick—Mr. Hall Maxwell—Mr. Ivie Campbell—John Benzies, the Herdsman—John White, the Gamekeeper—The Master of the Teviotdale—The Earl of Glasgow.

Ellman of Glynde loved a day with his lemon-and-white beagles. If a hare beat him at nightfall he would mark with a stick the spot where they last spoke to her, and return there first thing next morning. How he dealt with "the situation" in the early dews we know not. This we do know, that when another summer found us in cannie Cumberland, to take up our "field and fern" tale for England, our first impulse was to cast back over the Border.

Some good friends live only in memory. Professor Dick, "the old white lion," as his pupils called him, sleeps in Glasnevin cemetery. We always found him as kind as he was quaint. Ask him what we might about Clydesdales or anything else, and he never grudged us oil from his cruise. Write to him, and five or six words were our portion in reply. He liked to be paid off in his own coin; hence our joint correspondence about his photograph comprised some thirteen words on four square inches of note paper. You saw the man best when he was trying a roarer on "Dick's Constitution Hill," or when he admitted you by the side-door on to the stage of his theatre, and placed you in shadow during a lecture. He would then grasp the thigh-bone of a horse, or whatever else he was about to illustrate, and speak in the same tone, without check or cadence, for an hour. If he did pause, it was only to rebuke with a stony British stare some foolish "interruption and laughter." We are told that he rather prided himself on quelling such offenders by the unaided power of his eye.

He was in truth, a fine, rugged, old fellow, with

> "a skin of copper,
> Quite professional and proper,"

a rambling, half-corpulent figure, shaggy white tresses, and thoughts full of marrow. He had a large stock of spare activities, whereon to use them; as public matters, both political and civic, had always a great charm for him. A more sturdy Liberal never drew breath, and in 1852 his friends thought of putting him up for Edinburgh. He never entered very heartily into the idea, but it suited his humour to put out an elaborate and searching analysis of the great questions, which "must be considered settled," and those which belonged to the future. Among the latter he gave special prominence to the Irish Church and a Second Reform Bill. He never married, and

he left the whole of his money, subject to the life-interest of Miss Dick, who had been to him a sister indeed, to endow the Veterinary College, where he had lived and laboured for two-and-forty years.

Edinburgh seems still stranger to us without Mr. Hall Maxwell, of Dargavel, and those pleasant half-hour chats at Albyn Place, when he was quite the moving spirit of the Highland and Agricultural Society. His object, as he once said to us, was "to hold Scotland in one great Society's net-work, and never let a mesh be out of order." In this he was most ably backed up by his confidential clerk, Mr. Duncan, and they both seemed to have the power of laying their finger in an instant on the most minute spring of the vast system they had reared. None were kinder and more ready to assist us on every point within their range. No matter how intricate the search for it might seem in prospective, Mr. Maxwell would ring his bell: "Mr. Duncan, would you please find me, &c.?" and in five or six minutes his fidus Achates would return with all the particulars tabulated, as if by magic.

In 1846 Mr. Maxwell succeeded Sir Charles Gordon, who died at his post, and he held office until the 9th of May, 1866. His first meeting was at Inverness, in 1846; and there, nineteen years after, he made his farewell speech. He was pressed not to resign; but Glasgow, where the business of the meeting is always unusually heavy, stood next on the list, and his heart-symptoms had long given him no uncertain warning that he must seek rest. But for the ill-health of his successor, Mr. Macduff (who died without taking office), his connection with the Society would have ceased some months earlier. He was bred to the law, and practised regularly, previous to his acceptance of office; and those in the profession who knew his powers and remembered his speaking, more especially in a great murder-defence,

believed that he would have infallibly risen to be a Lord of Session. With commanding sense and marvellous shrewdness he combined a perfect mastery of tongue-fence, and he was as quick as lightning in his thrust or parry.

No one was more jealous of his own or his Society's dignity, and his eye would flash and the colour would mount to his cheek at a word. He delighted most in marshalling statistics and annexing districts at his desk, but still he was supremely happy in the show-yard. Everything was done there with great dignity and order, and the Scottish bench would sometimes chaff their coadjutors from England overnight, and tell them that Hall Maxwell never admitted a judge into the show yard unless he presented himself in full court-dress. On the opening morning he might be found in the pay-box for a few minutes, helping to gather the crowns, and exchanging a word or a nod with each member as he came in; but he soon retired, and for the rest of the week the saddle was his throne. He would be galloping here, there, and everywhere, as field-marshal, on his bay cob, setting lords, baronets, and lairds to work as "attending members" to the different sets of judges; and he was a plainish speaker, sometimes, if things did not go just to his mind.

In short, both there and at Albyn Place, he was quite the autocrat of the Society; but, although they somewhat felt the bondage, they were very proud of him, and quite content to set off the marvels he had wrought for them against what many thought, and some termed "dictation." If any of the latter were unduly captious, he caught them without more ado and made directors of them, and they soon ceased from troubling. This mode of bland absorption was very transparent, but was never known to fail.

Public business often took him to London, and no one could take charge of a Parliamentary bill better.

If he appeared in a Committee-room to support or oppose on behalf of the Society, it was with such a well-marshalled and serried mass of facts and witnesses that it was always odds on him. At Battersea and Paris he was quite in his element, looking after Scottish interests. When in '61 he led the hundred-and-twenty herdsmen and shepherds to Battersea-fields, he lodged them in Edgington tents, and furnished them with beds borrowed expressly from the Tower. They had regular night-watches like soldiers; certain detachments of them made holiday at the Exhibition or the Crystal Palace, and on Sunday they were marched to Westminster Abbey. This was the only time that we ever saw him in complete sympathy with the stock classes. He seemed to care nothing about the very finest show animals or their points, and to merely regard them as necessary links in his system. Neither Belville, nor old Charlotte, nor Colly Hill, nor Loudon Tam, "that very Blair Athole among Clydesdales," had made any impression on him. He only wished to see the classes worthily filled; the cracks he left to his friend, Mr. Gourlay Steell, "to be translated."

As a private companion none could exceed him, and to us his stories were all the more salient, when they turned on his recollections of his own Society. He loved to recount the Parisian speculations and observations of "Boghall," who did him such yeoman service as cattle manager on that famous international trip; and he unconsciously gave us a delightful specimen of his best official manner in his recital of "Duncan's Arrest at Perth." It seems that the late Duke of Athole, who was then president of the Society, went to Mr. Duncan the night before the show opened at Perth and demanded a stock catalogue. With unswerving fidelity to his chief, who had given express orders to the contrary, Mr. Duncan respectfully declined to hand over, and

the Duke (whose Highland blood was very easily roused) ordered him forthwith into a cab, and taking his seat beside him, drove straight off to Mr. Maxwell's inn. The latter was summoned from dinner, and, on going into the lobby, heard the indictment which the Duke delivered with immense emphasis, holding the accused by the collar. Then Mr. Maxwell struck in, appealing to the Duke as one who had been in the army, and knew the value of rigid discipline, and showing his Grace that "my orders are only your orders—even a president cannot break his own rules;" and so the upshot of it was that the Duke doffed his bonnet, and made a most gracious bow—"*Mr. Duncan, I humbly beg your pardon.*"

Such was Hall Maxwell; and Scotland did not let one who had served her so well and so long retire without a substantial reward. On January 17, 1866, he was presented with 1,000 gs. and a handsome service of plate, and was also requested by the directors of the Society to sit to Mr. Gourlay Steell, for his portrait. They little thought how soon that portrait (which is hung, among the few that have attained such honour, in their council-chamber) would be all they could look upon. He was still in the very prime of his mental vigour; and, if health had been granted to him, he might have reasonably looked forward to another twenty years of usefulness in his county. It was not to be. He held up just so long as the connection between him and the Society was unbroken, and then his friends saw with sorrow that Edinburgh would soon know him no more. About the middle of May he quitted it, in very feeble health; his fainting-fits became more frequent as the summer sped on, and on August 25th he died, at his own house, Torr Hall, Renfrewshire, in the 55th year of his age.

A quiet evening with some really good coursers is

no light privilege, especially if the kettle is singing a pleasant winter tune, and a greyhound that has "done the state some service" lies stretched in dreams on the hearth-rug. We have listened with delight as Mr. Nightingale recounted the points of each crack course at the meetings where he wore the scarlet; and though the cold February wind whistled loud and shrill round the Ayrshire barn-tops, and away to the moors behind, what cared we as the servant lassie brought in tea, and fresh logs to the fire, and the late Mr. Campbell, with Canaradzo at his feet, dwelt fondly on the race of Scotland Yet. In his build Mr. Campbell would remind us of the late Mr. Kirby of York—a man of burly frame, in a capacious black tail coat from which he had rather shrunk. He was good-tempered, but always able to hold his own, with incisive Quaker-like retorts, against a host, when he was chaffed. He sold all his greyhounds, save Coodareena, in the spring of '65, Canaradzo for £100 to Mr. Knowles, and Calabaroono for £200, to the late Lord Uffington, with a view to the Waterloo Cup, for which he came, after the frost, far too fat to the slips. Few men began coursing so late, and none have made such prices; but his dogs were always well placed, and well trained by his son and "Jock o' Dalgig."

He was much "exercised" in the manufacture of greyhound names, and was wont to say that it often relieved him from severe fits of toothache. The pursuit had its origin as follows. He had a red dog, Cromwell, winner of the Biggar (Open) Cup of sixty-four dogs, in 1853; and shortly after another "Cromwell," to his intense disgust, started up in the English entries. Then he called a brace "Scotland Yet" and "Highland Home" after favourite Scottish songs, and when the Ridgway Club entries came out, Mr. Sharpe had a Scotland Yet as well. After that he would have "no common names," and followed up a

limited use of Ossian, by making them for himself. His first-born was "Coomerangoo," of which Boomerang was the key-note. "Crested Lochiel" and "Cam Ye by Athol," were the only names he would ever accept from his son. He said that his dogs had no luck unless they were named by himself, and as the above two died from injuries at a fence, he had some grounds for his prejudice.

His son really began the family coursing in 1841, when Mr. McTurk gave him a puppy. After that "Young Dalgig" always kept one; but his father took no notice whatever of the sport until 1847, when he saw him with Kenmore, the dam of Dido, and conceived a violent admiration for her. He then learnt to love coursing at private meetings round home, and his maiden win was a farmer's stake at Closeburn—five shillings entrance and thirty runners. Dido won, and followed suit at Closeburn public meeting the next year.

He first tried Canaradzo in the Dalgig meadows with Mr. Hyslop's Forty-Six. If he was anxious for a trial he would walk from morning till evening to have one. On one occasion he and his son walked all Monday and Tuesday on the hills, and did not find a hare. On Wednesday they began again, and at two o'clock those plucky pilgrims at last "spied her sitting." He did not feel it a martyrdom, and no amount of wet would make him put back. The only alloy, in his mind, to these private trials was when "Jock" proclaimed the death of a doe hare. Occasionally, he took an odd fit, and would run a dog three or four trials in a day. Much as he loved Coodareena, he would sometimes try the whole team with her, and he was "as deaf as Ailsa Craig" to every expostulation on the point. She was the stoutest hearted of all the Scotland Yets—a sort which is either very game or very soft; and but for these severe trials she would have won more than she did.

As it was, she was left in among the last eight with Meg in Mr. Campbell's last Waterloo Cup essay; and she ran well at Kyle last winter, after having had three litters.

Dalgig* was not far from the springs of Nith, and every Edie Ochiltree and Madge Wildfire who wandered among those moors was sure of a night's shelter and plenty of porridge and milk. Mr. Campbell was a great student of human nature, and he loved a bit of character wherever he could find it, especially if it indulged in unshackelled Scotch. He made a point of asking every tramp their name, and they invariably said "Campbell." The outlying members of the clan seemed to increase in a most marvellous manner, but still he was content to ask no more questions. "Campbell" was not the only key to his heart. On one occasion he had some words with a vagrant, and denied him bed and board, but when the cunning fellow told him that his name was "Bruce," everything was forgiven and forgotten. They repaid his kindness by very seldom stealing from him. One of the worst of the lot was once heard to say to his child behind a hedge—"*Nab what you can, laddie, but no at Dalgig for yer life.*" His charity was once rather chilled by learning that two married couples had enjoyed his hospitality from Saturday till Monday, and occupied their barn leisure in negotiating an exchange of wives. The arrangement was carried into effect, and "Old Dalgig" was so scandalized when he heard of it, that for a long time he housed no beggars but aged ones.

He seldom changed his servants, and looked upon the seniors as quite family standards. "Sandy Dun" was with him and his father for fifty-seven years, and died at eighty-four, without redeeming the matrimonial promise which he made annually to his

* For a visit to Dalgig see "Field and Fern" (South), pp. 249-66.

master, under the influence of ale, at Auchinleck Lamb Fair. Another of them, Willy Wilson, delighted to tell how a rough drover tried to prevent him and his master from passing a certain point in the fair with their lambs, and how the latter laid the fellow prostrate in the mud, and when he had extracted an apology, assisted him to rise and gave him sixpence to drink his health. If he scolded his servants or any one else he seldom got beyond, "*You Saucester!*," (a Scotch word for a kind of pudding); but when his preface was "*My—Good—Sir*" he was felt to be in earnest indeed. Hugh Wyllie, who has been thirty-five years about Dalgig, was often "had in" for a chat at night. He was full of all the country news, and knew many curious stories, two traits which exactly suited his master. The finest scenes took place between "Old Dalgig" and his negro Black Geordie. At one time, Geordie was a sailor, then he cruised about the country selling pebbles and curious stones, and when that game was up, he became a sort of groom to Mr. Campbell, for five-and-twenty years. He was very lazy, and nearly as bad tempered as old Pluto of Gibbet Island, and scenes, rich and rare, took place between him and his master, if the gig was not ready in time. Geordie would think outloud upon these occasions, and it was upon this aggravating habit that issue was joined.

Mr. Campbell was very fond of reading, but confined himself principally to religious works, and more especially to Edward Irving's and Dr. Cumming's. He kept several terms at Glasgow University, where he studied Greek and Latin, and attended the Divinity Hall with no small zest. With a view to going out to China, he began to learn the language, but he was prevailed upon, in consequence of his father's advanced years, to cease from gathering "the

blossom of the flying term," and to assist him in his farm duties.* Still amid Ayrshire cows and arable, he always yearned after his first love—his college cap and gown. Robert Pollok, the author of "The Course of Time," was a fellow student in the Divinity school, and many of their Glasgow evenings were spent together. Their friendship

* As a breeder of Ayrshires, horses, and sheep he had great experience; few men were in higher request as a judge at shows in Scotland, and, in 1864, he made his third and last journey to Ireland on the same errand. Whatever he did, he did with all his might. For instance, when Lord James Stewart, as principal trustee for the young Marquis of Bute, offered four silver medals for different classes of farm stock, he felt sure of being first for the "Dairy Stock," and anything but sure of the "Single Ayrshire Milch Cow," the "Clydesdale Brood Mare," and the "Two-year-old Ayrshire Quey." Defeat was not to be thought of, and (like the late Duke of Hamilton when he determined to be foremost among the best at Battersea) hebought one in Dumfriesshire, another in Lanarkshire, and the third in a distant part of Ayrshire, and kept the medals together. In 1833 he reclaimed 570 acres of waste hill land by ploughing and liming, and then sowing it out in first-rate pasture, and for this improvement he gained the Highland and Agricultural Society's gold medal. Three years after that, he commenced with his brother-in-law, Mr. Richmond (of Bridgehouse), as his mentor, breeding "Superior Ayrshire Stock," and they bought between them the celebrated "Tam" from Mr. Allan, of Dalry. Tam's cows and queys carried almost everything before them from 1843 to 1854; and were first on five different occasions, when the competition was open to all Ayrshire. His next purchase, Cardigan, from Mr. Parker, gained twenty-seven first prizes, and was never beaten while at Dalgig, and it was for this bull that he refused £100 in 1856. Mr. Parker's stalls also furnished him with Clarendon, who fined down very much after his arrival, and was first both at Ayr and Glasgow in '60.

With all this good milk material, do what he might, he could never get to the top of the tree in cheese-making. His dairy could win at New and Old Cumnock, but they were never even commended in the county competition at Kilmarnock. He spared no expence to have his dairy-maids instructed in the Cheddar system, and both Mr. Harding and Mr. Norton from Somersetshire set up their cheese-presses for a time at Dalgig. Still he never succeeded in making a first-class article, and he attributed his failure to the wet soil and the cold, damp air.

Blackfaced sheep were also his fancy, and he won prizes with them, but never showed after Mr. Richmond's death in '44. He began his horse-labours simultaneously with his assault on waste land, and

knew no change, and the very year that Pollok died, he had promised to spend part of the summer at Dalgig.

Curling and draughts were his chief amusements until he commenced coursing, and he kept up the former for fully forty years. He would drive seventeen miles to Sanquhar to play, and although he never won the Picture, he held the New Cumnock Challenge Medal for several seasons. As a director of the game he was first rate, but his temper not unfrequently went if any of his own players were careless. However, the anger was soon off him, and he always said he was sorry for "blowing them up." Into draughts he entered with the same devotion, and on very special occasions he and a neighbour would be at it till three in the morning. For two or three years he had been very poorly, and six months before his death he was stricken with palsy. After that he grew weaker and weaker, but he was able to ride out in his gig until the October of '67, when a great change for the worse took place, and a peaceful end soon followed.

Mr. McCombie's late herdsman, John Benzies, was another character whom we always liked to meet by the side of his heavy blacks, either at Islington or in the Vale of Alford. Owing to a constitutional infirmity in his legs, he was not always able to compass his thousand miles each December, but in 1867, when he came South with the Black Prince Cup ox and swept everything he could try for, both at Bir-

Kleber and Lamartine, both Lanarkshire bred Clydesdales, were his best sires. Still much as he might like good draught horses, he liked good saddle horses better, and by the purchase of Revolter (a son of Grand Turk, "the Cumberland coacher" and Merrylegs, a trotting mare) which he put to six or seven nearly thorough-bred mares, he achieved a great success both for himself and those who sent mares to "the old lame horse." For a man of his weight he was a very fearless rider, and he never cared what sort of savage he had in a gig, as he would soon teach it how to go.

mingham and London, we never saw him more active. His appearance "by special command" with his ox before Her Majesty at the Windsor Home Farm was a grand event, and of course he was pretty often waylaid as he went smiling down the Islington avenues, and was requested to stand and deliver a *Court Journal* account of himself. Despite all this notice in high places, John did not lose his head, and when a celebrated English feeder put a chaffing question to him as to his ox's dietary, he had his guard up in an instant, and wouldn't allow that it ever ate anything but "*Heather bloom! heather bloom!*" He seemed very well, but when he was met at the station on his return, he told his fellow servant, as if with a sort of sad prescience, that he had now won all he could win, and that he didn't care whether he ever saw the South again. Then came two quiet days to recruit him after his journey, and some long, two-handed cracks with his master about the black he had left behind him, and then to work once more in his nice, cheerful way among the prize beasts for '68. Still his treacherous complaint knew of no lengthened compromise. Another short week and his labour was done, and this true-hearted servant was borne up the valley to his grave.

We have also lost our honest, downright friend of many years standing, John White, or "Hawthorne." No more each August shall we hail his forecast of the grouse on the Grampians, so often prefaced by the lines which told of the muircock's crow, the eagle's haunt in the glen, the sweet moss where the roedeer browse, and all the other delights of his heart, and ending up with an exhortation to his brother-sportsmen to "on wi' the tartan, and off wi' me ride." He was head-keeper to the Earl of Mansfield, in whose service he had been for nineteen years. His command extended over the Lowland

shootings round Scone and Lynedoch—one on the banks of the Tay, and the other of the Almond. Lynedoch, which is some six miles out of Perth, is a lovely wild spot, and he lived in the heart of it, not much more than a hundred yards from the now-ruined cottage where the venerable General Lynedoch, as long as his eyesight lasted, spent three months of his summer. Pheasants, partridges, roe-deer, "fur" in abundance, wild ducks, and a sprinkling of capercailzie composed John's charge. The graves of Bessie Bell and Mary Gray are by the rocky stream of the Almond in those grounds, and drew many picnickers with leave and without. Sometimes these outlaws would let themselves in by a key at the great gate under the cliff, and we often laughed to hear the rout when the "lion of Lynedoch" bore down upon them with dishevelled mane, and exacted ample apologies and submission, when they thought that all was serene.

He learnt his game-lesson well with his father, who was head keeper at Arniston, near Edinburgh; and when quite a lad, he was constantly out coursing with Sir Walter Scott. The bard liked his enthusiasm, and had many a chat with him as he led his dogs, and thus indirectly fostered the taste which he always had for a bit of verse and prose on field sports. After this he was fifteen years at Abercairney with Mr. James Moray and his brother, the major. The former kept a pack of hounds in Perthshire, and John was a keen preserver of foxes, and had lots of good mounts for his fealty. As "Brushwood," he used to send *Old Maga* many a line about them and when they were given up, he had plenty to tell of "Merry John" Walker, and his great doings in Fife. He was a much lighter weight in those days, and generally there or thereabouts, not unfrequently on Walker's own horses.

In later days he took to coursing, and he won, and then divided the Cup with his Duncan Gray at the Carse of Gowrie Meeting. He was also a great fisher, and there was scarcely a stream or loch in Scotland where he had not cast his fly, and to good purpose. He landed many a noble salmon on the banks of the Tay, and preferred it before all other sports; but when he told us (who had never seen him perform) of his agility, and his playing a fish for more than an hour we could only gaze in wonder at his burly figure, and congratulate him upon being "got so fit" for the Derby week with a salmon to "lead work" all spring. He was out deer-stalking with the Prince Consort in Glenartney Forest, when H.R.H. first came to Scotland, and he had some capital stories of his keeper's experiences, "owre the muir amang the heather." The frost always found his eye true and his hand steady for the curling stones, and he won a prize not many winters since at that game. He was also a capital rifle-shot, and he especially cherished a silver medal which he won in 1829 at the Border Club, when a stripling of twenty, as "the Ettrick Shepherd"—with whom he had often lived and fished and shot near the Braes of Yarrow—hung it round his neck in public, and made a short speech in his honour. Few better game shots went into a cover; he delighted in his profession, and in such a retired spot, among the laurels, "where once a garden smiled, and still where many a garden-flower runs wild," he had fine cover for his pheasants close round his lodge, which was almost hid in jessamine and honeysuckle. We often stayed with him there and listened to his good stories, amplified rather at times by the repetition of his pet phrase, "*I said to Mr.* —— *says I*," but very amusing, and full of character, for which he was a keen watcher.

As each Derby began to loom, he was anxious to be up and on the Downs, but he said every year that he should "never come again." If there was a great pigeon handicap, he would go and load for his young master, Lord Stormont, and the North Countrie men always delighted to see John's honest, hearty face among them. He had known lots of them as children, but he had hardly a grey hair in his head. He also knew a leading book-maker, and from him he received tips, but to judge from the state of his book, when he arrived in the metropolis, John was not very constant to his Derby love during the winter. At Perth he was a well-known character, driving through in his trap to Scone, or in Paton the gunsmith's shop, up to his crupper in fishing-rods and breech-loaders, or talking to Speedie about his salmon takes. He died after a very short illness at Scone, and he was buried at Moneydie Church, about two miles from Lynedoch, on the banks of a little stream which falls into that Tay he loved so dearly, near the salmon-breeding ponds at Stormontfield.*

Time has wrought some changes at Dr. Grant's since we first wrote of the doings of the Master of

* A local paper, the *Crieff Journal*, has the following lines to his memory, which shows that in his humble walk, he has left some "foot-prints on the sands of Time," in both the places where he lived and did his duty so well. They run as follows: "Weeping echoes in the Braes of Lynedoch and Abercairney,"

"Alas! he's gone. Who's gone?
Honest John White gone;
Neither laird nor statesman he,
Nor boasting of high pedigree,
But proud of country and of home,
A leal true-hearted Scotsman, gone;
Firm in duty, sportsman rare,
Constant friend, man everywhere."

the Teviotdale.* First and foremost, the Doctor has foresworn celibacy, and has found a helpmate as fond and as beloved of the hounds as himself, and as daring in the saddle, when she dons her blue habit on a fox or otter-hunting morning. The Liddesdale Hunt remembers well how five or six seasons since she won the brush on her grey pony. In fact the Doctor has consistently reversed George Herbert's saying of "a horse made, and a wife to make." The step quite took Hawick by surprise. The Kirk Session clerk thought it was a hoax, when the Doctor handed him the guinea and the proclamation for kirk next day, and he positively refused to handle the one or believe the other till a mutual friend solemnly vouched for it. Even when he read it out in kirk, he was in fear and trembling, and "thought the Doctor might be getting himself into trouble with another of his odd tricks." The great fear among the Hawick "lads" when the secret came out that Sunday, was that the days of the Teviotdale pack were numbered. No such thing. The whole of the premises in Hawick were knocked down, and new ones of a very different stamp grew out of the same spot in their place. Horses and dogs lived *pro tem.* just where they could among the *débris*. The brown pony of the fair "first whip" (Mrs. G.) was located in a little boarded corner of the barn, with Frank, the terrier (a staunch badger dog, but unentered at otter) in perpetual attendance. The grey half-Arab mare, a rare goer on the road, and a wonderfully steady one when you come to a wade in "silver Teviot's tide," and the bay—whose life was spent between the rubbish cart and professional tours in the gig—were stabled in a house without a gable end, where three "families" used to live. The pack found

* See "Field and Fern" (South), pp. 171-201.

shelter in the old hunting-break shed, and the break was poked away behind divers roof beams and laths. Slash, the big black Labrador of 108lbs. weight was tied up in the back surgery with the turtledove of apocryphal age, which has followed the Doctor's fortunes from three houses in Hawick. The black had been so accustomed to watch for poachers, that before he fairly understood "Hints on Etiquette" in the house, he was suspicious when he winded a patient after dark, and on one occasion he made a well-meant effort to eat a flesher, who had come to have his tooth drawn.

Billy and Bobby generally lived with two cats in the garret, and the latter, when he was in an ill-humour, kept the tabbies in strong exercise. Billy paid off a servant-girl, against whom he had a slight grudge. He would share her bed every night; but once when she had to get out and go down stairs to fetch something he took a surly fit, and would never let her in again—at least, under the blankets—and that long-suffering woman had to sleep in her shift on the outside. Teddy and the cat were mostly in bed-partnership with the boy; but Billy stuck to the girls, and old half-blind Stormer, who fights everything in kennel, roamed about at will. After trying in vain on a pouring night for a settlement in some parish, he discovered a happy hermitage, in this brick-and-mortar waste, at the bottom of an old chimney, and, having laid the coals in order, entered into residence at once. My Mary, by Shamrock, is independent of alterations and resides entirely in the gigs—at least, the one which has the apron on—and makes sundry sallies during the night on to the rats, which hold holiday in the yard. On one occasion, she was found with five which she must have carried up, step by step, through the wheel spokes, and then borne, Blondin-fashion, along the side-shaft to her lair. As the Doctor says, she "lies

with them in her arms, as if they were puppies—the darling wee thing!" She lives well among the patients in her daily gig rides, but cream and meat don't make her idle. Occasionally she enlivens these professional rounds, by taking the drains after a rabbit, and she has carried one alive into the gig. Like her, the Doctor does a good deal of sleeping in the gig, but to ensure peaceful repose he must have two pair of reins, and hold the one while his wife drives with the other. Gouty old Malakhoff's white skin is in the best bed-room, and you now tread over "old John Peel's" and Fairplay's somewhere on the landing. Shamrock's is in the big room, and gives you the notion, as you first look and recall the little grey-and-tan warrior of eighteen seasons, that a quarry stone has tumbled on him, and flattened him out. His is indeed a precious memory with the Doctor. "When Broadwith could find no vermin for him he killed collies on the spot—he had such destructive power—he suffered very much at last; I tapped him twice and took away about 160 ounces of fluid in all." He left more daughters than sons behind him; and the former more especially followed him in colour. Teddy, his son is quite as determined with otters, and by dint of practice as artistic as himself, though he is not quite so heavy.

The badgers needed no close borough of their own amid all this yard confusion, as they were all poisoned that summer on one and the self-same night. They would catch rats like a dog, as the vermin stole to their feeding trough in "the sweet moonshine;" but they killed and ate one too many. A poisoned rat came among the rest, and all three seemed to have partaken of him, as they were found curled up stiff and dead in one tub. The Doctor had no idea that poisoning was in process next door, or he would have adopted his usual preventive of feeding up the out-lying terriers and the badgers, so that they would

not eat their spoil. He mourned sadly over the big badger, as nearly every terrier in the place had been highly tried with him in his time. This badger maintained the very pleasantest relations with the stable-boy and servant-girl, who cleaned him out and fed him. Let but the Doctor appear, and he growled fearfully, and as often as not tried to break through his iron poker guard, and have a touch at his learned legs. He was quite different in attitude and expression when one of the Doctor's wire-haired brigade went in, and he would at once entrench himself in a corner, "to receive cavalry," knowing right well what to expect. If it was merely a stranger he scorned such work, and went in for a merry ding-dong, which soon settled matters. A very expensive brace were so heavily beaten in their trial, that their disgusted owner packed them off that night, and said he thought they "would be good enough for London." Teddy nailed him at eleven months, and got bitten through his nose and shoulder, but he went in at him a few days after, as resolute as ever. Badger-baiting is in the blood, as Shammy's grandsire, "The Patriotic Pep," killed a badger in a drain when he was quite old and blind. This was at William Broadwith's, who used often to turn out a badger on Longnewton Forest with one-and-a-half hours' law, whenever Sir George Douglas's pack were unusually short of otters.

The performing chesnut horse was put down early in '67, and was generally supposed to be rising twenty-seven years, of which he had spent eleven with the Doctor. As a jumper, whether of stone walls, banks, or timber, he had few to touch him, and with the Doctor's leaping-pole on the top of it, he cared nothing for a wire fence. He would follow his master over any jump, and never separate from him when he was over, however good a head hounds might be carrying. For some time past he had been

troubled in his wind, and was found, on a careful *post mortem,* to have aneurism of the heart and malignant disease of the liver. In fact it was about time for him to render up his flesh to the hounds he loved so well, and his "flag," skin, and hoofs (the latter in the shape of polished snuff-boxes) serve as adornments to the big room of 30ft. by 15½ft. above the stables. His carcase was pickled for the pack and was "as good beef as ever you saw; but perhaps not so fat as some we've known." They put a sack over his head, and the poor beast began to waltz with his fore feet, as if he was expecting to be taught his 101st performance, when down he went with No. 5 shot through the forehead. The Doctor cannot bear ball in such a crisis, as his five-barrelled revolver once failed with a Birdcatcher mare, and he only killed her by opening a vein, and blowing into it, when she died with a hearty nicker in her nostrils. The one-eyed thorough-bred mare has been disposed of long since. Her original price was thirty shillings, because no one could get on her back, and the Doctor consistently reached that proud elevation up to the day of her death by a series of flying jumps on the blind off-side. At present he has a capital harness mare, looking like a hunter, which won't ride a yard, and never will. It once took three-and-a-half hours to do two miles on her, and her rider only effected that by sitting down on her, and working the journey tail foremost—the only way in which she will go under a saddle, although she will kneel, and take quite naturally to hanky-panky tricks. The Doctor takes the precaution of having his harness made throughout with spring hooks so that if he has an accident he can hold the horse with the left hand, and set it free with the right.

There are about five otter hounds, eight Dandies, and Billy in the pack at present; but there is nothing the Doctor relies on more than Slash the

Labrador, with his jet-black coat and his fine grey muzzle. This warrior came from Broadwith's, and hunted with the Doctor for many a season before he was "reduced into possession." He was helping in night-work at the same time; but it became at last dangerous to take him out, as he could wind a poacher at any distance, and his growls of linked sweetness long drawn out, when they held him "for fear of murder," told too much. Hence the Doctor, to his great joy, was allowed to take him home, and he has become a groom of the bed-chamber. Slash believes in no dog—not excepting Ringwood—unless he has felt at the spot for himself. Hunting alone is his delight, and he is always questing either up and down stream, yards apart from the body of the pack. He quarters the stream just like a setter dog after partridges—sometimes with his nose right under the water, and his head on one side, as if listening, and sometimes with it flat on the surface. When there is a worry he takes care to have his back nip; whereas old Stormer only tugs away at the tail, and Ringwood is quite open to let up Billy and the terriers at such a crisis. Slash was the only dog which ever beat the Doctor when he wanted to save his otter. That devoted man had the rest at bay under an elder bush on the Ale, and the terriers would not act on account of the heavy stream; but Slash would not be denied, floored him in the mud, and took the otter from him then and there. The "auctioneer," which Malakhoff dreaded so much, was no use whatever against such a "Molyneux the Black." The Doctor remarks "that he does not know pain. Look at the thumps he got from that iron hook of Bill's:—his nervous system is not like other dogs—he's a dog of metallic nerves."

The long room above the stables is now finished, but not furnished; a fox has been kept there since it was a cub, and ere long the trick training will commence. A

badger again forms one of the establishment, to the great delight of Betsy; and a man hunted a buck foulmart for six weeks as a consort for the ferrets, which had grown slack in the Doctor's eyes, and required a fresh strain of blood. It was run to ground several times, and made such an example of its pursuer's fingers, that the latter was perpetually under medical treatment till he conquered. The Doctor has made a platform nine feet from the ground round his yard, and stocked it with all kinds of British flowers. This is what he understands by sitting under his own fig-tree in years to come, and what cares he even if the otter-bites in his hands do become "the seats of rheumatism." Above the long room he has a shooting gallery of twenty-five yards finishing in his extra bed-room, which commands a view of Chapel Hill, Borthaugh, and Gala Law covers. Through an artful tube in the wall, he commands the illuminated face of the Town Clock as he lies in his bed, which saves all candle reference to his watch on an otter-hunting morning.

Some of the otter hounds have been working with Sandy in the Carlisle pack; but Royal, Collier, and Ringwood are still in kennel with Teddy, Piper, Tom, and the other terriers, who "get round the otter like a collar of leeches." Two greyhounds (one of them old Artful), Slash, old Major (who is almost blind), Judge (the setter), and Stormer have now tickets-of-leave in the stable; Billy, Bobby, and Ragman are a trio by themselves; and Black Jack, who will fight any mortal thing, occupies the boot of the break. There is also a magnificent bitch, Melody, from Mr. Stonehewer's which has no superior in a cold scent, and Little Pod, a puppy of The Dwarf's, is quite a character.

The Doctor's deposition touching the attempted capture of Billy is worth preserving: "I saw the man at the head of Baker's Close, coquetting with Billy,

and marked him as a stranger, with an eye to the dog. The two disappeared. I got into position at the other end of the Close, and took him by the throat; he threw down the rope, and I made him pick it up again. He tried to break my arm; but I knew the old dodge. He seized me by the wrist, and ran under it. I stopped him with one on the larynx; he opened his mouth wider than any otter hound—he was nearly asphyxiated. It was such a nasty trick trying to put out a gentleman's arm for claiming his own dog. Billy was quite conscience-stricken at finding himself in such low company. He knew he had done something wrong. The man had to stand in the yard with his back against the wall, and hold the rope as evidence against himself, till a serjeant of police came. The rope was the link of union;—it kept them all nicely connected together. The man began in a most piteous way. He told me he had only just finished his two years in Perth Penitentiary for taking a mouthful of flesh out of a policeman's leg. I had some pity on him, and I wouldn't value Billy at £10, so he couldn't be sent to Jedburgh. He had the full benefit of ten days. The baillie would have given him more for Billy's sake, if he could. As for the man, he was gratitude to the mast-head. '*I'll never steal another dog from you.*' I thought he would come and call; but I am glad to say he didn't. '*I've got a good dog at Dalkeith; you can have it if you like. If you ever want one, write me.*' That is what he said: it showed his heart was in the right place. It was a tremendous undertaking stealing a public character like Billy—a dog that everybody here knows and respects—a privileged dog—goes round the town every forenoon, and visits on his own hook—not a butcher's shop he doesn't know, and he's very fond of confectionery too. He may well be fat."

The Doctor "took a notion" shortly after our visit,

and sallied forth with Ringwood, Royal, Collier, Stormer, and Melody to look for an otter at Shieldswood, where Jack Deans the keeper had several fox litters. The otter had been a great night-traveller, and between Ashkirk and Shieldswood loch the scent was as hot as fire. Mrs. Grant commanded the terrier contingent, of Teddy, Tom, Piper, Vixen, and My Mary; while Slash the Labrador, Billy, and the five otter hounds were the Doctor's aid-de-camps as usual. Jack was in a dreadful fright when the Dinmonts went to ground, lest it should be a vixen fox, but it was "the right stuff," a regular thirty-pounder, and out it came through the pack and into the loch. There was plenty of music, and when it had swum a ring it earthed again, and was drawn out by the terriers. It was nearly off the second time, but the Doctor dashed into the loch, seized it by the hind legs, and fell trying to swing it up the bank. As the Doctor fell, some of his dogs, whose blood was regularly up, caught him by the hip in the *mêlée*, and bit him so severely that the leg became benumbed down to the foot, and he could not get up again. Jack then slipped and went down in trying to land him, and was bitten by one of the dogs in the hand. Mrs. Grant, as reserve corps, then flew to their aid, and the Doctor was got out of the loch, still holding on to the hind legs of the otter, which just prevented his coat and vest from being pulled right over his head. There was a most fearful battle on the bank, and but for Slash and his tremendous "back nip," the otter might have won the day. Poor Billy was of no use; he hung on "like grim death," and tried to chew, but he seemed to do no harm. On examination it was found that he had struck two of his long tusks through his upper-lip, and had thus fairly muzzled himself. There never was such a bloody death, and the terriers, to use the Doctor's noble simile, "looked as if scarlet nightcaps had

been drawn over their heads and necks." Billy was in high fever next day, with a head so fearfully swollen that the Doctor thought he could not recover, and carried him perfectly blind to the photographer, for a parting reminiscence.

His head when submitted to the photographer was just as broad as it was long, whereas in health the length is about twice the width. He is now quite well again and ripe for duty, and another photograph was taken of him; so that his friends at a distance might see, with the aid of a magnifying-glass, what a tremendous jobation he received during his "lock jaw." The doctor firmly believes that the dog owes his life to the tender nursing and devotion of his mate, the ex-pugilist Bobby, who took possession of him that night, and never left him till all his face-wounds were healed up. He lay with his patient on the kitchen sofa, and never ceased to lick the raw spots. If Billy went into the yard he accompanied him, and would not let him out of his sight for an instant. His tongue was in fact a perpetual poultice and antidote to inflammation. The Doctor tried hard one day to get him to dress the wounds of the Dandies, but he would not even look at them. Some years ago he and Billy fought till they were exhausted, and ever since they seem to have been quite content to look upon it as a drawn match, and never quarrel about victuals or anything else.

"Well, den! Hard Koppig Peter ben gone at last," said the Dutchmen of New Amsterdam, as they puffed the pensive pipe, and gazed into his grave. Now that his beloved Newmarket will know him no more, turfites have a still warmer remembrance of their "Peter the Headstrong," or "Old Glasgow!" The Dutch and Scottish heroes were of the same kidney. One prorogued a meeting of the burghers *sine die* by kicking it bodily downstairs with his silver-mounted wooden leg; and then posted

himself in full regimentals and cocked-hat, with a blunderbuss at a garret window of Government-house, rather than sign the surrender of his town. The other looked upon the Press much from the same point of view as Peter did on the troublesome tribes of Preserved Fish and Determined Cock, and did nothing on the turf like anybody else.

He went to sea at a tender age, and he never lost the salt flavour. To the last he was a true descendant of the old Norsemen in his manners and in his blood. Grafton, Rutland, Exeter, and Jersey were courtly models to which he did not care to conform. Under the auspices of his one-armed tutor, "Sir Wolly," who, for lack of more worlds to conquer on his proud St. Leger Eve, thrust his walking-stick through the pier glasses of the Rein Deer, the young lieutenant soon became seasoned to life ashore. They would sit at the window of the Black Swan at York with magnums of claret before them after midnight, and hand it out in tumblers to the passers-by. Old racing men first remember the pupil jumping on the table at the Star in Stonegate, when Mr. Gully entered and offered 25 to 1 in hundreds against Brutandorf for the St. Leger, and repeating the offer in thousands. Having once begun to "plunge," he won £17,000 on Jerry, and lost £27,000 on Mameluke at Doncaster; and trusting in Bay Middleton, and Bay Middleton alone, he offered £90,000 to £30,000 against Venison for the Derby, "each man to post the money." Of late years he had made some big bets, and offered bigger, but be the issue what it might, no one could tell by his features whether he had won or lost. It was dangerous for a trainer or jockey to advise his lordship to put £100 on a horse, as he was sure to multiply the advice by five. Very often he would take no advice, and with a colt at least two stone better in the stable he characteristically enough

backed Dare Devil to win £50,000, and put his first jockey on him in the St. Leger. Combined with all this off-hand daring, there was the fine, simple faith of a Jack Tar, and the most rugged honesty. Finesse or generalship, such as letting the worst horse finish first in the trial when a good "taste" had been taken a quarter of a mile from home, was a thing he could not understand. Hence, he never fairly mastered the fact that Actæon was much better than Jerry; and Purity's hollow defeat in the first two heats out of five at Doncaster, despite Croft's assurance that "the fun of the fair is only beginning, my Lord," seemed a purely Chinese puzzle to him.

As Lord Kelburne, when his racing aspirations did not often range further south than York and Doncaster, he lived a good deal in Scotland, at his seat of Hawkhead, near Paisley. That daring soul, Lord Kennedy, was then in his zenith, ready to shoot (at grouse or pigeons), or walk, or drive, against any mortal man, for any conceivable sum, and, as may be imagined, his lordship found a foeman, with a long purse, ready for him at any hour of the day or night. The later the hour, the wilder the bet; and it is on record that they had a driving match after midnight, and that Lord Kelburne lost by choosing the wrong road, and nearly plunging his team among the breakers off Ardrossan.

In sturdy emphasis of speech, whether at Jockey Club Cabinets, or addressing his trainer, he was the same "Downright Shippon" to the last. For him the Presbytery of Strathbogie had lived and laboured in vain. To discuss a subject of turf polity with him was about as hopeless as to ask his opinion respecting the new veterinary discovery of a small supplementary muscle in the eye of an ass. He once ordered a handicapper to put 7lbs. more on his own mare. When, as Lord Kelburne, he hunted

Ayrshire, if anything went wrong with the sport, he immediately turned upon the huntsman, and chased that devoted man, thong in hand, half a league over hedge and fallow. Fashion and Usage could forge no fetters for him.

> Hodgson in a pair of gloves,
> Shades of Meynell and of Mytton!
> Vainly Venus sent her doves,
> With a pair of her own knitting,

expressed a home truth about a Master of the Quorn, which would have equally applied to the old Earl. He never appeared in such modern knick-knacks as knickerbockers. To the last he stood by the side of the cords, with low shoes a world too wide, white trousers, in which T. P. Cooke himself could have conscientiously danced a hornpipe, and not unfrequently in a blue coat with gilt buttons. See him when you might, there was the same nervous irritation, which ruined all natural rest, and made his span of nearly seventy-seven years, eked out as it was nightly by chloroform or laudanum, very little short of miraculous.

He was not exactly, as Aytoun said of Lord Eglinton, "one of the heroic stamp of Montrose and Dundee," but still a grand Turf patriarch, whom no defeat could quench. He had spent hundreds of thousands during nearly half a century of racing life, and yet not one of the three great events fell to his "white body, crimson sleeves and cap," in which Harry Edwards on Actæon, that most ungenerous of finishers, defeated by a head the terrific rush of Sam Chifney on Memnon. This York Subscription Purse was, after all, *the* victory of his life. "Lord Glasgow wins," was heard at the Two Thousand finish in General Peel's year, and no shout was taken up with greater zest by the multitude. "Old Glasgow always goes straight to the winning-post," and

"Rogues can take no change out of him." Like Lord Exeter, he could furnish his "surprises," and none greater than when Rapid Rhone defeated Lord Clifden for the Claret Stakes. Cheered on by the warmth and high spirits of a Jockey Club dinner, he would match anything in his stable, and when he could come to Newmarket no longer, he wrote and desired his trainer to turn his attention that way, so that while absent at Hawkhead, he might still be doing something. To one or two of his most wary opponents he was as good as an annuity; but on a memorable Houghton Saturday he laughed them all to scorn, and won six matches in succession. No one was so wayward and difficult to please, or so munificent when he was pleased. His trainers "came and went like the simoom," till at last men of standing in the profession would not engage themselves to him without a guarantee for at least three years. When he had gone the round he would come back to the old ones, although he had vowed, by all his gods, that they had ruined his horses. Every trainer did that. Still, his cheque was always there to the moment, and that was like wine and oil to the wounds he inflicted with his tongue. As for his favourite jockey, Tom Aldcroft, he had nearly as many "reconciliations" with him as Tom Sayers had with Heenan at the Alhambra; but he could never quite forgive John Scott for "leaving him alone so severely," when, in his thirst for controversy about his colt General Peel, he shot quite a sheaf of arrows at Whitewall.

Above all things he hated naming his horses, and preferred to leave the public—which never really took any trouble in the matter, as it dare not back one out of fifty on its merits—to grope helplessly among the Miss Whip, Physalis, or dam by Game-boy sorts, from which sprang the noble race of Flutter and "the tight'uns by Barbatus." It had

been the selfsame story in earlier days, with Jerry, Retainer, Albany, and Retriever. Half the evenings at the Club, when Lord Derby led the revels, with the Earl of Strafford, General Peel, Admiral Rous, Mr. Greville, and Mr. Payne—friends who could always touch the right chord in that testy old Scot—were spent in trying to name his horses for him. Getting the "royal assent" was the real difficulty, and once "the rich relics of" what promised to be "a well-spent hour" only resulted in the registration with Messrs. Weatherby of "He has a name," and "Give him a name." The Black Duck Stakes of 1,000, h-ft, jumped so much with his humour, that "The Drake," and "The White Duck"—which had a double aspect, bearing on the above stake and his own seafaring trousers as well—were readily adopted; but "Light Bob," by Voltigeur, was hardly expected of him, except, perhaps, in the light of a cut at the rival profession. Tom Bowline, one of the few yearlings he ever bought, came to his hand at the hammer ready named, and there were melting moments when he could not resist the offers of his friends to be sponsors for his best. "Knowsley" was but due to the genial earl who had made many a match with him in his day; "Strafford" and "General Peel" might well have a pleasant sound; a chesnut with such a peculiar white mark under the knee was of course Knight of the Garter; and "Rapid Rhone" was a sterling compliment, such as that roan tribe might not know again in the course of the century. Both Knowsley and The Drake have repaid breeders well in different lines, and The Earl was one of the results of that "nick" of Orlando mares with his Young Melbourne, which General Peel made so fashionable. Hence, thanks to old Clarissa, he could turn the laugh against stud critics at last.

The more they jeered at his stud tribes, the more he stuck by them, and the more assiduously he

matched the produce. He cared nothing what he spent out of a reputed £60,000 a year. If a privileged queen of the card-women hit him a little too hard with her chaff, he would rub his neck or back, as was his nervous way, a little more vigorously than usual, and throw her a sovereign to get rid of her. He liked having his racing blood to himself, and therefore he put his sires' fees at a pretty prohibitive figure. In fact, he would rather lend than let, and infinitely sooner shoot than sell. He has been known to go down to Middleham out of the season, summon four or five resident jockeys over-night to ride a score or more of trials for him the next morning, and finish up by shooting half-a-dozen of the worst twos and threes, without benefit of clergy. Stern of mood as he might be when he was crossed, "his hand was ever open, his heart was ever warm." It was said that he once fed half Paisley in a time of distress, and that yet not even a baillie dare thank him on behalf of his brother-townsmen, for fear of being assaulted. A £10 note or a "pony" was the very least he would pull out of his pocket, if the hat went round, and good cause was shown for some Turfite who had fallen behind the world. For forty years after their connection had ceased, he would send one of his earliest jockeys a £50 note, if he had won a good event, simply "for auld lang syne." With all his foibles, he was a glorious old land-mark to the Turf; and while he was still among us, defying the roll of the ages, with his quaint garb and blunt speech, some may perchance have felt that his presence was a wholesome corrective to the modern spirit, which has lowered "the sport of kings" into a doubtful trade—a contest for honour into a lust for long odds.

CHAPTER II.

"He loved the twilight that surrounds
The border land of old romance;
Where glitter hauberk, helm, and lance,
And banner waves and trumpet sounds
And ladies ride with hawk on wrist
And mighty warriors sweep along,
Magnified by the purple mist,
The dusk of centuries and of song."

Longfellow.

The late Sir James Graham, his farming tastes—Recollections of Carlisle—Meeting the Judges—Old Posting Times—Loyal Tom King—Jack Ainslie and his Gretna-green tactics.

FROM Longtown to Land's End is our allotted journey. When our Scottish travels on the Cheviot side of the country were ended, and we were once more in the Border land, we tied our mare to the church wicket at Arthuret, and sought the grave of Sir James Graham. There he rests from his toil, beneath the ash and the sycamore on the north-east side of the chancel. Nothing is placed over it save a red sandstone flag with the inscription "*J. R. G. Graham, Bart., born June 1st,* 1792, *died Oct. 25th,* 1861." It was his last wish that he should have this simple burial among his tenants and neighbours.

Sir James's stay at Netherby depended very much upon his engagements in London, but he generally contrived to come down for different periods twice a-year. He would always spend the first fortnight

after his return in riding about the farms with his steward, the late Mr. Yule, and then with Mr. Brown, seeing and suggesting improvements, till at length the whole estate bore unmistakable impress of his practical knowledge and broad aims, and became quite a proverb of good farming in the North. Farmers, whose only account-books were their right and left pockets, might well take a lesson from the Netherby tenantry. Croft Head—where he lived during some very happy years, as Mr. Graham, after his marriage—and some additional fields, or about 1,000 acres in all, made up his home-farm; and he also from time to time took other farms in hand to improve. Green crop fallows were latterly a special point with him, as a preparatory measure of permanent improvement. Hence in his leases the outgoing tenant was bound not to have more than one-fourth of his fallow-share in bare fallow.

In many districts, but more especially the low-lying ones of the Netherby estate, he recommended the culture of green crops and grass, as, owing to the almost periodical rains in July, which raised the rivers Esk and Liddle, the water was backed up through the porous soil to the roots of the wheat, which at once retarded its growth, and produced a rough sample. In the valleys of these rivers there is a good alluvial soil, a small portion is on a strong clay and well adapted for fallow wheat, and fully a half consists of what is called black topped land, with mostly a good red clay subsoil, or, in some cases, a hungry white, sandy-seamed clay, which is the worst soil on the estate. Good farm-houses and farmsteads were his delight. After his father's death he subdivided and remodelled his farms, put all the buildings in order, made good occupation roads, and commenced an extensive system of tile-draining, which is still being carried on. He was equally given to woodcraft, and spent

a great deal of time with his foresters, advising them as to judicious thinning. He planted 1,000 acres in addition to the 1,500 he found on the estate. Larch was his favourite as regards profit, and oak, beech, and lime as ornamental trees.

Of Shorthorns and Galloways Sir James was an excellent judge. He began with the former and soon established a good herd, but experience convinced him that they were not suitable to the soil and climate of the bulk of his estate, and they had, therefore to give way to "a black dairy." He did not declare himself in favour of any particular breed of sheep, but he introduced sheep-farming on to his estate. It is a noteworthy fact, that all the old Netherby leases which were in existence when he became baronet in 1824, contained a clause prohibiting the farmers from keeping sheep on account of their being destructive to the fences. Few men knew better about a horse's points, and he liked the cross between a blood sire and Cleveland mares, but he never made any high prices.

In 1821-25, before he entered on public life, he hunted a good deal in Yorkshire, and generally stayed with his old friend Mr. Starkie, near Goldsborough. In after years he gave his mind more to shooting; like most tall men, he was a good, steady shot, and during his session labours he always looked keenly forward to the Twelfth, and the ten days among the grouse at The Flatt in Bewcastle. It was in defence of his rights as lord of the manor of Nichol Forest, that he had to fight the case of *Graham* v. *Ewart* through the Exchequer, the Exchequer Chamber, and the House of Lords, before it was solemnly decided that he was entitled to hunt, shoot, fish, and fowl over Bailey Hope, a stinted pasture within that manor, under the preamble of the Enclosure Act, which reserved his right to "other rights, royalties, liberties, and privileges in

and over the same." Lord Stanley and Mr. Sidney Herbert both joined him at The Flatt, and Sir Robert Peel shot his covers with him at Netherby, where Mr. Gladstone was a frequent summer visitor. The party roughed it considerably at The Flatt, as the house was small, and some of them had to adjourn to shepherds' huts. They always shot over dogs, as driving was not then the fashion. Occasionally Sir James would try his hand at salmon-fishing in the Esk with old John Wilson as henchman, but the gaff which John shouldered was not often brought into requisition. John still "minds on" how when Sir James had had an unlucky day, he handed over the rod to himself. After a further trial of the game of patience, a salmon was hooked, and Sir James resumed the rod, and John the gaff, but "the speckled monarch of the tide" escaped to the Solway after some nice play, and John said, in sly allusion to election matters, "*I never seed Sir James look sae blue afore.*"

He was singularly punctual in his habits, and very abstemious, tasting very little between a light breakfast and a late dinner. Sir Benjamin Brodie once said to us of him that when he was working hardest, he only took meat three times a-week. We cannot recall a finer election sight than when he and Mr. Blamire were borne, side-by-side, through Carlisle, one in a dark blue and the other in a light blue chair; but Sir James's height and weight made the task rather difficult to the bearers, and they changed so often that in Castle-street we once thought that the baronet would have descended more swiftly than agreeably from his calico and laurel throne. A handsomer couple than Lady Graham and himself were seldom seen in a ball room, and a few Carlisle people still remember how every other dancing group was suddenly broken up, and how one and all crowded round to look, and never forgot that rare quartet of

beauty, when the present Duchess of Somerset, Lady Graham, Lady Vane, and Mrs. Johnson of Walton House were partners in a quadrille with Sir James, Sir Frederick Vane, Mr. Johnson, and Captain Campbell.*

As years went on, there was sterner work than this for Sir James to do both in Downing-street and St. Stephens, and Cumberland might well be proud of her "Bright Sword of the Border." No county had ever sent, not once, but twice, such a pair of home-breds as "Sir Jamie" and "Willie Blamire" as their members. The one had mastered the great problem of Tithe and Enclosures, perhaps, with the exception of the Irish Church, the most delicate and difficult that has perplexed the century, and the other was for nearly thirty years "a potent voice of Parliament," and the friend of Sir Robert Peel. There was a long severance, it is true, between him and his county, but "The wanderer," to use his own words, "came home at last." After fifteen years of political exile, he showed himself once more at the windows of the Coffee House, and then came that carefully-studied combination of close reasoning, playful local illustration, and magnificent irony, which gave his speeches such a peculiar edge, and which again bore all down before it both on the hustings and at the poll. Every shaft told, and it went ill with the man who tried to parry his chaff, upon fingers and toes in potatoes, or any other topic. Two points in his political life were especially marked, to wit, his wish to play a strong second rather than to lead, and his utter indifference, if he believed himself to be in the right, how much he might cut public opinion against the grain. The one might indicate lack of nerve, but the other proved its possession in the very highest degree.

* Our informant, who was a looker-on, is sure as to seven out of the eight.

On the Carlisle hustings in '52 he said that he might "now claim to close the book," but he was bound to take his place by the Earl of Aberdeen that winter now that Sir Robert was gone. He had begun to fail very much after his grand climacteric in 1855, and went down gradually until his death. Still, the well-known words, "*Sir James is up,*" which, to the last, never failed to empty the library and the smoking-room, were heard in the May before his death, when he spoke upon the question of a tack to a Bill of Supply. We happened to be in the Speaker's Gallery, and painfully noted the ravages which a few years had made, since he and his colleague for Ripon, the Hon. Edwin Lascelles, two of the handsomest men in England, were listening to a Protection debate in the House of Lords. Earl Derby then adjusted his eyeglass and glanced up at his old colleague, as he sat with a look of half-indifference, half-scorn on his face, and his finely-moulded hands folded on the top of his stick. When he made that last great speech in the Commons the political poet might still have written of him,

> "So cute and cunning he of fence,
> We count him worth a host;"

but he said when he rose from the last bench behind the ministers, that his days of conflict were gone by, and that he claimed an old man's privilege to lift the question out of a mere party arena, and deal with it strictly as a constitutional one. He spoke leaning on his stick, and though his measured accents lacked the fire of the days when he bade the House at least to "get out of *Nisi Prius,*" or made "he knows the reason why" the key-note of a speech which recounted the blessings of Free Trade, there was the same beautiful precision and flow of language which so distinguished him in his prime. The house sat in

rapt silence so as not to lose one word, and all seemed to feel that his voice would be heard again no more. He alluded to his growing weakness, and there was that in his manner when he met his friends on the hustings, and on the show-field at Carlisle, which pointed too truly to the end. The two-finger salutation was exchanged for the hand-shake, and those with whom he had any political difference felt from his tones, how anxious he was that all should be forgotten.

Jeremy Taylor's Holy Living and Dying was his constant companion on his death-bed, and when he knew that he was very near the entrance of the dark valley, he calmly laid it by and conversed upon the symptoms of death, as one by one they gathered round him in the twilight of that October morning. Cumberland might well mourn for him.

> "The sower stayed his hand to hear,
> The honest "grey coat" sighed,
> The message seemed so strange and drear,
> That Friday when he died."

Not many months before, he had travelled, feeble as he was, many a weary league, to stand by the grave of Sidney Herbert, as he had done by Peel's and Goulburn's. The Secretary at War was the third of that band of Peelites who had fallen, and there were none of them that Sir James loved more dearly. Writing to the Duke of Newcastle, only a week before his death, respecting a Sidney Herbert memorial he said: "I think a statue of him in Salisbury will be a most suitable monument, under the shadow of the cathedral spire, which points to that Heaven where his hopes were centred, and where I trust he has received his great reward." We too may trust that they are not divided.

Old Fuller tells us that St. Alsike, whose name is now only had in honour as a grass seed, was born in a wood near Carlisle. He adds that pearls were

found in the Irthing, a point which "Sandy" in all his otter hunts has never been able to verify. These notes of two hundred years ago have much less interest for us than our own recollections of Stanwix Brow, when six mail-guards were "sounding the cheerful horn," and the little mail (as the girl said of the ghost) "went by like a flash." Great were the cricket struggles in that meadow on the right, when the 34th Regiment played the county. Private Allen, who was supposed to live by suction, was invariably taken out of the Black Hole for the afternoon, and he sometimes rose to the occasion with "50 not out," while Lieutenant Simpson and Corporal Moss played a good and a much safer game. Blues and Yellows united most harmoniously in the County Eleven—Colonel Lowther,* with his slow

* Of the once familiar faces absent at the Smithfield Club Show, none are more missed than Colonel Lowther's. His Barleythorpe ewes and wethers could always come into a front place, either at Oakham or Islington. It was to attend the show at the little Rutlandshire assize town, that he left London early in the December of '66, and never returned. He was born in '90, and entering the 7th Hussars at 17, saw active Peninsular service under Sir John Moore and The Duke. His fine horsemanship, health, and heart carried him well through every peril. During the retreat of Corunna he was exposed to sleet and snow for nearly sixteen days, without shelter; and on one occasion he rode, or rather "nursed" one horse eighty miles with despatches, without change or rest. Few men had a finer hand on a bit, and old sergeants of the W. and C. Yeomanry Cavalry love to tell how he would ride up to a yeoman, if his horse was too much for him, and beg to "let me try him," and soon send him back perfectly quiet to the ranks. He was a first flight man in the palmy days of the Quorn and the Cottesmore, of which he was field-master, when his father, the late Earl, became blind. Dick Christian used to speak of his ride with Sir James Musgrave, Mr. Maxse, Mr. Gilmour, and Captain White, as "the finest bit of jealousy I ever see from Glaston pasture to Ketton village; you could have covered them with a sheet." The hounds were kept in great style at Cottesmore; but Lambert, the huntsman, latterly became rather slack, and they did not kill their foxes as they had once done. Such an establishment, situated in the heart of such a country, had an old English flavour about it, which hunting-men declared to be without rival elsewhere. "The Master of the Cottesmore" seemed to hunting what "The Master of

round-handers, at one end, and Mr. Howard, of Greystoke, with a unique species of throw, so to speak, at the other. For neatness all round, no one excelled Mr. Ripon; and his daring catch, as he followed up his ball mid-wicket, and held it with his right hand close to his side, when Mr. Foster had "opened his shoulders," and returned it with compound interest, made the lookers-on almost tremble. Mr. Orridge, the Governor of the gaol, and a very tall and handsome man, with the exception of rather high shoulders, was a most remarkable bowler. He took his sight, with the ball to his eye, at an angle of some 60°, and fully six or seven yards on the right.

Trinity" is to the scholar, and hence the Meltonians for many a year have earnestly desired to see a Cottesmore Hunt once more, with a Lowther at the head of it. Such a rare sportsman as the Colonel never quite fell in with the modern style of hunting, as he loved, like Sir Charles Knightley, to see hounds puzzle it out, without being over-ridden. Not many days before he died, the Cottesmore brought a fox at a splitting pace from Ranksboro' over some beautiful country, and raced into him after a quarter of an hour, on the very door-step of Barleythorpe. That was the last sight he had of hunting. As a *J.P.* he was well known by the poachers in the Lowther district, and woe betide those "fly-by-nights," if they were caught trying their hands on those wonderful hares the "Shap Beckers," which know Mr. Warwick in his scarlet and old Baggott so well. When Lord Palmerston died, he became the Father of the House, which he entered in 1812, for Westmoreland. For 55 years he sat for that county, and yet his speeches during the whole period would not fill two columns of an ordinary newspaper. We believe that he never spoke in the House. Sir James Graham, who was never at a loss for a simile, described his politics as of the "old long-horned breed," an allusion which the Dale farmers caught up with great gusto. His hardest Westmoreland fight was with Harry Brougham, then in the excellency of his strength. The Blues objected to two brothers standing for one county, and desired "not to eradicate the old family tree," but to have "a laurel of our own planting." The Colonel did not see it, and said that Earl Lonsdale was nothing to him. "I have no connection with him; I will stand whether he pleases or not." And so he did, and won, after a seven days' fight, by 1,412 to 1,349. The present Lord Lonsdale was at the head of the poll, and duly made his acknowledgments; but when it came to the Colonel's turn he would say nothing but "Least said is soonest mended—I point to the poll."

of his wicket, and then made a very straight delivery, and with a most remarkable wrist-screw.

The carriage horses were better in those days, and the Corby Castle blacks, the Harker chesnuts, the Rickerby greys, and the Warwick Hall bays, whose regulation allowance for the four and a quarter miles to Carlisle was five-and-twenty minutes, were dear to "the stable mind." Three of these pairs, with leaders to match, did good service in their owners' High Sheriff year; but Harker was not true on that occasion to its original colour. Meeting the judges was then a most stirring ceremony. Their lordships did not merely descend from their first-class carriage, and robe in the waiting-room before they opened the commission, but approached from Newcastle, preceded or followed by a cloud of barristers in chaises, and "General" Watson on horseback. The high and under sheriffs, the cassocked chaplain, the footmen and the postilions (the family coachman generally on the wheeler, if his figure suited), and Mr. Rooke, of the Cathedral choir, with his trumpet, were kept for hours in a sort of transition state that day; and as for the javelin men—bar the one or two who were generally disabled by ale early on, and walked with

"A short, uneasy motion,"

if they walked at all—they never put their javelins in rest after noon. One of the most trustworthy of their number acted as mounted scout, and might be seen tearing back all dust or mud on a very tired horse, like a defeated standard-bearer from Marston Moor. The news he brought was that my lords of assize were rapidly approaching from the East. The Under-sheriff in a chaise-and-pair, attended by two mounted javelin men, set out from Carlisle early to meet them, and took a luncheon with him. Roley Boustead was always in attendance,

mounted on his favourite cob, and it was his task to gallop forward to the top of Windy Law, and catch the first glimpse of the legal cavalcade. When Temon Bridge, six miles beyond Brampton, was reached, their lordships lunched and robed at Temon House, a farm in the occupation of the late Mr. Wright, a very extensive and hospitable carrier and farmer. The High-Sheriff generally met them, in great state, at Rule Holme Bridge. Mr. Justice Coleridge would have had no opening for his joke in after-years, when a lot of little urchins crowded on a dismal night round the station-door: "*Are these, Mr. High-Sheriff, your posse comitatus?*"

Posting was a sad mockery to the briefless; but it gave the Queen's Counsel importance when they drove into a town with their own carriages, and an Attorney or Solicitor-General coming down special with four horses was an event indeed. Lancaster saw a good deal of this during the eternal *Tatham Case*, in which by degrees nearly every judge on the bench was retained, till the choice of Northern Circuit judges had to be made specially with reference to it; and at Carlisle you might see Cresswell's and Alexander's carriages drawn out when the assizes were over, and packed with law reports, &c., before an admiring audience in front of their lodgings in English-street. As for the former, he took matters so easily that, even when he was leader, he never seemed to do any work out of Court hours; and we used to look at him with boyish awe loitering along Etterby Scaur, and trying to hench stones over the Eden.

Coachmen and guards could endure much fatigue, but the post-boys of the great north road were quite their equals in this way. Jack Story, of the Crown at Penrith, once rode at a pinch 108 miles—twice to Carlisle and back, and once to Keswick—in a day, when he was past seventy. It was a very "throng

time," as parliament had just risen, and tourists were flocking to the lakes, but such a ride made no difference to him, and he ultimately died at the age of eighty-five. He was full of odd tales about those he had driven, and considered that on the whole barristers were more devoted to their dinners than any of them. He based this on what he saw of Sir Gregory Lewin, Mr. Blackburn, Q.C., and one or two others, learned in the law, who, if the assize at Carlisle extended over a Sunday, generally posted down after their consultations to Penrith, and dined most sumptuously at the Crown. The story of the brace of wild ducks lingered for many a year about the Crown bar. To the horror of these men of eclectic appetite, they had been stuffed by mistake with sage and onions. Upon ascertaining this violation of all true art, the president nearly pulled the bell down in his indignation, and ordering in a kettle of water, scooped out all the stuffing, and carefully rinsed the birds' interiors before they were re-consigned to the cook. The waiter, however, bid the cook to be of good cheer, and gave it as his opinion (without fee) that those lawyers need not have pretended to possess such very delicate appetites, as, when he came back with the ducks, they had eaten all the ejected stuffing, and a small loaf of bread along with it. Jemmy Anderson of Shap was another great character, and quite equal to any crisis. He was once driving a carriage from there to Penrith, when the hirer put out his head and roared, with quite Harry Brougham emphasis, "*Postilion, I shan't give you a farthing for your horses or yourself; you've driven like a snail.*" Jemmy pulled up immediately, and turning half round in his saddle, faced the foe. "*You won't pay me a farthing, won't you; then I've come far enough for nowt,*" and so saying, he descended swiftly, and began to take out his horses. Jemmy was a man of his word, and

nothing but the offer of a handsome compromise—"money down"—induced him to put them to again.

The postboys never seemed to have a holiday, and if they had, it would have been a source of deep difficulty to them how to spend it. One of their Southern brethren, Tom King of the Old Crown at Amersham, spent his in a most peculiar manner. He had the honour on one occasion of driving "Farmer George," after hunting with the Royal staghounds, from Amersham to Windsor. To the end of his life that loyal subject would do no work on the anniversary of that day; and after breakfast he repaired to the same yellow post-chaise, and sat in it till nightfall, on the side where his sovereign had been. He refreshed himself liberally with pots of ale, and if he took his pipe from his lips at intervals, it was only to replace it with a key-bugle, and play "God save the King." His master humoured his fancy, and visited the post-chaise with many others during the day, to see Tom indulging in these quaint Pleasures of Memory.

The Gretna Green marriages were a fruitful source of revenue to postboys at this period; as the fugitive lovers paid on a higher and higher scale in their fervour the nearer they approached the shrine, a sort of private clearing-house had to be established, and if there was anything like a good paying "love job," the fees were passed down the road and equalised. They were seldom better than when the Prince of Capua espoused Miss Penelope Smith.

A parlour at the Crown was the scene of a curious fracas. A happy pair had arrived from Lincolnshire for Gretna, and were lunching, when the father and the rejected lover drove up. The latter thought that the very sight of himself would be sufficient to create remorse, and yet took no active part for fear of "setting" the girl; but the father promptly essayed a passage of arms, first with his umbrella and then

with his fists, and was finally seized by the collar, half throttled, and forced on to the sofa. His son-in-law elect (who was above his weight, and of a theatrical turn of mind) then turned the key on both of them, and got a rare start with his love, more especially as the old gentleman would drive to Captain Hebson's to try and get a summons for assault. Somehow or other they squared matters, and the four came back that evening in two post-chaises, with white favours, and dined together in great peace.

It was said of the first Duke of Cleveland, who loved life in a post-chaise, that his orders to the post-boys were always, "*Now, drive like the devil!*" If he gave them the word at Catterick Bridge, Mr. Ferguson, the landlord, was wont to say out loud, and with much apparent feeling, "*Now, lads, you'll attend to his grace's orders,*" and then under his breath, to the lads, "*Don't overboil the eggs.*" It would have been no use for Mrs. Holmes to give any such second orders, if a runaway pair dashed up to the Bush and it happened to be Jack Ainslie's turn for "*Horses on.*" Jack was a sworn foe to parents and guardians at such seasons, and believed with Mr. Toots's "Chicken," that, if everything else failed, doubling them up with a dig in the waistcoat was a move in the right direction. He would have recommended precisely the same treatment in the case of a Lord Chancellor, if he had come,

"Racing and chasing on Cannobie lea,"

after some fair ward of his high court. Jack was perpetually signing his name as witness to marriages, and was in fact quite a consulting counsel to love-lorn knights and damsels. To have him, in his yellow cord jacket on the near wheeler, was worth as many points to them as it was to an attorney for the plaintiff to retain Garrow or Follett. If he was

pushed hard, Jack knew of cunning bye lanes and woods to hide them in, and had lines of gates across farms, and all that sort of geography, in his eye, for an emergency.

On one occasion, he quite "outdid his own outdoings." He had driven a couple, who had forgotten to "ask mamma," early in the day to Longtown, and as he thought they were taking it rather easily, he strongly advised them to cross the Border and get married before they dined. They were weary and would not be advised, and he took his horses back to Carlisle, and thought them just "poor silly things." He had not been back long, when the mother and a Bow-street officer dashed up to the Bush. There was not a second to lose, so Jack jumped on a horse, without asking anyone, and galloped to Longtown. He had barely time to get the dawdlers huddled into a post-chaise, take his seat on the box as commander-in-chief, and clear the "lang toun," when the pursuers loomed in sight. The pursuit was so hot that the only way was to turn sharp down a lane, and Jack and his party had the satisfaction of watching, through a leafy screen, "the maternal" fly past towards Gretna, and so on to Annan, where she came to a long and hopeless check, and finally gave it up. When she was got rid of Jack would stand no more nonsense, but saw his couple married, and witnessed, before he went back to Carlisle. The signatures of that marriage were always looked at with a certain sad interest, as the bridegroom was killed next year at Waterloo. This was quite Jack's leading case, and he is still remembered by many warm admirers of talent and generalship in a peculiar line, as "a civil old fellow, perhaps five feet seven if he was stretched out, and with such nice crooked legs."

CHAPTER III.

"Ah! sure it was a coat of steel
Or good tough oak he wore,
Who first unto the ticklish wheel
'Gan harness horses four;
Nor shuddered, as he rolled along,
To tread the mazy, whirling throng
Of furious coach with sluggish dray,
Contesting every inch of way
Through Holborn and the direful strait
Of Temple Bar or Bishop Gate."

Sporting Magazine, 1832.

The Mail and Coach Days—Shap Fells—Drivers, Regular and Amateur—Guards—Horses—Carlisle Races; the late Mr. Daley—The Wrestling Ring—Cumberland Wrestling Champions.

Such was part of the ode, modelled after "Sic te Diva potens Cypri," which was addressed to the driver of The Times in 1827, when corn-chest poets only sang of steam as "a demon foul," and "better make a railroad to the moon" was a witty retort, not to say quite a settler for the question, which was stirring a few far-seeing souls. After all, the horrors of Holborn or Temple Bar were far below those of Shap and Stainmoor on a winter's night, when coachman, guard, and passengers battled along in the blast, or bore a hand with the snow shovels, and then looked out anxiously for that tavern sign of "Welcome into Cumberland," which told of deliverance from the wilds of Westmoreland, and that snug little Penrith was nigh.

There were not many amateur coachmen on the road, and the guards steadily set their faces against the system, except in very particular instances. Any passenger could object, and if the reins were not given up at once to the regular coachman, the General Post-Office authorities came down hot and heavy upon the guard when they were appealed to. A traveller was most indignant on one occasion, and actually seized hold of the reins, because, when Mr. Teather, junior, was driving his own horses, the guard would not interfere. He achieved nothing by his letter to "the powers that be," as there was a change of cabinet about that time, and Mr. Teather's request to know which Postmaster-General he was to address in his defence, was allowed to remain unanswered. Mr. James Parkin was one of the privileged ones, and his favourite ground was out of Penrith to Carlisle. He gave it up when the railways encroached, and the horses became worse, as he did not care to be "a screw-driver." He was a very steady coachman, but rather too slow for the mail, as he had not the energy to slip it into them over the galloping ground, and make up his time. In fact, the guard was perpetually holding up his watch, and admonishing him to send them along. Mr. Ramsay,* of Barnton, was "good enough, when the cattle were good," but he liked to choose his ground. Mr. Nightingale, the great coursing judge of that day, was the man to "take a coach through the country." He took the horses as they came, kickers or jibbers, and thanks to very fine hands and strong nerves, he kept his time to a second.

Parson Bird was also well up to his work, and he was such a good-hearted fellow, that when the regular coachman from Keswick to Kendal broke his

* For particulars of the late Mr. Ramsay's coaching career in connection with Captain Barclay and The Defiance, see "Field and Fern" (North) p.p. 195-210.

leg, he took his place for six weeks, and collected the fees for him. A lady gave the parson half-a-crown, and going to a ball at Kendal that night, was introduced to her coachman of the morning, who at once asked her to dance. She was highly indignant; but, on the matter being explained to her, she became so gracious over it, that she ultimately became Mrs. Bird.

Among the regular coachmen, John Reed took a very high place. He was a stout and very silent man—in fact, "all for his horses." He drove the Glasgow mail from Carlisle to Abington, never tasted ale or wine, and never had an accident. This was the more remarkable, as Mr. Johnstone of Hallheaths, the owner of Charles XII., horsed one stage with nothing but thorough-breds; and if they did take off, even Reed, strong-wristed as he was, could hardly hold them. John Brydon was, in one respect, the very reverse of John Reed, and full of jollity and good stories on the box. The two Drydens were more dashing in their style. One of them had the art of teaching his horses to trot when most men would have had them on the gallop, and his brother was a wonderful singer. Whenever the mail reached a long ascent, and he had to slacken speed, he would beguile the way with "She wore a Wreath of Roses," or "I know a Flower within my Garden growing," in a rich tenor, which would have secured him a good concert-room engagement. Little Isaac Johnson was going for thirty-five years, and never had an accident. He was supreme with a kicking horse, and always took care to make him his near-side leader. When they were put there, he could punish them more severely, and they were not in the way of the coach. He liked to hit them inside the thigh, and he could fairly wale them up if they continued to rebel. The Telfers were good coachmen of the same school, and were well known over Shap Fells.

Jem Barnes was rather fat and lumbersome, and lacked fire. People did say that he had his sleeping ground as well as his galloping ground. There was, however, little chance of sleeping one night going north over Shap. He had not only to gallop at all the snow-drifts, but to put a postboy and pair on in front. The pole-hook broke, and the hand of Jim Byrns, the guard, was almost frozen to the screw-wrench, when he brought out a spare pole-hook, and fastened it on. The snow fell in flakes large enough to blind them, and the only comic bit was the voice of a heavy swell issuing from beneath a perfect tortoise-shell covering of capes and furs on the box-seat: "*What are you fellows keeping me here in the cold for, and warming your own hands at the lamp?*"

George Eade was very deaf, but still he had hearing enough left to be cognisant of a great many objurgations from Mr. Richardson of the Greyhound at Shap for taking it out of his horses. One day Mr. Richardson came out and was peculiarly bland, but George concluded that he was on the old subject, and had his back up in an instant, "*Hang you! I'm not before my time; I'll bet you £5 of it, look at my watch!*" Jack Pooley was a great character, and drove in earlier days over Stainmoor. When he retired he joined the Yeomanry Cavalry, and entered his horse for a cavalry plate. Two of the principal conditions were that it must never have won £50, and, also, be half-bred. Some objections having been raised to Jack's nomination, it became necessary to examine Jack before a committee of the regiment. To the first question, whether his horse had ever won £50, he replied, "*No, indeed! but he's helped to lose many a fifty—he ran three years in an opposition coach.*" The next question was, "What is he by, Mr. Pooley?" "*By?*" said Jack, "*I should say he was by a shorthorn bull, he's such a devil of a roarer,*" and Jack's answers were

considered eminently satisfactory. Jack Creery was a good coachman, and drove a pair-horse mail from Lancaster to Kirby Stephen. He had a guard, Joe Lord, who had been with Van Amburgh, and the pair got lost one night between Kirby Stephen and Kirby Lonsdale. Jack was so sleepy that he crept inside. Lord drove for him, and being sleepy as well, turned right off the road down a lane in the snow. Things got from bad to worse, so Jack had to be roused, and Joe was pushed up the side of a sign-post on Jack's shoulders, to "try and read the address." There was not light enough to decipher much, and when they reached a village (according to the song which Jim Byrns wrote to their confusion), they "knocked long and loud at a village church-door" by mistake for a public-house.

The coachman's fees were generally two shillings for fifty miles, and some of them made £300 a year. It was, however, "light come, light go" with them, as they were very fond of betting and card-playing. One of them, who was rather a Malaprop in his speech, accounted for losing all his winnings of one evening, by saying that he was "*positively discompelled to play the last ensuing game.*" They were strictly the servants of the contractors, and looked after the passengers' luggage, whereas the guards were the servants of Government, and in full charge of the mail and the bags. The appointment was obtained through members of Parliament, who made interest in due form with the Postmaster-General of the day. An inspector of guards travelled four days a week on the mails, and reported weak harness and bad horses, and other shortcomings, to Government, and the guards, who had half-a-guinea per week, made all their private reports through him. For a long time safety-drags were a subject of dispute between the contractors and the Post-Office, and they were not adopted until the former made a very

decided stand on the point. Three guards were especially well known and esteemed for their courtesy on the road—Skaife, who was a great musician, more especially on the bass violin; Adam Burgess, who died landlord of the Graham Arms, at Longtown; and Jim Byrns, who was for many years the station-master at Preston. Jim's forte was verse-making rather than music, and if any little thing happened during the journeys that tickled his fancy, he would drop Mr. Teather junior, not a line, but a few rhymes, describing it. Those who were up in mail-coach politics, used to have many a roar over the songs which he wrote, whenever anything very good came off; and Jack Creery and Joe Lord never heard the last of his touching description of their sign-post and church-door troubles. According to it, they must have been in as strange a jumble as the Keswick man and his sow, when they tumbled out of Brundholme Wood down a steep bank into the Greta below. The man was asked to describe his sensations as he fell, but he could only say, "*Varra queer. First it was sow o'er me, and then I o'er sow; then sow top o't me, and I top o't sow—rum start a' thegither.*"

Jim Byrns was a very handsome and well-educated man, and no one understood his business better. For many years he was on the Edinburgh mail from Derby to Manchester, and afterwards from Preston to Carlisle, over Shap Fells. the most difficult mail-road in England. Those who slip through it now in half-an-hour, snoozing on comfortable first-class cushions, can never compass the weariness of Hucks Brow, or guess what a guard had to endure, standing up for miles together through those dark and dismal fogs which infest it on a winter's night, and eternally blowing his horn to prevent a collision. Sometimes snow would bring the mail to a dead lock, and then the unhappy guard would have to wade, or get out his

saddle and ride one of the leaders to a farm-house, and rouse the labourers to come with their shovels. Jim was the right man in the right place, a rare hand at the head of a fatigue party with shovels, and a perfect master of his carpenter's tools, in case there was a breakdown. The heaviest night, as regards correspondence, was when the American mail had come in. On those occasions the bags have been known to weigh above 16 cwt. They were contained in sacks seven feet long, which were laid in three tiers across the top, so high that no guard, unless he were a Chang in stature, could look over them, and the waist (*i.e.*, the seat behind the coachman) and the hind-boot were filled with bags as well.

The best teams went out of Carlisle, where eighty horses were once kept for eight mails and seven coaches. The Carlisle teams always looked well, as the contractors principally lived there in the midst of their own ground, and hence the coachmen tried if possible to make up their time before they got to it. "The little mail," as it was called, was on for a short time. It had only two horses, and they always seemed to be running away with their load. Its owners professed to do the 96 miles between Carlisle and Glasgow in 8 h. 32½ m., and it pretty often came to time; but there were so many accidents, that passengers wholly shunned it at last. It was established to let the Glasgow people—who were jealous on the point, and thought that their London correspondence was delayed by coming through Yorkshire—have their letters an hour or so earlier from Carlisle than by the regular mail. The route of the London and Edinburgh mail was by Derby and Manchester, and it and the old Glasgow mail so arranged their time, with a view to the Glasgow mal-contents, as to meet in the Crown Inn Square, at Penrith, at four o'clock in the morning,

and come on to Carlisle together. Up mails, which left Carlisle at six in the evening, reached London at five o'clock on the second morning. The fare was £6 6s. inside, and £3 5s. out; but fees to coachmen and guards, with refreshment on the road, brought it up considerably. Well may those who are rightly informed about things as they were, not grumble at things as they are, when—instead of being cramped and sleepless for nearly thirty-six hours, with every hair standing up like a porcupine's quill, and with rain and dew and hoar-frost as your dreary portion—you can leave Euston Square at a quarter to nine, and see the summer sun "shine fair on Carlisle wall" before six o'clock.

Mr. Teather was the principal mail contractor; but he gave up working the south side of Carlisle in 1837, and his son (who very often tooled his own teams) took it, as well as the Carlisle and Longtown stage. When the rail was completed to Carlisle, the latter entered into the northern contract with Mr. Croall, and when the Caledonian Railway reached Beattock Bridge, the plant was removed there, and the horses had for a time to be stabled under canvas. Some five years before steam became lord of all, there was a curious dispute about the Government contract, and Mr. Barton, who had been in partnership with Mr. Teather, senior, claimed the ground from Hesketh to Penrith, and sent his horses and helpers to Hesketh. It was a regular fight between the men, day by day, which set of horses should be put in first. Parson Bird favoured the Bartonians, whose chief had never really signed the Government contract, and Mr. Parkin invariably rode down from Greenways, and sat watching the faction fight from his saddle. It went on for several days, and then the Bartonians gave in.

The mails were chocolate-bodied, picked out with scarlet, and wheels, perch, waist, bars, and pole all

scarlet. The harness was perfectly plain, with the exception of the initials and coach-bars on the blinkers. Hucks Brow was a severe pull of a mile, and the seven miles going south from Shap to the Brow were also all on the collar. Accidents were wonderfully few, and the principal one befell a country mail, whose horses shied at a water-wheel just as they crossed Kirbythore Bridge. The drop was eight feet, and one horse was killed; but there the damage ended. A stalwart Yorkshire wool-stapler performed a somersault quite equal to the Keswick sow-leader, and just as he lighted on his legs, he "caught at mid off" a parcel, which shot with wondrous velocity out of a woman's arms, and proved on inspection to be her baby. He said, in his dry way, when they congratulated him on his fine fielding, "that a stray baby isn't generally a good catch for a man."

None of the contractors cared to get their teams of a colour, as it was too expensive. A wheeler must measure fifteen one at least; but anything that would keep straight, and get out of the way of the bars, was generally thought good enough for a leader, and if it had not what Mr. Murray calls "pretty manners," John Reed would undertake to turn it out "complete in six lessons." The average price for a leader was £17, and for a good wheeler £22 to £25, but never more than £30. Ireland furnished the greater portion of them, and they were picked up at the Rosley Hill fairs. None under five years old were ever purchased, and the average of service in a fast mail was three years, although there were some brilliant exceptions. The worn-outs were sold back to farmers at £5 or £6, and mares of course commanded the best price. Occasionally a horse was purchased with rather a doubtful title, and to prevent his being claimed, he was always worked in the night-mail. They got very few beans; but two-

year-old hay and the best of oats were made especial points of. Tapster, a dark chestnut stallion, was the most remarkable horse on the road. For some offence or other he was condemned to be a near-side leader, when he was only rising four, but he "went off like an old cow" from the start. From Penrith to Shap was his bit of road, and he worked for ten years. When he became slow he did duty as a wheeler for a short time, but he was too small for the place, and a blacksmith got him for £4, and put him at the service of his country. The Waterloo mare was of a very different disposition. She was one of Mr. Contractor Buchanan's lot, and she had stopped with every coachman in turn at the end of two miles. At last they all wearied of her, and the orders were, if she rebelled again, not to bring her back alive. She accordingly left Penrith, and got a few miles in the Glasgow mail, when, according to her wont, she suddenly sulked, and sat down upon her haunches like a dog, with her fore-legs straight out before her. The coachman got down, took a rail out of the hedge, and struck her nine times below the knees with the flat side of it. Such energetic treatment brought her to, and she and her drivers "lived happily together ever after."

It was once a regular money contest between the London papers which could spend most in posting so as to beat the mail, and each other, when they reported a great dinner or trial in the country. At the coronation the *Sun* was printed in letters of gold; and when the Reform Bill of 1832 was proposed, it had expresses to catch up the mails with a second edition containing Lord John's speech to the latest hour. When Sir Robert Peel spoke at Glasgow, its outer-form was printed off and taken down to Kendal, where the reporters from Glasgow met it, with their speech notes all ready written out. The inner-form was printed off there, and thus the people in Glasgow

read the speech printed in a London paper before, by ordinary calculation, it had time to reach London. When Bolam was tried, one London reporter left Newcastle by the mail without the verdict, while another waited for it, and caught up the mail by hard galloping, after bribing the postboys to hold their tongues. The two reporters went on side by side all the way to London, and the *Times* never murmured its secret in dreams.

Our Recollections of Carlisle Swifts go back some three-and-forty years. Springkell and Fair Helen's day was over, and the Maxwell family had ceased to have perpetual seisin of the massive gold cup. Mr. Houldsworth's green and gold jacket was occasionally seen, and The Earl was a great hand at four mile heats for the Queen's Plate. He liked to have his ugly head first in heats one and two, whereas some used to wait away entirely for the first heat, and just save their distance. The man with his flag in the distance chair was an absolute necessity in those heat days, and one of the most vigorous protests we remember against his judgment was Jem Mason's at the Kensington Hippodrome, in '39. Capital horses arrived at Carlisle, year after year, from Middleham, each September, many of them *en route* to the Caledonian Hunt, but up to the present date there have been only two St. Leger winners among them. One of them, Caller Ou, won the Guineas, but Warlock's jockey mistook the winning-post, when he had everything beat in the Cumberland Plate. We remember seeing Theodore on "the sands" at an agricultural show, but Gregson, "that great swell of a grey," was there too, in his prime, and the St. Leger mouse-brown, with the corny feet, was hardly looked at by the judges, except for the interest which attaches to a horse who wins such a race with £100 to a walking-stick or a bottle of soda-water against him. Corinthian, who ran fourth to him, was, if we remember

rightly, not sent from Barrock Lodge that day, but Royalist came as usual from Holme House in his blue rosettes. He was a good-looking, light-boned horse, with a very strong neck, and Templeman considers him to be one of the slowest and gamest he ever crossed. "Sim," who was always very fond of Carlisle course, and formed one of a large Yorkshire party at Mrs. Tweedell's in Rickergate, won twice with him for Mr. Lambton, the first year he rode there. The pace was so hot in one race that Royalist was beaten a mile from home, but reached his horses, inch by inch. "Sim's" luck was not so great, when at a pinch he had to ride Lady Moore Carew in a big exercise saddle, and was beaten half a length. His feet slipped through the stirrups and he couldn't finish on her.

The Swifts are full of curious Turf recollections. The jockeys seemed much taller men then, and "wasted" to thread-paper. As for Jem Jacques,* he was promptly "transmuted" from a well-fed innkeeper at Penrith into a seven-stone skeleton, when poverty overtook him, and he rode successfully for Colonel Cradock again. Vinegar and poached eggs were his only support at times, and a lad who rode the rear horse, and drove the leader in the canal-boat, The Arrow, from Carlisle to Port Carlisle, tried the same fare rather than lose his place for overweight, and killed himself by it. John Cartwright was in immense force when he came out about 1829; and Mr. Aglionby engaged him three years in advance to ride a colt of his, Petterill, for a Cumberland Produce Stakes, which he won. Juba made a memorable level-ground jump near the last turn at exercise. It was measured to be thirty-feet; and the lad vowed that his black would have the Eden with a little more

* This old jockey became a jobbing gardener near Doncaster, and had a small pension from the Bentinck Club. He died in 1868 from an over-dose of laudanum.

practice, and advised his being turned loose in future. No two-year-old ever excited such interest as General Chassé, when he went to the post for the Corby Castle Stakes with his trainer Fobert leading him, and Bob Johnson on his back; and he showed the field his light tail from the start to the finish. Muley Moloch was a lion in those days when the Raby pink and black stripes were annually looked out for with Tommy Lye to ride, and burly John Smith in charge. That "fine black hunter" Inheritor, and "Lazy Lanercost," were both winners; and the wiry little Doctor galloped away from his field in the Queen's Plate through water and mud half way up his hocks. The course had been quite covered on the previous day, and lads were actually sailing in washing-tubs from tent to tent. On another occasion we are told that lanterns were tied to the posts, and the last heats, in which Ben Smith rode, were run off by their glimmer.

Harry Edwards, in his white kid gloves and ruffles, was quite a lion when he came out and won upon Naworth over the T.Y.C. This colt was a very difficult one to ride, as he had mastered his lad, jumped a wall, and chaced a mare from the High Moor at Middleham to Dawson's stables. Hence he turned rebellious in public, and only finished fourth at Newcastle; but "Slashing Harry" paid him off, and steered him with an energy and leverage of arm, such as no other jockey, save Sam Chifney, ever seemed to us quite to possess. If his temper had been better he would have been a clipper. When Edwards rode him in an exercise gallop behind Pyramid 5 yrs. at Carlisle, the grey could not get rid of him, and the weights were as nearly even as possible. Lord George gave 500 gs. for him, and he ran for nine seasons, and then had a turn, by way of finish, at "The Liverpool Grand National."

Mr. Daley, "the Incledon of the Turf," was not then Clerk of the Course. When he became a Carlisle notable and lived in the Corporation Road, his little parlour was quite radiant with pictures of our best actors, many of them presentation copies, and among them, duly framed, a very cordial letter from Mr. Charles Dickens. In his own photograph, the unfailing glass is in his eye, and he is supposed to be taking stock of his great opponent as they meet in English Street. It might have been truly said of either of them, that

> "Whene'er he walks the street, the paviours cry—
> 'God bless you, sir,' and lay their rammers by;"

so here was a double advantage. It needed but one more to complete the group—illustrious Aaron, who listened over his pipe for fully six weeks to discussions about the "Durham Letter," and then failing to master the matter in hand, asked a friend in confidence "*Whose this 'ere Colonel Wiseman they've been a talking about?*" Mr. Daley would occasionally take to the harefoot again, and bring down the house as Dennis Bulgruddery, Dr. O'Toole, or the first grave-digger in "Hamlet," when any good local cause required a benefit; and his Irish songs and recitations were often heard at the trainers' parties during race meetings, and the Albert Club at Carlisle. He was very fond of racing, but he never studied it vigorously, and always shrank from putting handicaps together. Newcastle, Chester, and Liverpool were favourite meetings with him, and we seldom "drew" the iron seats under the grand stand portico blank for him on a Doncaster Tuesday.

He began life in an attorney's office, but he "did not enjoy calfskin," and finding himself a baritone bird of song he wished to be a perspiring hero as well. For many years he scarcely made 30s. a week, and sometimes had "only my share of the candles," and

we have heard him recount how Mr. Sims Reeves was the companion of this soldier of fortune life, with a salary of the same dimensions and a share of his poor lodgings. Hopeless as matters then seemed, he was always telling his young friend that he should turn his mind to Italy and improve his "organ" there, and that he would certainly beat everything out. When that dream of Italy was fulfilled, he presented the *débutant* with the costume in which he first took the town by storm, as Edgardo in "Lucia di Lammermoor." In his hot youth Mr. Daley had a notion that his own forte was tragedy, and he appeared as Othello once or twice and "got a hand" to boot. Still the manager didn't see it, and asked him if he couldn't be "a Lord Mayor or something of that kind in future"—"and, therefore, Mr. Chairman" (as he observed at the Shakespeare dinner), "I have to thank Shakespeare for making me a Lord Mayor." This pleasantry told all the better, because the Mayor of Carlisle would not attend that dinner, and had declared officially that Shakespeare was no doubt a talented but an overrated man, and might have turned his talents to better account. Hence curiously enough the Earl and the Mayor of Carlisle were in the front and the rear of the movement on the Tercentenary day. The one presided at the Stratford-on-Avon banquet, and told with noble emphasis of that great Quadrilateral, in which "Warwickshire Will" had entrenched himself against the assaults of envious Time; the other, although stupendous efforts, both clerical and lay, were made to convert him, hardened his heart and spake as above.

Mr. Daley was Clerk of the Course for nearly twenty years, and he left some £90 to their credit in the bank when he died. No one could look more anxious till he was quite sure that there would be a race for "The Queen's Guineas." He confided to

us as the cause of this passing cloud that the country people held a belief that if that race was walked over for, it was all his doing, and that he made much booty by such procedure. He was popular with all classes, always ready to help a good cause with his purse and his acting, and never said an unkind word of any one. A handsome testimonial was presented to him a few years before his death, which was very sudden at last; and now that he and poor John Sowerby (his C.C. predecessor) have gone, any amateur casual who wanders into Carlisle, and wants to hear the latest thing out in sporting, does not know where to bend his steps.

Both were alive in '64, and thirty-one horses had come to the meeting, which was opened by Woodbine running away twice round the course, with young Job Marson up. Not a carriage was to be seen, whereas "in the days of old Springkell" the course was lined on one side with them down to the distance; and there were only four men on horseback, where we have seen three hundred, some of whom would extemporize a hurdle race to wind up the day. But Grand Stand enclosures and railways are great levellers, and as the new fashion brings more added money, it has its uses after all. We have it on Judge Johnson's authority, that more women and children attend at Carlisle than at any meeting he knows of. The boys made a most remarkable bit of coping to the wall just beyond the winning-post; and the "Mr. Gamblers" outside the enclosure confined their operations to balls of different colours, which performed a curious course through pegs, and were backed most spiritedly for pennies. A half-witted fellow, absolutely in rags, fancied he was starter, and performed a sort of shadow-dance to Mr. Elliot, waving back the jockeys (one of them a little Scotchman between seventy and eighty and scaling 6st. 5lbs. with his saddle) and

lecturing them on his own account. The bye-play was too good to disturb, and Mr. Elliot just let him run on. Jem Snowdon rode a most beautiful stern chase for the Cumberland Plate on Royal John, keeping his top weight at it, and yet never oversetting him, and just "shot" Castle Espie, who forced the pace from end to end, by a head in the last two strides.

There was no lack of little scenes in the enclosure. A welcher was found to have £13 in his pocket, when he wouldn't pay, and being a boot-closer, his boots were playfully pulled off for a token and flung aloft, and he had to walk over the sands *minus* his coat and hat as well, with Young Carlisle in close attendance, examining him as if he were an escaped racoon. Then a small betting man hinted a doubt as to one horse running on the square, within earshot of the owner, who landed on his nose "with such unerring instinct" (as Mr. D'Israeli observes of the Commons) that "Philip the Doubter" walked about snorting like a walrus for the rest of the afternoon. After that there was an elderly welcher, who had done a hardy borderer out of £3 three years before. The latter had been on his watch-tower at every subsequent meeting, and darting down upon him at last, and scorning to strike a man below his weight, he took out his dividend in a Cumbrian fashion by giving him the buttock and flinging him into the air. The welcher had tried to get in without paying and had been headed back by John Sowerby, and how his friends closed round him and got him out again no one knows. He went like a shadow. The jockey arrivals and departures were rather complicated. Snowdon left for Newmarket, and Challoner (who had ridden in the July Stakes the day before) came North to ride Caller Ou for "the Guineas." Mr. Daley's despondency increased visibly, as The Clown and "Back Kitchen Sarah"

(Backtchi Serai) had gone home, and Honest John's owner had no notion of giving us a match between the double winners of the Cumberland and Northumberland Plates. In the nick of time, Royal John, who had a race in him already, was ordered out at Mrs. Masterman's intercession, and the hairy-heeled old mare was led into the enclosure to meet him. Challoner was anxious to be at Newmarket again, and he soon looked up Loates and came into the weighing tent. *"We may as well be settling this little matter, Mr. Johnson;"* and settle it he did, pretty quickly, as the mare never went freer or better, with her head up in the "old, old style."

The wrestling begins at nine o'clock with the heavy weights, and goes on till the saddling-bell rings, and at six o'clock it begins again with the middle weights, to the music as before of the Brampton and Volunteer bands. Next morning the Committee resume their labours from nine to two with the light weights, and then the most energetic of white-waistcoated functionaries rests from his labours. It is no longer held in that fine natural ring under the hill, but in a boarded enclosure at the edge of the race-course, and 6d. is the entry fee. When we were last there, Jem Scott was quite the man of the hour, and the leading jeweller's window was adorned with a silver testimonial to his talent from his numerous "friends and admirers." Among the middle-weights he was still the nonpareil, and so was "lal Tiffin" in the light brigade. The latter was also quite the Beau Brummell of the hour in his mauve suit, with white stripe and garter.

As you enter the enclosure, there is a small space for the Committee, who sit with silver cups in front of them, a wheel for drawing out the couples, and two sand-glasses. The latter were perpetually travelling into the ring as a menace to men who would not take hold. The three umpires have genc-

rally two couples out at a time, and the audience sit and lie round the ring, while the policemen keep walking about to repress their exuberance, and keep them in position. C. 19 was most fussy. "*Sit ye doon, lad, or I'll fetch ye oot,*" was his style; but the sergeant was much more "saponaceous." With him it was "*Noo, tak' my advice, lad, and ye'll see just as weel,*" to a very ardent Scottite. With the above it was "*I'll tak odds Jameson don't get the Cup,*" and of course he was accommodated. "*Jameson's just worried him,*" said another at our side, when Dick Wright in the purple went down before the stripes, which must have covered a thick-set frame of fully sixteen stone. Maxwell (a blacksmith) and Jem Scott were a long time taking hold, as Scott was going away more than two stone, and was bound to be very leary; but Jem did his man with what they called an "under-click."

A tall young fellow, as fragile as an osier wand, and standing at an angle of quite 120°, was swiftly sent to mother earth by Jameson, with whom Scott had no chance at the weight, when they met for the final fall. Once the rush to seize on the victor, and bear him off shoulder high to some favoured tent, was quite the fashion; but crowds are not so demonstrative nowadays, and Jameson is not so very portable. There was therefore only a little cheering, and each man squeezed out of the narrow doorway as he could. The toilets of Scott and Jameson were pretty well attended by their friends and admirers, and then they walked up to the committee-table in the most business-like way. There was no crown of oak leaves—no ode by the Pindar of the wrestling committee. The secretary simply shook hands with Jameson, who squeezed the Cup with much ado into his inside-coat pocket, drew his £15, or whatever it might be, and returned a small portion to the fund. The process was alike simple in Scott's case.

"There, Jemmy, that will be £6 for you." *"Thank you, gentlemen,"* and exit Jemmy.*

* Winners of the All-Weight Wrestling since 1830.

	FIRST.	SECOND.
1830	W. Robinson, Renwick	G. Graham, Rigg
1831	J. Little, Sebergham	I. Irving, Bolton Gate
1832	J. Mason, Blencogo	F. Nichol, Bothel
1833	R. Chapman, Patterdale	J. Graham, Loweswater
1834	J. Thomlinson, Embleton	J. Little, Sebergham
1835	John Blair, Solport Mill	J. Elliott, Cumrew
1836	Robert Gordon, Plumpton	J. Nichol, Bothel
1837	Joseph Sergant, Brampton	R. Gordon, Plumpton
1838	R. Chapman, Patterdale	R. Pert, Torpenhow
1839	R. Chapman, Patterdale	R. Gordon, Plumpton
1840	R. Chapman, Patterdale	R. Gordon, Plumpton
1841	W. Jackson, Kennyside	T. Baty, Oulton
1842	W. Jackson, Kennyside	H. James, Bogside
1843	W. Jackson, Kennyside	R. Chapman, Patterdale
1844	W. Jackson, Kennyside	T. Longmire, Troutbeck
1845	I. Taylor, Wythmoor	R. Gordon, Plumpton
1846	R. Gordon, Plumpton	I. Taylor, Wythmoor
1847	R. Atkinson, Sleagill	J. Heslop, Paulton Mire
1848	J. Milburn, Weardale	R. Gordon, Plumpton
1849	J. Milburn, Weardale	T. Todd, Plumbland
1850	J. Moss, Templesowerby	R. Irving, Church House
1851	J. Palmer, Bewcastle	T. Little, Thomas Close
1852	W. Roldaw, Egremont	J. Halliwell, Penrith
1853	W. Donald, Dearham	A. Miller, Kirkbride
1854	T. Longmire, Troutbeck	W. Dickinson, Calderbridge
1855	T. Longmire, Bowness	R. Williams, Egremont
1856	R. Wright, Longtown	W. Glaister, Greenah Hall
1856	T. Longmire, Bowness	T. Robson, Weardale
1857	W. Hawksworth, Shap	Benjamin Cooper, Carlisle
1857	J. Murgatroyd, Cockerm'th	Benjamin Cooper, Carlisle
1858	Noble Ewbank, Bampton	T. Davidson, Castleside
1859	J. Pattinson, Weardale	W. Hawkesworth, Shap
1860	W. Jameson, Penrith	J. Pattinson, Weardale
1861	W. Jameson, Penrith	T. Kirkup, Longtown
1862	R. Wright, Longtown	W. Jameson, Penrith
1863	G. Maxwell, Rockliffe	J. Fisher, Appleby
1864	W. Jameson, Penrith	James Scott, Carlisle
1865	W. Jameson, Penrith	James Scott, Carlisle
1866	R. Wright, Longtown	John Milburn, Weardale
1867	R. Wright, Longtown	Matthew Lee, Lyneside
1868	W. Jameson, Penrith	N. Ewbank, Bampton

I am indebted for this list and for much of the wrestling matter up to 1830, to an article in the *Carlisle Journal*. There were two sets of all-weight prizes in 1856-57.

Christopher North tells of a strange puzzle into which an old gentleman fell. A general election was pending, and he was all for the Lowther interest. As he journeyed through the lake country, he heard the name of fresh candidates mentioned with much apparent favour, for Westmoreland. Meeting with a friend at the White Lion in Bowness, he told him with a very downcast countenance, that Lord Lowther would be ousted, and that the struggle, as far as he could learn, would be "between Thomas Ford of Egremont, and William Richardson of Caldbeck, men of no landed property, and probably radicals." The conversations which had disquieted him, were really with reference to a great wrestling match, which was then causing as much doubt and searching of hearts in Cumberland and Westmoreland as any election could have done. Far more money is now given in prizes; but somehow or other these rival counties do not take the same pride in their champions as of yore. You rarely hear the sport mentioned, except about Easter or Carlisle Race time. Champions are not reverentially pointed out to the rising generation at market or on the road; and two young fellows having a bout on a summer evening, would seem nearly as strange a sight, even to a resident, as if a couple of the Yeomanry cavalry had suddenly mounted their uniforms and their chargers, and gone into a meadow or down a "green lonning," to practise the sword exercise.

The first prize, a purse with "five gold guineas" in it, was contended for at Carlisle races, in September, 1809, and was won by Tom Nicholson of Threlkeld. "Two purses of gold" were given the next year; and for three years in succession Nicholson was the champion. The prize on the third occasion was twenty guineas, and "all persons emulous of distinguishing themselves in these athletic exercises, so much excelled in by our forefathers, are desired to

appear on the ground at nine o'clock in the morning." This reference to antiquity was made in 1811; but the most diligent ghoul in the matter has failed to discover the existence of any records before the era of Tom Nicholson. Will Richardson of Caldbeck was second to that hero of 1810, and the science, which was gradually developed, brought matters up to fever-heat in 1813, when a ring, seventy yards in diameter, was enclosed by ropes, and about fifteen thousand people, headed by the Duke of Norfolk, the Marquis of Queensberry, and Earl Lonsdale, stood or sat round it. "Barney" was not much in vogue. The buttock and the cross-buttock were the favourite chips, and "many of the men were struck from the ground upwards of five feet." "The Cumberland Shepherd" won the belt; and amongst those who went to grass was George Dennison, the bone-setter, who dislocated an opponent's shoulder. With a fine eye to business, he would not have him taken to a hospital, but set the shoulder then and there, amid loud cheers. Prize-fighting was introduced as a wind-up the next year; and Tom Nicholson, and a seaman called Ridley, *alias* "The Glutton," had a slogging half-hour; but the police interfered, and the Fist never again held a place at those revels.

For a few years the wrestling was removed from the old tryst under the hill, and not far from the T.Y.C. starting post, to a circus, and became a private speculation; but on September 6, 1821, it was restored, thanks to the late Mr. Henry Pearson, a Carlisle solicitor of great size, to its old haunts, and Will Richardson added another belt to his almost countless store. The entry was very large, and very few of the men were under fourteen stone. Weightman of Hayton, the second man, was more than a stone above this weight, twenty-two years of age, and 6f. 2in. in his stockings. He was second the next

year, and came first in 1825-26. Then the knights of King Arthur's Round Table were determined to be in the fashion, and gave two prizes at "The Table," near Penrith. The "Harry Brougham" of that day was a spectator, and the knights entered so much into the spirit of the thing, that as the term "Muscular Christian" had not then been invented, they drank the bishop's health, as "the tallest and handsomest man in his diocese."

From nineteen to twenty-five is the best age, and few men are really supple after that time. A school, near Bampton, in Westmoreland, was once the great nursing mother of wrestlers, and chips innumerable were put in by future "Belted Wills" upon its green; while the Cumbrians were especially keen of it about Sebergham and Sowerby Row. Dearham was also a stronghold of the sport, and Weardale has had three capital men in the ring during the last twelve years. Its great advantage over the Devon and Cornish mode is, that it is unattended with the same savage play, and therefore does not create any ill blood. Two men will come in a gig to Carlisle, and go into the ring; one will throw the other, if he chances to be drawn against him, and they will ride back together at night as good friends as ever. We do not read of "the dreadful execution of the toe" in connection with it, and how "some of the young Cornwall men are trying the toe, but whether they will for a long time be able to bear the punishment, and keep their tempers like the Devonshire men, is doubtful." Again, the practice of the rival counties is assimilated, and we have no involved challenges like that from Abraham Cann,* of whom

* Cann wrote:—"Polkinghorne, I will take off my stockings and play bare-legged with you, and you may have two of the hardest and heaviest shoes you like that can be made of leather in the county of Cornwall, and you shall be allowed to stuff yourself as high as the arm-pits, to any extent, not exceeding the size of a Cornish peck of wool; and I will further engage not to kick you, if you do not kick me."

the Cornish men sang, with more fealty than truth, that he

> "was not the man
> To wrestle with Polkinghorne."

Be this as it may, among the champions of the Carlisle ring who were still wrestling, or whose memories were still green in '30, Nicholson of Threlkeld, old Will "Rutson" of Caldbeck, Will Weightmen of Hayton, and George Irving of Bolton Gate—all of them Cumberland men—stood pre-eminent. Nicholson wrestled principally in Carlisle and at Windermere. His great chip was the click on the outside of the heel, and he always stood well up to his man. His stature was six feet, by thirteen stone; and old "Roan," or Rowland Long of Ambleside, who weighed fully five stone more, was, like the Dixons of Grasmere, of "no use till him." Will Richardson, or "Rutson," as he was called, was another old standard, and he and Tom Nicholson, Jonathan Watson (a rare buttocker) and "Roan" Long, were in constant requisition as umpires after they left the ring. Will won at Carlisle when he was quite a veteran of forty-six. He had not very high science, and used generally to hug his men down, but he could hype and strike pretty well with the left leg. Fauld's Brow, near Caldbeck, was his chief ring, and he won the head prize there nine or ten times. This gathering generally took place in October, about a month after Carlisle races—whose fixture has been changed—and its belt was quite as hard to win as that on The Swifts.

William Cass was a noted wrestler. He was a very thick-set, burly man, 6ft. 1in., and seventeen stone, and therefore very difficult to lift, and active withal. In his science he was not first class, though he struck well with the left leg. He had a match with George Irving at the Castle Inn and won.

Chapman also met him at Carlisle, and threw him in the two first falls out of three; but he was then past his best. Another noted wrestler was Thomas Richardson of Caldbeck, commonly called "Tom Dyer." His principal chip was the hype with either leg. Being almost 6ft. and a thirteen stone man, he was remarkably clean in his falls, and most men were afraid of him. As the Carlisle wrestling was discontinued for some years, the Crow Park ring at the Keswick regatta and races became the most important in Cumberland. The head prize, in 1819, was won by William Wilson of Ambleside, an active wrestler of the same build and size as Jackson of Kennyside. In 1821 the head prize was carried off by a young eleven-stone man from Torpenhow, and in 1823 by Jonathan Watson. The former day's wrestling gave great impetus to the art; it brought lighter men forward, and revived the wrestling that year at Carlisle, where it has been continued ever since. Crow Park before the time of Gray the poet was a grove of immense oaks, and when the Greenwich Hospital Estate at Keswick, of which it forms part, passed by purchase to the Marshall family, the races and wrestling were given up.

Weightman was a very tall and good-looking man, and won his falls by great power and length of arm, which made up for his lack of science. George Irving who was 5ft. 10in., and nearly fourteen stone, seemed quite small in the arms of such a lifeguard; but "Geordie" was a man of dauntless pluck, and did not care whom he met. His final fall with the gigantic McLauchlin—who was 6ft. 5in., and above twenty stone—was always a disputed one, and furnished food for discussion and edification in farm kitchen ingles for many a month. It seems that when they had "gat hod," and were wrestling for the final fall, Irving begged the giant "not to throw

yourself on the top of me," and McLauchlin, thinking that he was down and the bout over, quitted his hold. Upon this Irving nimbly lit on his legs again, and claimed the fall, and after a great scene round the umpires the belt was handed to him. His science was magnificent, and he liked to have a very tight hold of his man, and as a right-legged striker and a cross-buttocker with the left leg he was supreme. This favourite chip of his was as keenly watched for all round the ring as Jemmy Little's buttock and Chapman's right leg hype.

George Irving and Robinson of Renwick (a very cunning wrestler) were much of the same build, and two smarter fellows never entered the ring, but "Geordie was still maister of him." J. Little from Sebergham was a less and lighter man than Irving. The latter had got rather slow and stale when they met at Carlisle for the last fall in 1831. It was an anxious moment for the backers of the old champion. "Geordie" went in to do or die, and got his man up in the old style amid a shout which might have been heard at Crossfell, but just missed him when he struck with the right leg, and Little put in his unfailing buttock. Mason of Blencogo was a strong fellow, with no great science or action, and how he disposed of Nichol of Bothel, who was one of the best hypers of the day puzzled not a few. No one understood the art better than Nichol—whose big, curly head and a double-eyed squint made him "good to tell" in a ring; but he was generally rather big in condition, and turned nervous when he was pushed hard.

Richard Chapman,* who won the belt, like Jackson, of Kennyside, four times at Carlisle, was only "nineteen come Martinmas," weighed twelve stone, and stood five-foot-ten in his stockings, when

* Now landlord of the Ship Inn, Maryport.

he made his first journey, in 1833, to The Swifts. He had never been there before, and he and two others drove from Penrith in a gig, and didn't know a single soul in the town, or where they could put up. As it happened, Chapman and one of his gig partners entered the ring together, and just as the former and his first opponent were taking hold, he saw his friend "*flying over a man's head.*" The omen was not a very pleasant one, but he set to work nothing daunted, and disposed of Armstrong ("Little"), of Bushel Bank, who strained his shoulder in the tussle. In the third round he was drawn against George Irving. "Geordie" started with his right leg and struck quick; then he tried the cross-buttock, but Chapman slipped by both legs, and threw him right back out of his arms. The old champion was above bearing any malice to "the young lad oot of Lancashire," as he was generally rumoured to be, although he was born and bred in Patterdale. "Geordie" was then a publican at Bolton Gate—which never will forget him—and had a tent on The Swifts. Spying Chapman a few minutes afterwards from his tent door, as the lad was putting on his coat and waistcoat, he came up to him with a bottle and a glass—"*Here, young man, thoo mun have a glass of porter, I'll stand treat,*" and so saying, he creamed it up, and dismissed him with the cheering prophecy, "*Never a man threw me in Carlisle ring but he won.*" Chapman was rather shy at first, and he afterwards confessed that, living as he did in such a quiet place as Patterdale, he was not sure that he had ever seen porter before, or what its effects might be. They seemed to be rather invigorating than otherwise, and it was also something that the "Irving of Cumberland" should be on his side, and specially looking out for him. The eighteen-stone Messenger met him in the fifth round, but he struck him with his left leg, and cross-buttocked him very easily.

Graham, of Loweswater, was the last stander, and pursued the same tactics as Chapman had done with the "big un," but he was stopped, and thrown in very similar style to Irving.

It was a very fine opening to a great career, which produced about a hundred prizes in twelve seasons at Carlisle, the Flan, Fauld's Brow, and all over the north. "Chapman's chip" was hyping with the right and striking outside with the left leg, and always at a loose hold. He could hype with either leg, but thought it safer to use the right, as it was easier to keep hold. He always told the young wrestlers, "If you hype with the left leg, and miss, and don't throw your man, you are liable to lose hold, and then you are at his mercy. The left leg hype requires a very tight grip; and, in fact, the finest hype is with the right leg, as the slack hold gives you such a rare swing off." Since his retirement he has frequently acted as umpire, and those who frequented the Bridekirk coursing meetings will remember his directing the beaters on the 380-acre "Tarnities," as head-gamekeeper to Major Green Thompson, and always sweet on Beckford and Sunbeam.

Thomlinson, of Embleton, and Chapman had many a hard bout, and it was a very near thing between them. Jonathan was a strong and a desperate fellow, a leary man in taking hold, but a still worse one to deal with when he had taken it. His forte was left leg striking, and clicking inside the heel; and he never could tell how he was "*flung like a bairn at Peerith*," by Joe Abbot. The latter was brought up a farmer; but had as much as would keep him, and loved wrestling better than mud studies. He was very clever when he put out his full powers; but "he required a little clapping on the back" when a champion was crossing the ring to meet him. Banks Bowe was a big one and a tough one, and

John Blair, of Solport Mill, a strong, good man. He threw in the final fall for the belt at Carlisle a great fell-side champion, Elliott of Cumrew, who had the credit of bringing up the hank chip. If he put in the buttock, and was stopped, he then tried on this hank, and, as it were, twisted his leg round his opponent's leg, and locked it. The old school thought it "about nowt." In fact, a man is generally beaten when he puts it in, and when it comes to a hug, he loses four falls out of five through it.

Few men are better remembered than Robert Gordon, who stood wide of his man, won twice, and was five times second at Carlisle. He was about five feet nine, and never more than twelve stone, and scarcely a man in England could throw him, if they missed him with their first chip. Those who wrestled with him said that he was "*nowt but a heap of bones,*" and he held his man so tight, that many of them lay down to him rather than be "*squeezed to bits in yon vice.*" He could hold Chapman, although "Dick" threw him twice for the belt at Carlisle, and had the best of him on the balance of falls. "Bob," as it were, *wrought his man down,*" when the chip had missed, and pulled him quietly over his knee with almost a giant's thew. One of the defeated once graphically described to us his sensations during the period that Bob had hold of him. "*He reached his right arm over and wrought me, and clicked me and felt me almost before I took hod.*" Science was a thing he did not trouble himself much about, but his hug was about equal in tenderness to that of an Arctic bear. He was in the ring for at least fourteen or fifteen years, and nearly as good as ever to the last, and then, like poor Jackson of Kennyside, he died of consumption. Sergeant of Brampton once deprived him of the Carlisle belt, and, as the Cumbrians put

it, he "*was owre kittle for him.*" Joe was a neat twelve-stone man, and could reduce himself sufficiently to wrestle in the eleven-stone ring. The middle-weights didn't care to see him there, as he had the swinging hype off to perfection.

He was not long in the ring; but no man has left a more enduring memory than William Jackson, of Kennyside. He won four years—1841-44—at Carlisle, and was in fact "a representative man" among Cumberland wrestlers, as Chapman was among those of Westmoreland. The pair met seven times, and Jackson had just the best of it; but Chapman belonged to an earlier period, and was not then in his heyday. Jackson was fully six feet one in his stockings, and weighed about fourteen stone. He had grand, open shoulders, and, in fact, he was beautifully made to the hips, but, like Tom King, the ex-pugilist, rather small across the loins. He was too tall to put in the buttock, but he could hype with the right leg, and strike as well as click inside the heel with the left, with marvellous quickness and precision. There was no finer and better-behaved wrestler, and never was such universal sympathy felt for a man, as when he was matched with Atkinson and defeated. Big as he was, he looked a mere stripling by the side of the Magog of Sleagill, when he came out to meet him for the best of five falls in that Flan ring, which has never had so many thousands round it either before or since. George Donaldson "stood the giant," and counselled him most strictly not to make play, or Jackson was certain to have him, and his word proved true enough in one round. After going to grass, Atkinson was more obedient, and gave away no more chances, but stood like a rock, and fairly crushed his man down The late Lord Carlisle, who was looking on, presented Jackson with £5, but no pulleys

could bring up the poor fellow's heart, and he was never the same man again.

Taylor of Wythmoor, who threw "Bob" Gordon in the final fall at Carlisle in '45, and had the tables turned on to him the next year, was a rare buttocker; and Thomas Longmire, a man of about Chapman's size, was all science, and equally great in buttocking, striking, and hyping. Todd, of Plumbland, was good for a year or two; and Moss, of Temple-Sowerby, wrestled well as a "colt," and went through his men in great style for the Carlisle belt. Palmer of Newcastle was also a good man, and took Gordon as his model; and Haliwell of Penrith, an eleven-stone man, was "full of chips." W. Donald of Dearham—the home of "lal Tiffin," the nine-and-a-half-stone hero, who "has everything off"—had a unique method of pulling men on to his knee. Dick Wright of Longtown, who keeps his wrestling year after year as well as Lord Wilton does his riding to hounds, also relies very much on a specialty. It can only be described as a peculiar and most effective jerk off the breast, which no one, save Mossop of Egremont, ever seemed to practise. Mossop threw Longmire twice out of three times with it, Chapman twice, and Jackson once; and they all said afterwards that they didn't know how to meet it.

Weardale has been fertile in champions. Its Pattinson was an eleven-stone man, and good enough to win and be second at Carlisle; and Milburn, after winning in 1848-49, turned up second to Dick Wright in 1866. Robson of Weardale was good; but he was overmatched when he met Longmire for the belt at Carlisle, where Ben Cooper, a man who could do anything, strike with either leg or cross-buttock, was second in successive bouts to Hawksworth of Shap and Murgatroyd of Cockermouth. The latter began wrestling when he was about

twenty, and has gone on for fully thirty years. Chips* were not much in his way; but his figure, fourteen stone, by 5 feet 7 inches, rendered him a difficult man to throw, and he "*has settled a vast of men*" at one time or another. Noble Ewbank of Bampton was hardly so good as his father Joseph, whose style of buttocking was almost equal to Little's. As for George Donaldson (one of three clever brothers), he was as cunning as he was clever, and though only an eleven-stone man, he was nearly a match for Jackson, and in fact threw him once. Like Gordon, he was a "varra slippery takker hod;" whereas Jackson stepped up to his man, and gave the umpires no trouble with either sand-glass or trumpet.

It was a matter of a few ounces between Donaldson and Whitehead; but Jonathan won the match

* A friend has kindly defined for us the principal chips:—

1. HYPE.—Formerly called striking inside, or getting your knee between your opponent's legs when lifting him, and striking his leg out so as to drop him down.

2. SWINGING HYPE.—The same thing, but swinging your man after lifting him, once or twice round and striking. When the motions are done quickly, these two are considered the crack chips of the ring, and when well done they are decisive.

3. BUTTOCKING.—Getting your buttock or haunch quickly under your opponent's stomach as a fulcrum, and throwing him bodily over your head or shoulder.

4. CROSS-BUTTOCKING.—The same thing, only getting your man into motion, and your buttock more under him.

5. HANK.—Getting your leg twisted round your opponent's leg, so that he cannot clear it, and by superior strength and height forcing yourself over him, when he must fall under.

6. BACK-HEELING.—Putting your heel behind your opponent's heel, and running over him.

7. CLICK INSIDE.—Clicking inside your opponent's heel, and forcing him back.

8. OUTSIDE STROKE.—Lifting your man, striking outside his knee with your's, and dropping him down.

The two safest chips, and, generally speaking, the cleanest, are hyping or striking inside with the right leg, and striking outside with your left leg: your right arm being under, gives you, with these motions, great command over your man.

when they met at Waverton. Jonathan was a great hyper and buttocker, as well as a right-leg outside-striker, and used the last chip with daring shrewdness, when more cautious men would have left it alone. There are very few good strikers with the right leg. Chapman and other cracks would never put it in, as, if you miss, it is mostly fatal. There has never been a more finished eleven-stone wrestler, both as a striker and a buttocker, and in fact all round, than Jim Scott. At Whitehaven he won the eleven-stone purse eight or nine years in succession, and stood twice second to Jameson at Carlisle. Of course, to adopt his friends' language, it was safe to predict that the big'un would "*worry him down*;" but Jameson is wonderfully lithe of his weight, both in pole-jumping and wrestling, and can both hype and strike with the left whenever occasion serves.

CHAPTER IV.

T'was Strafford raised his sand-glass, and Thornton held the pen,
When to a Windsor coffee-room flocked scores of Shorthorn men.
They crowded round the table, they fairly blocked the door—
He stood champagne, did Sheldon, of Geneva, Illinois.
They talked of Oxford heifers, Duchess bulls, and how the States
Had come into the market with another "Bit of Bates."
Their expression is so solemn, and so earnest is their tone,
That nought would seem worth living for but "Red and White and Roan."
All ready for the contest, I view a dauntless three—
The McIntosh from Essex, a canny chiel is he.
There's Leney from the hop-yards—'twill be strange if he knocks under,
When once the chords are wakened of that Kentish "Son of Thunder."
The Talleyrand of "trainers" is their 'cute but modest foe,
Him whom the gods call "Culshaw," and men on earth call "Joe."
He loves them "points all over," with bright dew on the nose:
And in his heart of hearts is writ, "*A touch of Barmpton Rose.*"
And, sure, it well might puzzle "The Gentleman in Black,"
When the three nod on "by twenties," to know which you should back!
And, sure, the laws of Nature must have burst each ancient bound,
When a yearling heifer fetches more than seven hundred pound!
Bulls bring their weight in bullion, and I guess we'll hear of more
Arriving from the pastures of Geneva, Illinois.

"THE GOLDEN SHORTHORNS."—*Punch.*

Whitehall—Killhow Sale of Shorthorns — Scaleby Castle — The Western Plain of Cumberland—Mr. Watson's and the late Mr. Brown's Pigs—Mr. Curwen's Agricultural Gathering at the Schooze Farm—Champion Bulls—The late Captain Spencer's Greyhounds.

WE have approached "Merrie Carlisle" by the North, and we must make note-book forays from it—west, south, and east—ere we leave it. Skiddaw had got her wonted rain-signal from Criffell that day, and we met with a curious student

of meteorology on our way to Mr. George Moore's. He got into the train at Wigton, and desired to communicate. His language was very dark, and somewhat on this wise: "Wind's in sou'-west; noo, it's gatting roond tit sooth ye'll see sun; be it dusk, ye'll see stars better; if there's nobbut fog, it's a job." With these observations he collapsed, and we changed trains at Aspatria for Whitehall, once "The Fair Ladies" in the parish of All Hallows.

There is a tradition that it was the home of the Misses Arthuret, of whose hospitality Allan Fairford speaks in "Redgauntlet." A skilful modern hand has been at work since then; but the old spirit lingers there in all its fulness, and "Welcome the coming—speed the parting Guest" may well be carved in stone above the door. There they come during the summer in one continuous stream—archbishops, bishops, clergymen, school-inspectors, M.P.s out of business for the recess, recorders, authors, sculptors, artists with the rich harvest of many a happy vale and mountain hour in their portfolios, devotees of St. Partridge, and brother-merchants *en route* from the lakes. Lord Brougham has left traces of his stay in a complete collection of his works, with his rugged autograph in each. London Scripture-readers and their wives recruit their strength with quiet strolls and fresh mountain air; and some bright afternoon the whole force of the establishment is brought to bear vigorously on tea for 1,200 school children and their teachers. If we look seawards down the Vale of Ellon, we are reminded how the Salmon-Fishery Commissioners, Mr. Walpole and Mr. Frank Buckland, issued forth one morning from those portals; and how they waded about all day like Newfoundlands, and conducted diplomatic negotiations with millers under their very water-wheels. Some of the Fantail, Musical, and

Charmer shorthorn tribes are tenants of the park, and the venerable white horse, which Mr. George Payne rode when he hunted the Pytchley, is still earning his corn in the carriage.

Mr. Foster, like his neighbour and old schoolfellow, comes back to the scenes of his boyhood in summer, and there for a while shakes off the moil and dust of the great city. The bulk of his estate is at Killhow, which is separated from Quarry Hill by the village of Bolton Gate, whose glorious limestone spring "flows on for ever." Hard by The Bow is that little cottage-ruin where "Blackbird Wilson" held his village-school seven-and-forty years ago, and employed his leisure hours in whistling and suction, *but not at the spring!* Bolton Church was "built in a night," and the ghostly masons in their hurry put the steeple at the wrong end. But we have to do here with the building up of Mr. Foster's pedigreed herd, which is always kept at Killhow, while Quarry Hill carries the feeding stock. When he took the six hundred acres into his own hands in '61, his ideas did not rise beyond Irish cattle. Mr. Drewry, who was born near him, was the tempter, and they went together to the Babraham second sale in June '63, and bought Young Celia (42 gs.) She won at Wigton and Ireby; but did him no good. White Lily (36 gs.) of the same tribe came with her, and helped her to win the first victory (in a pair) against Sir Wilfrid Lawson's, and had three heifer calves to boot. In process of time Mr. Foster treated himself to two Fantails at the Yardley sale, Polly Gwynne and Duchess Gwynne, at Middle Farm, near Brampton; Moss Rose (230 gs.) on that memorable May morning at Mr. Betts's; and Princess 2nd and 3rd at Mr. Macintosh's next day. Thus the "Bit of Bates" expanded, and in little more than five years his labours were publicly endorsed by an average of £67 7s. 9d. for sixty-six head.

The sale-ring had Art and Nature in aid, with the massive white stone turrets of Killhow in the background, and Skiddaw looking down upon many a deep valley and silent tarn in the distance. The quiet dalesmen, who don't care much about pedigree, but like a roan bull and a "sken at the dam as well," if they can get one, trudged merrily to the scene of action. After a sale luncheon, which was of a truth to the North what Mr. Macintosh's memorable one had been to the South, the agricultural worthies, headed by Tom Gibbons, might be seen cosily seated round the ring for four long hours, cheering whenever the biddings rose to fever heat for Moss Rose and the Princesses, and smoking their "churchwardens" in supreme delight. Mr. D. R. Davies, Mr. Brogden (who was then successfully wooing Wednesbury), and Mr. Drewry mounted a low platform, with Mr. Thornton as a "Herd Book in breeches" on the box of a drag at their elbow, and a very "hot corner" it proved, when business fairly began.

Mr. Strafford, who, as usual, held a commission for "the Kentish Son of Thunder," fought Mr. Davies by 10-guinea bids from 300 (where five bidders had dropped off) up to 400 for Moss Rose. This was her fourth appearance in a sale-ring. First she fell as a blooming Cobham calf for 260 gs. to Mr. Hales's nod; then it was "245 gs., Mr. Betts," "230 gs., Mr. Foster;" and now 400 gs. for the Mere Old Hall herd completed her Tale of a Time Glass. Duchess Gwynne (180 gs.), Princess 2nd (300 gs.), and Princess 3rd (330 gs.) were fought out between Lord Kenlis and Mr. Brogden, and his lordship won the rubber. Nothing daunted, in went Mr. Brogden for Countess Gwynne (240 gs.), and got her. At this juncture, the platform could bear such heavy volleys no longer, and collapsed amid a roar of merriment; and when Mr. Brogden and Mr. Davies lighted on

their legs, and presented themselves again on a surer footing, they were greeted with the assurance that "*weight of brass brokt doon.*" Sir Wilfrid Lawson was not long in making up his mind for Royal Cambridge, a massive son of Moss Rose, and at 240 gs. the roan was booked for Brayton. His brother, Royal Cumberland, tempted Mr. Fawcett at 160 gs., and he and the wealthy Fantail 4th, at nearly the same sum, departed for Scaleby Castle together. And so did most of the company, cheered by the beams of a double rainbow, to buy the descendants of the Elvira or Princess sort on the morrow.*

The blacksmith at the Red Dial warned us that it was "an uneasy road," as we sought Mr. Watson's. The mist was on the Solway, and half veiled Wedham Flow (beloved of snipes) and those salt-marshes on whose edge the natives set fixed engines for salmon, and "stick it out" before the Commissioners that they only aspire to flounders. As we climb the side of Cattland Fell, the great north-west

* Scaleby Castle was built about the time of Henry I., or subsequently by the Norman Tilliolfs, who got a large grant of the adjacent county both as their residence, and also as a place of refuge from the attacks of the marauding Scots of that period. When the sentinel stationed on the "Toot-Hill" (now Scaleby Hall) sounded his horn, the people with all haste collected their stock within the precincts of the double moat, or, in case of greater emergency, within the quadrangular courtyard of the castle. The outer moat is still in perfect preservation; but the inner one has for years been filled in. An old donjon keep rises to a considerable height above the other parts of the building, and has long been an almost inaccessible ivy-clad tower, tenanted only by the bat or the moping owl, while the large black martins wheel in rapid flight, and chase each other with defiant scream round the battlements. The walnut-tree, which spread its lateral arms far and wide, and the gigantic elms which threatened to push the old walls from their foundations, have all gone; but still many a fine gnarled oak holds the ancient keep in countenance. Mr. Fawcett has kept shorthorns of the Princess blood, so famed for the pail, ever since he was under Mr. Bates's roof as a pupil. Of late years he has purchased some high-priced heavy-fleshed cows, chiefly of Bates blood, and he gave 155 gs. for Fourteenth Duke of Oxford at His Grace the Duke of Devonshire's sale.

plain of Cumberland lies at our feet. "This is the old border land, memorable alike for strife and song. The impress of its troubled history may here and there be seen in the massive square towers, which yet rear their time-worn walls, telling of many a storm and siege." We feel too on another score that we hold the keystone of a strong position. Beyond the Solway, we see the birth-place of Pride of Southwicke in a wooded spur of Criffell; Lady Solway, that great nursing mother of Cumberland ham, flourished at Solway House; Maid of the Mill, Beckford, and the Blackstock "belles" have done their work near Allonby for Lytham and Waterloo; Casson's future gold medal hunter Commissioner hails from Burgh; and Crafty,* "the queen of the hackneys," is in

* Crafty, bred by Mr. A. Dalzell, of Stainburn Hall, Workington, in 1858, is by The Judge, out of a mare by Nimrod (h.-b. son of Muley), her dam a hackney mare of unknown pedigree, the property of the late Dr. Dickinson, of Workington. The Judge, bred by Mr. A. Dalzell in 1850, was by Galaor, out of Cerito (sister to The Currier) by The Saddler, out of Amaryllis by Cervantes. The Judge was not much of a racehorse, though he ran repeatedly in Mr. Dalzell's colours; while we hear he is the sire of very good riding stock in the Carlisle and Cumberland country. Crafty was purchased when a yearling at £20 for Mr. H. J. Percy, of Howsenrigg, Aspatria, by his manager, the now well-known George Mulcaster, who brought her out in the same year 1859, when she was first shown and placed third to two half-brothers by The Judge, in the yearling class of hunting colts and fillies at the Cockermouth Meeting of the Cumberland and Westmoreland Agricultural Society. In the same year Crafty took the first prize of 2 sovs. for yearling fillies by The Judge, and the second prize for yearling saddle or harness fillies, at the Wigton Agricultural Society's Show, &c. Crafty is a rich dappled brown mare, standing fifteen hands one inch and a-half high, and girthing six feet two-and-a-half. She has a neat sensible head, with a good eye and a nicely-crested neck, running into well-raised withers. She has a full chest, with beautifully laid shoulders, a capital barrel and back, with good round quarters and well-developed arms and thighs. Then her joints are excellent, her legs and feet first-rate, while she is full of power without lumber, but with plenty of length, hardy looks, and especially grand-taking action. &c.—*Farmers' Magazine.*—[Since the above was written, she has won an enormous number of prizes. She has had three colts and a filly, two of the former by Motley, and the latter by her own sire.

her box at Howsenrigg, with George Mulcaster as her proud esquire. Amid the rich pastures and "black dairies" of the Abbey Holme, lived "Sammy Rigg," that head-centre of Cumberland "statesmen," as famed for his swedes and Galloways as Mr. Rooke for his views on "Corn and Currency." There, too, once upon a time, Pearson of Langrigg had forty greys, all by Old Conqueror, from mares by The Earl and Grand Turk. Brayton, the scene of some very dashing bids by Mr. Saunders, when the herd was dispersed, is a little further down the line; and so is Blennerhasset, that Sebastopol of the vegetarians, where the engines "Cain" and "Abel" groan on their miry way, where a professor is ever composing manures, and where Christmas was kept with apples and biscuits, potatoes, and oilcake sauce.

A *Saturday Reviewer* once directed our attention to the fact that we seem to regard a country as benighted, except in those spots which are hallowed by the presence or recollection of some distinguished thing on four feet. If this be so, very little of that Cumberland landscape was in shadow, as we passed through the two greyhounds in stone at Mr. Watson's gates, and looked over it from his garden terrace. This ex-Cumberland champion of the pig lists began with the Lady Solway* breed,

* This foundress of the Solway House blood was sent by Mr. George Donald from Newtown House, near Durham, to the late Mr. Wester Wilson, of Thistlewood. She was a combination of Mason of Chilton's and Ferguson of Catterick's blood, and her daughter, Lady Solway, was a prize winner at the Bristol Royal, as well as at several local shows. Mr. Brown, of The High, had some of the sort, and they produced several fine lengthy pigs. Besides Liberator, Mr. Watson used another of his blood, and also bought Protection (a first at Carlisle and Whitehaven) from Mr. Unthank, for a double dip into Thormanby. Mr. Watson showed first at the Highland and Agricultural Society's Perth meeting in 1850, and Carlisle, Chelmsford, and Salisbury in 1855-57 were his three most successful Royal meetings. He never showed at the Smithfield Club; but he won two prizes at

and then gave Mr. Unthank five guineas for a little sow pig of Sober Watkins's Thormanby and Wiley blood, which he brought back from Netherscales in his dog-cart. She was crossed in due time with Earl Ducie's Liberator, which proved a rare "nick," both for form and hand, and did a good turn for the small Cumberland Whites. Mr. Watson may be said to owe his heads and hams to Liberator, and his backs to Thormanby, and to make assurance sure, he had double crosses of the sort. Miss West* was quite a prima donna among sows at the Carlisle Royal; but Faith (by Liberator, out of the Unthank sow) was not only bigger, but more level, and sweeter in the head. The former was never beaten; and if Mr. Watson could have warranted her in pig, he might once have had upwards of 40 gs. for her. Faith, Hope, and Charity were his first prize pen of sow pigs under six months at Carlisle, and their names created some comment. "And pray which of these three is Charity?" said an old lady, after duly adjusting her spectacles, and taking a protracted survey of the pen. "Which is Charity, marm?" said the attendant, "of coorse the biggest on 'em is Charity." "My dears," said the old lady, turning to her daughters, "I never saw it just put in that practical way before." Charity was found at the Chelmsford Royal next year with the first prize orange card over her head, and six pigs at the teat. She had only pigged two

Bingley Hall, after he gave up The Royal. His piggery was not large, and he had at no time more than four sows, and generally sold their produce at £10 to £15 off the teat. The breed had a great run while the trade lasted. Mr. Marjoribanks gave £25 each for some sows, and Mr. Wilson (for the Prince Consort and the Duke of Richmond) and Messrs. Crisp and Mangles (a pupil of Mr. Watson's father) had all a taste. Mr. Brown's showing career lasted for nearly twelve years, and the small breed paid him best. Liberator, Lord Wenlock, Thormanby (first at the Norwich Royal), and Wenlock (first at the Newcastle Royal) were his leading boars, and Liberator went from his styes at a high price to Australia.

* Miss West was by Liberator, dam by Jimmy from York.

days before she left Cumberland, and some of them were sold for ten and the rest for fifteen guineas a-piece. The journey knocked her about considerably, and she was beaten soon after by the Duke of Northumberland's sow at Cornhill. "We," "Shall," "Win," was another sample of Mr. Watson's neat nomenclature, and the three made nearly £80 at Salisbury two years afterwards. Mr. Fisher amplified the idea into "Advance Quality," "Advance Symmetry," and "No Surrender!" and it sank at last into "Aint," "We," "Stunners?"

Mr. Watson's were generally of a less and rather finer-boned sort than his neighbour's, Mr. Brown's, of The High, and were kept like his, principally upon new milk and oatmeal and barley mixed. After a fortnight, they would be coaxed into drinking a quart of new milk at three or four times. They would then have a pint at each end of the day, but never more than two quarts. No sleeping draught could be more potent, and sleep is the chief promoter of pork. The Highland and Agricultural Society was Mr. Brown's favorite show sphere, and Liberator, Wenlock, and Thormanby blood his delight. His pigs might often be picked out by the blue spots on their quarters and backs. It was give and take between him and Mr. Watson when they met in the show-ring, and Faith, Hope, and Charity had opponents worthy of them at Carlisle. Mrs. Brown was an excellent home secretary in pig matters; but her husband never knew when to sell. He refused good prices, and brought back sows, tried to reduce them for a year or two, and found them only barren fig-trees after all. Prices went down when he and others were watching for them to go up, and at last £4 or £5 could hardly be got, where £10 or £12 had been given without scruple before.*

* For a sketch of the Cumberland bacon trade, see "Field and Fern" (South) p.p. 326-332.

A little further West, and we reach Workington Hall, once the Holkham or Woburn of the North. The late Mr. John Grey had seen a great deal, and spoke much to us of Mr. Curwen and his nephew Mr. Blamire.* According to him, the future Tithe Commissioner was at that time "a quiet subject, and very much under his uncle." He attended Rosley Hill and nearly all the Northern cattle and sheep fairs, either in person or through his man Armstrong; and he had not unfrequently eight or ten horses for sale at Newcastle. When he judged he was all for quality, and the next time Mr. Grey met him, "shuffling with his hands in his pockets down Parliament-street to the House," he could not refrain from asking him if he still remembered the heifers (Mr. Grey's own) to which he gave prizes at Kelso in '31. He never judged again, and enclosures and tithe apportionments engrossed him, till after some twenty years of official life he retired a broken-down man to Thackwood Nook to die.

Mr. Grey had no great belief in Mr. Curwen, but he thought him "very clever," and he thoroughly enjoyed his annual autumn ride to Workington Hall, with his brother farmers from the Tyneside. The preparation of these modern moss-troopers for the Workington carnival was not very extensive. They came clad in the peaceful guise of top boots, or brown breeches and gaiters, and merely carried their slippers, a razor, and a couple of shirts, &c., in front of them. Jobson, from New Town, near Chillingham, would have a quiet day's farming on the road with his old pupil Joseph Dixon, at Broadwath, and discuss with him the merits of "Wetheral" and "Constitution," or the white bull of his "sort." Early next morning the two would set out on their ride together, and there was a good muster of pilgrims

* For whom in detail, see Dr. Lonsdale's "Cumberland Worthies."

to breakfast at Cock Bridge. Workington Hall was reached by mid-day. There they had two days' farming at The Schooze, and dined in a large wooden booth, where Mr. Stanley, then the great "blue parson" of the West, was the chief speaker. Mr. Curwen was at that time member for Cumberland, and the gathering had rather a political tinge about it. The host was field-marshal, and Mr. Blamire was always there to help him. Every one rode through the fields and saw the ploughs at work, and scanned the turnip drills, and then came back to finish the business portion of the day among the cattle in the yards, or at the sale of Shorthorn heifers. Mr. Curwen had also a good deal to say on new manures and the subject of salt as an antidote to sheep-rot. It was placed on slates all round the fields for sheep, and the shepherd on his mule with a sack of small blocks of it behind him was quite a feature of the day.

Mr. Curwen conducted, A.D. 1810, some fattening experiments, for the report of which the Board of Agriculture awarded him a £50 prize. His "experimental cattle" consisted of a couple of Shorthorns, Herefords, Glamorgans, Galloways, and Longhorns, and a solitary Sussex. The greatest profit was £8 10s. 1d. on Shorthorn No. 2, which increased in weight from 90st. to 115st.; and the second best was £6 16s. 5d. on a Hereford, which began at 61st. 7lbs., and made 28st. 7lbs. In the case of the former, the food, in which 6st. 6lbs. of oilcake was the only artificial stimulant, cost £7 17s. 7d., and in the latter £7 19s. 11d.; and each of them was purchased at 4s. and sold at 6s. per stone.

A race of cattle closely akin to the "Hereford rent-payers," but whose origin has never been quite unravelled, flourished about this period in Cumberland, and were familiarly known as "Lamplugh Hawkies." In his prize essay on the Agriculture of West Cumberland, Mr. Dickinson thus describes

their peculiarities: "They were chiefly dark red or brown, and some of them nearly black with white faces and legs, and usually a stripe of white along the back. The eyes were commonly margined by a narrow strip of colour, as if bound about with coloured tape." Our historian adds that they stood low on the leg, with very large carcases, thick joints and hides, and "abundance of neck leather and dewlap." As to their horns, there is no telling what future naturalists might have said from a bison or antediluvian point of view, if Mr. Grey had not explained that the Lorton Longhorns of that period could hardly enter a house, until they had acquired the dodge of twisting their heads on one side, so as to arrive at the proper angle of admission. The Longhorns cut a good figure in the Schooze experiment, but they were not sufficiently thrifty to hold their own against the Shorthorns and Galloways, with which the county was gradually overspread. The pure white Lysicks, so called from the Hall of that name, disappeared about the same time, and Mr. Dickinson recalls their fine, spreading horns and that smart figure and carriage, which rendered them so valuable for topping the dealer's lots.

In West Cumberland, Mr. Curwen, thanks to General Simpson, was a Shorthorn pioneer, and the Rev. John Benson—who introduced Western Comet and bred Prince Regent—and Messrs. Barrow, Milham Hartley, and Thompson, did good service to the cause, when the Schooze herd was sold off. The East owed not a little to the West which sent them "Studholme's Little Monarch," as he was fondly termed, to spread the Regent blood, but, unlike Maximus by Magnum Bonum, he was not a show bull.

There was not such a thing as a pure Shorthorn in the Vale of Eden when Charles Colling held his great Ketton sale in 1810. The ardour of Mr. Richardson (great grandfather of the present Mr.

Saunders of Nunwick Hall) and Mr. Mat Atkinson was so inflamed by the news of the average, that they rode off forthwith across Stainmoor to the new Durham land of promise. They made no secret of their mission, and farmers flocked from all parts to see the two white and two roan heifers, which were the upshot of it. The pilgrims drew lots for choice, and Mr. Atkinson sent his pair to one of the late Earl Lonsdale's bulls. His lordship from very early times had never lacked a good bull at Lowther. The late Mr. Hudleston preserved a tradition (which he propounded at two agricultural dinners), that the Blue Boar of Brougham and the Yellow Boar of Lowther got loose and fought in a pen at Penrith, but the yellow bulls of the East and the blue bulls of the West preserved a far more peaceful rivalry. It was a bad day for Cumberland breeders when the Lowther herd was sold, and none have noted the change so much as the jobbers and the show judges. The former always said that they would give away the point of his steers being at times rather thin through the heart, if they could only have another crop of Gainford hind-quarters. It was with this massive red bull, who so especially distinguished himself as a heifer getter, and was ultimately sold back to Mr. Crofton for 100 gs., that the bull competition sprung up, which once gave such zest to the country showyards.

It virtually began with Mr. Buston, of Dolphinby, who came to the county about 1829, and brought with him Crofton's Cripple, and Young Rockingham. At last a proposition was mooted and carried to have a five-guinea sweepstakes at Penrith, and shortly before the day it oozed out that Lord Lonsdale had bought a new bull from Colonel Cradock, at Richmond race-time, for 100 gs., which was to cut everything down. His lordship had not drawn his bow at a venture; and when the great unknown

descended from his van on to the show ground, in the shape of a three-year-old scion of Thorpe and old Cherry, the owners of his opponents too truly foresaw that their chances were quite out. Mr. Buston had sent Sir William; and Priam and Wallace represented the Denton and Troutbeck herds; but the fiat of the judges was fully endorsed by the great majority of the spectators, and Mr. Blamire declared in his speech that evening that he did not think there was a better bull than Gainford in England. However, a different opinion obtained next year, at the Carlisle Show, where Priam, nothing loth, confronted him again, and Mr. Studholme's Maximus was declared the winner.

Mr. Sober Watkin was generally pretty handy in the show yard, and Cumberland came boldly out, at Mr. John Maynard of Harlsey's sale, with ninety-five guineas for the yearling bull Chorister, by Velocipede. This bull was let to Mr. Troutbeck, of Blencow, and his calves as well as Wallace's heifers formed a strong item in that gentleman's catalogue when in 1838 he for the first time gave his conventional invitation to his "friends and well-wishers at Blencow, at 12 o'clock, where they may rely upon farmers' fare and a hearty welcome." Old Dorothy Draggletail, by Marmion, was purchased by Mr. Parkinson for 29 gs., and re-named Dorothy Gwynne. Mr. Curwen took Strawberry (19 gs.), which was descended from a cow bought at Bishop Goodenough's sale. Thus two rare keen judges picked out the cows which afterwards made the herd, and founded two essentially "Cumberland tribes."*

We are not going to wander so far as Ravenglass and the grave of Velocipede,† but we must not leave

* The Blencow herd was sold off by Mr. Strafford, in 1859, at an average of £56 12s. 6d. for 41 head. Twenty-six Gwynnes averaged £66 16s. 9d.

† See "Silk and Scarlet," pp. 241-44.

the neighbourhood without a word for the late Captain Spencer, an equally good judge of a greyhound and a Shorthorn. John Irvine, whose good-humoured face and burly form in a green coat and a rough cap are so familiar to every public courser, was his trainer. When "the sason," as he styled it, was over he might be seen as busy as a bee, now with the greyhounds, now with the silver pheasants or the fowls, now with Leila, Lizzy, Sappho, Bloom, and the rest of the Shorthorn herd, in fact putting a helping hand to anything and everything, just as it came. The Captain used to say that he never heard of him being thoroughly out of temper, except when a brother-trainer came to the kennel, and would insist that Sunbeam's tail was not rightly set on. He might have said what he liked about John himself, but the runner up to King Lear for the Waterloo Cup was too cherished an object for such critiques. John despised jelly in training, and did not care for flesh. Biscuits dipped in beast's or sheep's head broth were his great specific, but try as he might, he could not get up Sunbeam's muscle for his third Waterloo Cup effort, and he sent a highly-laconic telegram from Altcar announcing the fact to the Captain, who was detained on a special jury at Carlisle. Sunbeam was a delicate dog to train and always a light feeder. He had a mild eye, and a small and beautifully turned head, which might have belonged to a bitch. An open country with drains suited him, as he hated fencing, and would hardly face a gate. His speed was good though not quite first class, and his work when he got in very level and beautiful. John used to watch with such rapture for "the white belly as he cam roond with his hare." The Captain often gave an imitation of John when he arrived from the Scottish National, leading Sunbeam with one hand, and carrying the Douglas Cup wrapped-up in his handkerchief with the other. The

presentation of "the mug" to him on the drive by John was the first intimation he had of his victory. Seagull was a totally different dog to Sunbeam, a great rusher and very resolute, and requiring a very strong hare to steady him down and let a judge see how good he was. His temper was nasty to the last degree. He wouldn't play and he wouldn't let the others play, and he cut "the Seagull crest" all over them to that extent that he had to be muzzled both in kennel and at exercise.

CHAPTER V.

"A very important toast has been placed in my hands. It is no less a toast than the health of the Lord Lieutenant and the Magistracy. Well now, the Lord Lieutenant is a very celebrated agriculturist, and so great is the interest he takes in agriculture, that he has carried his agricultural improvements to the top of Shap Fells. I believe, gentlemen, that is the ordinary speech to make about the Lord Lieutenant on these occasions (great laughter). As to the magistracy, 'the great unpaid,' they have always conducted themselves in a manner honourable, consistent, satisfactory, and disinterested in every way, and we can have no doubt that they will in future continue to do the same (Hear, hear). That, gentlemen, is, I believe, the proper thing to say about the magistrates (cheers and great laughter). * * * Now as to draining and the steam plough. There is another thing that wants draining, perhaps more than the land. I think people's minds want draining (cheers and laughter). Get the fences removed; get the stones removed; and above all, get old prejudices removed, and steam-cultivation will pay."

Mr. Wm. Lawson, at the Penrith Farmers' Club Dinner, 1865.

Mr. Unthank—Old Cherry and Captain Shaftoe—Nunwick Hall—Among the Herdwicks—Mr. Crozier's Hounds—Wetheral—Farlam Hall and its Greyhounds—The Brampton Coursing Meeting.

MR. Unthank is a familiar figure to the frequenters of our shows, not exactly from the white bulls of Chillingham to the pilchards of Penzance, but at all events from the Tweed to the Medway, and in the Isle of Man. He gave up his Galloways about 1834 in favour of Venus, by Crofton's Cripple, and old Cherry came on to the scene at Netherscales about the beginning of 1843. She was calved in the summer of '28; but nature seemed to have exhausted itself, and she was tied up

to feed. For years she had been a sort of heroine in Mr. Unthank's mind, although he had never seen her; and when, by the merest chance, he heard of her doom, he set out at once for Yorkshire, in quite a spirit of knight-errantry, and bought her, with her fifteen years on her head, for nearly twice as many pounds. He had rather a weary time of it getting her across the Westmoreland moors, and the venture did not look very hopeful, as her first calf "Wonders" was a very bad one. Captain Shaftoe *

* This bull's history was a less chequered one. Mr. Unthank had become deeply smitten at Richmond with his short legs, rich quality, and gay looks, when he was the first-prize yearling of the Yorkshire Agricultural against Belleville, Cramer, and Belted Will; but there was no little difficulty in persuading Mr. Lax to part with him for £200. The late Mr. Benn, always enthusiastic in the shorthorn cause, lent the Lowther van, and as Mr. Unthank sold "The Captain" after a couple of seasons for a £100 advance to Mr. Loft, of Lincolnshire, his second Richmond thoughts proved as good as his first. Mr. Parkinson, of Leyfields, gave the last bid of 325 gs. for him at the Trusthorpe sale, and won in the aged class with him at the Northampton Royal, the same year that his half-brother, Baron Ravensworth gained that honour among the yearling bulls. After coming second to Mr. Bates's First Duke of Oxford, at the Yorkshire show of that year, he changed hands a fourth time, for 140 gs., to Mr. Smith, of West Rasen, who kept him for five years, and then sold him to his brother, in whose hands he died. He had a great propensity to fatten, and got his cows very good and compact, but rather too small. Prince Imperial, a winner, and a very neat little bull, with a good deal of his blood on both sides, was at Netherscales on the day of our visit, fresh from beating the "swell racing bull," Mr. Wetherell's Statesman, and a large field at Coldstream; and Master Hopewell, who was quite a "silky laddie" in his coat, and bred by Mr. Barnes, was in the stall which Booth's Benedict and Freemason have both held in their day. Daphne Gwynne was also there, and equal to upwards of 26 quarts a day in the height of the grass; but Valiant and Emily (the dam of the celebrated Emma) had been sold to Colonel Towneley. Blue Bell to Mr. Douglas, and Emperor Napoleon to Sir Charles Tempest, and since then Mr. Unthank has gone in steadily for Booth. On one occasion he all but "skinned the lamb," when the "Cumberland and Westmoreland" met at Appleby, by taking nine animals, and getting eight firsts and one second; and the defeat of the prize heifer of this Society, and the Carlisle prize heifer of the year as well, by Baroness Amelia, at Penrith, was his last achievement in the ring.

had arrived at Netherscales the same year, and the cherished object appeared at last on September 4th, 1845, in the shape of his daughter, Queen of Trumps. The old cow was so weak after calving, that when Mr. Unthank left her to fetch a drink, she fell sideways on to her calf, and nothing but the greatest care and incessant inflation through the nostrils with the kitchen bellows brought it round at all. In process of time "Queen" grew into rather a nice little heifer, and bred Second Queen of Trumps to Belleville, in the days of his twenty-five guinea renown. The old cow, whose name is historical in connection with the Killerby and Warlaby herds through her son Mussulman became so much crippled, that Penrith had the eating of her in '47. Second Queen of Trumps was then chopped away to Mr. Douglas, of Athelstaneford, for Baroness Amelia and two others; and her cross with the 400-guinea Captain Balco, produced Third Queen of Trumps, who swept the three royal national two-year-old heifer prizes on "the grand tour" of '58, and died within sight of New Orleans that winter, with 450 gs. on her head. Such were the Netherscales variations upon the popular "Cherry Ripe."

A seven-miles ride past Plumpton, the home of the late Bob Gordon, the wrestler, and on through a fir-and-heather-clad country, brought us at last to the pleasant vale of the Eden. The afternoon shadows were chasing each other on the Crossfell range behind; and our companion, who was cunning in cloud-language, foretold that the helm-wind—of which we had heard the Rev. Mr. Watson of Cumrew discourse so well, two-and-thirty years ago, before the assembled *savans* at Newcastle—would be out for his wild revels among shed-roof and hay-stacks before nightfall. Nunwick Hall, with its old manorial grange, and its knoll of oak, ash, and sycamore, which crowns the home-meadow, looks

the shorthorn home to the life; and the stone bulls rampant on the gate-pillars keep fitting watch and ward. The late Mr. Saunders was full of quiet enthusiasm, and we often think how he showed us his capital stedding, how Nunwick "walked so well away" from us, and how he placed the white Roman-nosed Pearl in position under an ash, as a type of his shorthorn faith.* Since his father's death in 1866, Mr. Saunders has kept up the shorthorn charter. They hold, however, a divided allegiance in his mind with Sweetbriar (late Jane Anne), the heroine of three well-fought fields, and Sam, the Whitehaven Cup winner, and other S's of the coursing world.

"Twenty-six there and back" had not a consoling sound, as we left Keswick one December morning

* Homer, of Lord Spencer's breeding, was his first good bull, and it was by a cross between him and the Windermere tribe, that Mr. William Parker brought out the Pearls, for which Mr. Saunders went in so boldly at the Yanwath sale. A few White Roses were the only relics of the first Nunwick Hall sale, and with them and Abraham Parker Mr. Saunders went to work to found his second herd. It was sold off just before the Carlisle Royal Meeting, and Filagree (150 gs., Mr. Alexander) helped up the average to 40 guineas for fifty-six. Fanchette (31 gs., Mr Sanday) was the speculative purchase of the afternoon, and only a Pearl heifer-calf was "left for the land," when

"The last wheel echoed away."

Mr. Saunders did not leave her long with 300 acres to herself, and Fleda and Lady's Slipper were bought at Fawsley the next year, after a punishing finish with the Americans. Mr. Torr mounted a ladder near a stack amid the pour-down of that historical day for shorthorns, and bought Garland and Chrysalis for himself and Mr. Sanday, and each of them produced ten calves; while Alix and Cold Cream proved a perfect cornucopia of calf and dairy produce at the Royal Home Farm. Fleda was in-calf with Baron Fawsley, and the cross with Prince of Glo'ster produced Nunwick, who in his turn was the sire of Mocassin, from Lady's Slipper, the bull that Mr. Adkins selected as the corner-stone of his third herd, as being full of Favourite blood. Nunwick was a good show-bull, and at Penrith, in 1859, Messrs. Culshaw and Douglas placed him, after a very long discussion, before Mr. Watson's General Haynau; but he was beaten on his next public appearance by Captain Spencer's Young Ben.

on a walking tour to the Honister Crag end of Buttermere Lake. The way was very dreary, when we were fairly on the muirland, with nothing to break our sullen tramp mile after mile, save the sound of Keskadale Beck, as it grumbled over stones and under water-gates, and the faint bleat of the Herdwicks as they crossed the road, and sought for a sweeter bite by the springs in the rock. The distant opening in the hills was won at last, and the holly berries near Buttermere Church (which has been built afresh, and has been duly cut and scribbled upon by tourists) foretold Christmas Eve. Hollies also formed quite a dark emerald parapet to a hand-bridge, as we followed the side of the lake. The Scotch firs were mirrored in its waters; and as the bitter wind went through them, and mingled its sigh with the roar of the waterfalls, it seemed as if we had come to the shore of a dreary, unknown sea, which breaks eternally on the shingle, and never ebbs or flows. There was a snug home amid trees and shrubs, with some well-to-do wethers in its meadow, and then, again, there was nothing but dark waters and a leaden, lack-lustre sky, while the comment of a native, "*We've no corn—only a few acres for taties*," made things seem drearier still.

Mr. Nelson lives at Gatesgarth, at the head of the lake. Knights of the Garter sit with their banners over their stalls, and this celebrated breeder of Herdwicks is somewhat in the Windsor-Chapel fashion. Three beams and the cornices of his best parlour are covered with the prize-cards and rosettes of victories, which he has won in the show-yards during six-and-twenty years. There are some three hundred in all with the blue and orange cards of the Newcastle Royal, signed by "*Brandreth Gibbs.*" The rest have been won principally at Cockermouth, Keswick, and Whitehaven, and "I have had my share," as he modestly says, "at Fell Dales." Red

rosettes predominate, mingled with magenta; Whitehaven sports "true blue;" and Keswick is faithful to the tricolour. There is such a profusion of them, that "a year or two have got missed, and thrown into cupboards somewhere." The head of the departed tup, Thousand-a-Year, was away at the curer's, and hence there was nothing in the shape of still life, save that of a frosty-nosed gimmer.

Cumberland and Westmoreland, and a very small portion of Lancashire, may be said to monopolise the Herdwicks; and Eskdale, Wasdale, Buttermere, Ennerdale, and Loweswater meet in peaceful rivalry at the Fell Dales Association. Shap, and Ulverston knew them well.

"Secure they graze,
Around the stones of Dunmail-raise,"

where the last king of Rocky Cumberland set up his mountain throne; and they wander over the slopes of Skiddaw and Saddleback, and the south-west side of Cross Fell. The scattered and primitive "statesmen" who hold the slopes of Helvellyn and Loughrig, or till the small farms near Grasmere and Langdale Pike, consider them as worthy rivals to the Lonks, and steadily disdain a cross. Once upon a time there was such a difference between the sheep bred "Above and Below Derwent," that they had separate classes on the Fell Dales day. Gradually, however, the Above Derwent men, by taking pains and not sparing their hay in winter, went up to their rivals' heads, and in the county tongue they "*have now got to be maister.*" There are occasionally as many as forty Fell Dales exhibitors, and some of the largest will bring a hundred sheep with them, "of one mark or another" and show them for prizes or sweepstakes.

Of their origin we have no very clear account, but there is a local belief that the progenitors of the race

escaped from a Spanish ship, which was wrecked near Morecambe Bay. At all events they picked their country well, and have established their name so surely from a perfectly wonderful endurance of short commons, that some of the flocks number between seven and nine hundred ewes. Blackfaces have been tried, but the ewes more especially failed, in consequence of the climate and the scanty nature of the grass; and there is the same tale to tell of the Cheviots. In fact, it has been found impossible to farm against the Herdwicks, which have been improved in some hands into "a thick, foody sheep," with points which a few years ago might have been looked for in vain.

Each fell preserves the same ear-mark for generations, and the farmer takes to the flock with his farm, and leaves it at a fresh valuation (which very much depends upon whether he has given them hay or not) to his successor. All the marks are registered in a quarto Shepherds' Guide for Cumberland, Westmoreland, and Lonsdale North, and the flockmasters meet annually at Kirkstone Top for the exchange of the sheep which have gone astray during the course of the year. The star on the face or the far side, as at Coathow, is among its symbols; and one which "is just a raven clapped on near side," typifies

"Ravencrag black as the storm."

Red pops on the crown and tail head have their conventional significance, and so have strokes over the fillets; while, except in the case of Ravencrag, the ears are generally cut or keybitted or underkeybitted, or cropped, till very little of the original is left. The mark on the Gatesgarth side is both ears cropped and a pop on the tail head. "Twinters" or shearlings have a red pop on the head, and wethers a black pop in all flocks. Sometimes the tails or the

top of the head are all red, or the ear will be "square forked" or cut at three.

So marked, they wander away into "the land of mist and snow" over the fells (where there is often nothing but "the water deal" to show the boundaries of the different farms), and live there half the year.* Still they do not stray very far from their own haunts, and by way of saving trouble and enabling the ewes to make for the tup, he is generally ruddled. The loss on such perilous rambles is by no means slight, and fifty out of six hundred ewes is not thought a very large percentage. Some are clumsy,

* "The flocks are sometimes the property of the landlord. On entry on to the farm, or on the 5th of April, "viewers" on each side, usually neighbouring farmers well up to the work, are appointed who report on the various numbers and classes, such as rams, ewes, wethers, and hoggs, specifying the proportions with the value of each per head. The tenant gives bond for the value, and is to deliver similar numbers of like value and condition or make good any deficiency at the end of his tenancy. In other cases the sheep-stock belongs to the tenant, who, nevertheless, takes and leaves them at a valuation, as if once the '*heaf*' be lost it is difficult to recover. The right of common of pasture is appurtenant to the ancient tenement, and is described in letting a farm as unlimited. * * * * Those having most land adjoining or near the fell, and living convenient to it, will take more than their proper share, so long as human nature remains as it is, and always has been, while those further off must be content with less or nothing. The keen competition amongst the stock-owners and shepherds now and then leads to sheep-hounding, worrying, assault and battery, and work for the lawyers. Among the old hands, Sunday is often the favourite day for a quiet dogging of the neighbours' sheep off the best ground. The sheep have wit enough from experience to move off sharply on hearing the whistle of the hostile shepherd, without waiting for his dog. As a general rule each flock knows and keeps its own 'heaf,' or particular part of the common, usually known by pretty well defined boundaries, such as a 'skye,' prominent rock, or a watershed, but this is a mere matter of convenience only; there is no exclusive privilege, the whole common is open, and sheep can be turned on any part so long as there is no 'dogging' or driving off others. The Herdwicks in particular possess a strong natural instinct in keeping to the heaf where they are yeaned, and have been known to return thereto from very long distances, crossing rivers and other obstacles, sometimes with the lamb following."—Crayston Webster's Prize Essay on "The Farming of Westmoreland," R. A. Society's *Journal*, vol. iv., pp. 13-14, second series.

or venture in a hard time too far on to the rock edge for a few fresh "pickles," and a sudden blast clicks them off. The farmer can watch them tumbling more than half a mile from the top of Honister Crag, and we have seen three ewes lying dead at its foot together. When they survive such perils they have been known to live to eighteen and even beyond. It is in their ability to tide through a Siberian winter that the real "blue blood" of the Herdwick comes out. Sometimes they are so snowed up on the hill side that it is impossible to get at them, and they can do little more than scratch for a bit of dead bracken. In a storm they are excellent generals, forming themselves into solid squares on the most exposed part of the hill until it sweeps past, and then trying to trample down the snow by a combined movement.*

* From the end of July till November is the most cheery time for the flock-master. The nip of winter begins about Martinmas, and it is always the first and often the middle of June before the grass is ready. Hence it is no wonder that Herdwick maturity is a thing of slow growth. On the higher fells the ewes have no lambs until they are three years old or "showing" (to use the Fell Dales term) "more than four broad teeth." They are generally drawn by hundreds, according to their fleece or bone, so as to suit each tup, and are put to as late as possible, so as not to lamb much before May-day, when they are brought off the fell and sent back again with their lambs at the end of three weeks. Except at lambing and tupping times, wethers and ewes range together; and the gimmers in the intakes are carefully "clothed up." If 560 lambs can be got from 600 ewes it is a great matter of congratulation. The lambs suck until October 4th, and are then taken to the lower ground, and after receiving their "hogg" title with the butter and tar, they are sent away to milder climates for the winter. Arable farmers will take them in at 3s. 6d. per head up till March 25th, but as it is such an especial point to place them out near the sea, prices will run up to five or six shillings. They are stationed all along the coast from St. Bees' rocks, southwards to Ulverston, but still many flock-masters only send their "tops" and "tails," and let the "middles" take their chance on the intakes. The sickness from which the hoggs suffer, and for which "a change to the salt water" seems the only cure, is like blackwater in calves, and of all durations from half an hour to two days.

The choice of the cast ewes does not depend so much on age as on selection and the wants of the customer, and they will vary from 20s.

If the wethers are left till they are four or five years old with only mountain fare, they will average about 12 lbs. a quarter and the ewes from 8 lbs. to 10 lbs. "The better end" of the former are generally sold out at from 25s. to 30s., whereas a few years since, £1 was quite a "rest-and-be-thankful" price. The fleeces have also moved with the times, and are no longer such a curious compound

to 23s., but a great many are sold for 17s. or 18s. For a picked lot of twenty in a dear time as much as 30s. has been got. Many of them go off into the lower enclosed commons about Lorton, Wythop, Embleton, &c., which have been well limed and drained; and the lambs, of which they have sometimes three crops by a Leicester, will make their 16 lbs. or 17 lbs. a quarter as well-fed shearlings. "What will they say at Cockermouth?" is a question which has long since lost its political meaning, but still it is never out of the dalesman's head, as that little town is their auction mart, both for fat and store sheep, each autumn.

The face and legs of the breed are speckled or rather grey mottled, and become greyer and whiter with age. If the face is grey, it should shade off to white towards the nose to suit the keen Fell Dales critic. Tups have generally two or three curls to their horns, and the absence of horn in a female is not a desirable sign. The horns should be white and "slape," not too small or too close, and rising well out of the back of the head. A light grey or "hoar-frost nose" betokens constitution, and the nostrils should be wide and strong, and affixed to a long and bold head. The ears should be white and sharp, and stand well up, as any tendency to droop betokens a want of spirit to grapple with hill life. A good eye, a broad forehead with a tuft on it, and a rustiness about the poll, are all solid requirements, as well as wool up to the ears, and good "heckling," which in some tups looks like a lion's mane. It is also one of the flock-master's chief aims to get them as wide as possible between the fore-legs, and with a broad breast placed well forward, as the forequarter is chiefly relied upon both for constitution and the scales. The knees should also be strong and "the bone thin to the fetlock, and then a big white foot to follow." Despite the difficult ground which they have to traverse, the best breeders try to get them well filled in behind the shoulders, and round in the rib, and the less false rib they have the greater their power of bearing hunger. There is a tribe amongst them which has fourteen ribs, and these are preferred whenever they can be got. They should also be straight on the hind-leg and well muttoned down to "the camerals" or hocks, while the tail should be thick at the root, and just long enough so as never to want cutting. These are the show points, but the majority of flocks fall very far short of them.—Royal Agricultural Society's Prize Essay (H. H. D.). 1866.

of coarse grey hair and kemp. If there are a few grey hairs now "it sars the buyers to talk about," which is something gained. They vary very much, according to the severity of the winter, from 1½ lbs. upwards; and Mr. Nelson's Royal Newcastle prize wool averaged 5½ lbs. unwashed from five-year-old wethers. The fleece, which is coarse and open, is divided into two or three qualities, as the hecklings and breechings cannot be used with the rest. Kendal, where monthly sales by auction have been established, is the great mart for it, and 18s. 9d. per stone is thought a good price. Much of it is used for coarse woollens and rugs, and it often returns to its native dales in the shape of full cloth suits for the winter. Clipping day in July is the dalesman's only festival of the year; and the flockmasters all make a point of coming to help each other. There is generally a good deal of arguing as to which has the best tup, but "it is all agreeably settled over a glass and a pipe." They also discuss the prowess of "the Patterdale dogs," nine couple of foxhounds and four terriers (which Mr. Marshall sends over for a fortnight at intervals to keep down the foxes), and they pass the rest of the time with "cheerful bits of sangs," and in drinking "Confusion to the Scab" and "Pack Sheets and Ready Money," until the barrel of nut-brown ale is ready for turning at last.

Mr. Nelson's father was originally shepherd to Mr. Marshall, and he and his son had a sheep farm at Loweswater Church Stile. The son has occupied Gatesgarth for some twenty years, and holds his fell under Lord Leaconfield and Mr. Marshall. He and his three sons work the flock, and use dogs, mostly black, and descended from an old bitch, which had 102 pups in her time. She was of "old Geordie Nelson's breed," and quite a public character on a Fell Dales day. "Bright" and "Blink," her lineal

descendants, are in full force, now with the "*Up Bank!*" and "*Down Bank!*" business, for which prizes are given annually at Kirby Stephen. Mr. Nelson lets about 100 tups at all prices, from 2 gs. to 5 gs., and the selling tariff ranges as high as 12 gs. For very noted tups more can be got, and Thousand-a-Year brought £30. His g.g.g.g.d. won at Ennerdale in 1845, and his g.g.g.d. lived till she was eighteen, and then died from an accident. This monarch of the lakes (who got his lambs rather dark-necked) is brother to Prince Talleyrand, and their own sister is dam of "Joe, the Gatesgarth Champion." Joe "could always bang the rest," save once, when he was second (a position which his uncle, Prince Talleyrand, held five times over to him); but "he was not in fettle," and could not go to the Newcastle Royal. Mr. Allan Pearson's "Blue Joe" is by Joe, and the blood is so diffused through the dales, that Mr. Nelson is "almost beat to get a tup not akin to him." The Joe ewes have been great winners in his hands, and it is upon them rather than tups that he depends on show-days.* Old Talleyrand, with his somewhat coarse coat, and mane like a lion, came out of his pasture to greet us. So did General, who had more of the Exmoor style about him, and a very pretty lot of prize ewes.

Pedigreed shorthorns have found their way to this

* Mr. Nelson showed but did not win at the Carlisle Royal, where Mr. Robinson, of Orton, swept the board. Among the other great breeders and showers are Mr. George Irving, of Wythop Hall (the owner of Sportsman, of Mr. Allan Pearson of Lorton's breed); Mr. T. Pearson, of Ennerdale; Mr. George Brown, of Troutbeck, Ambleside; Mr. William Robson and Mr. Robert Briggs, of Wasdale Head ("master of them all once"); Mr. Allan Pearson; Mr. C. Rawson, of Nether Wasdale; the Ritsons of Caldbeck; Mr. John Tyson, of Gillerthwaite, Ennerdale; Mr. John Tyson, of Torr House, Ennerdale; Mr. Joseph Roger, of Threlkeld, Eskdale; Mr. Ralph Tyson and Mr. John Birkett, of Seathwaite, Borrowdale; Mr. John Clarke, of Buttermere; and Mr. John Sanderson, of Thornthwaite, near Keswick, &c. Of these, Mr. John Tyson will lamb from 800 to 900 ewes, Mr. Nelson about 600, and the rest from 500 to 400.

quiet lake-head. Cent.-per-Cent., by Booth's Welcome Guest came, as his smart name would almost denote, from Mr. Jefferson. St. George was there from Nunwick Hall, and the herd were "as far bred as a deal of folks," which is true enough. They have won at Keswick and Cockermouth, and walk the 12 miles to victory in the good old fashion. Delicate as they may be deemed, there were turkeys in the farmyard, and there, too, was "Lal Jack," from Borrowdale, one of the most affectionate of foxes. He is generally kept on porridge to prevent any offensive smell; but he seemed on that day to have had a slight dividend from the Christmas black-pudding preliminaries. The lake foxes are a great nuisance, and Mount Beale in Burton's Combe is perfectly honey-combed with earths. Two of Mr. Nelson's sons were off to blast a burn at Burnscarth, to try and recover a terrier which had been lost to sight for five days after a fox. Its two companions had gradually backed out of the earth, and just as we were talking of "Dandy," he limped up a perfect skeleton, and very sore from the in-fighting. A fell fox, which Mr. Jackson Gilbanks describes as being "fierce as a tiger, and long as a hay-band, and with an amiable cast of features very like the Chancellor of the Exchequer," is very bad to kill "top o' t' ground," and still worse when he gets into a burn. Not long since a single foxhound ran one till both could hardly trot, down to Gatesgarth, and into the lake, where, greatly to the foxhound's relief, "Bright" gave the finishing throat-nip.

Old John Peel was for many years the hunting hero of Cumberland; and Cumbrians, who never met before, have grasped each other's hands, and joyfully claimed county kindred in the Indian bungalow or the log-hut of the backwoods, when one of them being called on for a song, struck up

"D'ye ken John Peel with his coat so grey?"

He seems to have come into this world only to send foxes out of it, and liked plenty of elbow-room for his sport. Briton was a very favourite hound; and when old John died,* and his pack was broken up, young John sent the little black-and-tan to Mr. Crozier, of the Riddings, near Keswick. This gentleman hunted the Blencathra pack while old John was still in the flesh, and the hounds joined drags two or three times on the mountains. Saddleback, which is just behind his home, and "the dark brow of the lofty Helvellyn," which fills up the distance as you look from his snuggery window, and flanks the vale of St. John, are, along with Skiddaw, his three great hunting grounds. Still, he is at times all over the lake country, and goes right away into Lancashire. A few years since, when he had been master for more than a quarter of a century, the Cumberland and Westmoreland men gave him a very handsome testimonial. It was a silver tureen, with a mounted huntsman and hounds on the cover, and round the stem some hounds among the fern running into a fox and a hare. The handle of the punch-ladle—for punch, not hare-soup, was its more peculiar destiny—was the brush of a Skiddaw fox. Poor little Isaac, the huntsman, was not forgotten; and he received ten guineas and a "new rig out" of scarlet and green. Two old men, Joshua Fearon and John Wilkinson, each aged 78, who had been, as the Scottish shepherds phrase it, "at a deal of banes-breaking" (*i. e.*, breaking-up a fox) ever since childhood, attended the presentation; but the senior was John Hodgson, a Nimrod of 84, from near the "ruined towers of Threlkeld Hall," in whose parish hounds have been now kept for more than one hundred years consecutively.

* "*D'ye ken John Peel, &c.*," is quite the Cumberland anthem, and has been very admirably set to music by Mr. Metcalfe, Chiswick Street, Carlisle.

Mr. Crozier supports the village custom well, and has quite the goodwill of the lake district. He says that, whether he is benighted or hungry, or feels weak with fatigue on the mountains, he never lacks a welcome from farmer or cottager. The farmers' wives and daughters "walk" the puppies, while the fathers and brothers hunt with him; and Wordsworth tells of the love of the lakers for a hunt. As in Devonshire—

> "What cared they
> For shepherding or tillage?
> To nobler sports did Simon rouse
> The sleepers of the village."

The Blencathra pack has been in Mr. Crozier's hands for eight-and-twenty years, and he brings up four or five couple annually. He drafts about two couple each season, and since the railway ran so near him, he loses two couple on an average. Ten couple form his regular pack. Soon after he commenced hunting, he had a hound named Butler, which is still spoken of as the crack of the district, for carrying a cold scent down a road. Many of the hounds are kept by the neighbouring farmers; and when Mr. Crozier went into his yard, and wound his horn for the hunt, the unfailing Butler was the first to come cantering up, Threlkeld way, waving his stern with delight at the prospect of another day's fun on the fell. Clasher, Blueman, Briton, Ruffler, Tilter, and Brewer were all good hounds: the last-named would generally lead in his day; and white Rally, Ruby, Fairy, Young Fairy, and Cruel supported the honour of their sex.

The pack meet between eight and nine o'clock in the winter; but from February to May, which is the regular fell season, they cast off at daylight or soon after. Up to Christmas they hunt hares in the vales; but if they do strike the line of a fox, they never refuse to give him a run for his life. Foxes are often

found on Carrock, The Dodd, Castlerigg Fell, Wallow Crag near Derwent Lake, the Armboth Moor, and Naddle Rocks, Barfe, as well as Braithwaite and the Newland Fells, and in Brundholme Wood occasionally.

The best runs and the largest number of kills are on Skiddaw. Carrock is a great hunting ground; but its foxes are very hard to kill, as there are so many strong bields or rock earths. Of late years Castlerigg and Wallow Crag have been surer finds than of yore. The foxes are generally dug out when it is practicable, as the farmers have been made anxious about their lambs; but there are many places whence they cannot be dislodged, unless the terriers are up before they have had time to get their wind again. On an average, ten brace are killed in the season. The field varies from half-a-dozen to two score of pedestrians, according to the population of the district. Horsemen seldom venture, as the bogs and fells would be too much for them. Twelve years ago these hounds ran a fox from Skiddaw, and next morning they were discovered asleep near Coniston Crag. He was found about 2 p.m., and after two or three rings he went away by Millbeck and Applethwaite, past Crosthwaite Church and Portinscale, to Sir John Woodford's cover, from which he stole along Catbells, through all the rocky ground in Borrowdale, then away to Black Hill in Ulpha, where he went to earth about midnight. Some of the shepherds in the Vale heard the pack marking him at the earth, but before they got there he had bolted towards Broughton-in-Furness. From point to point, the run was thirty-five miles, and it would be quite safe to add twelve or fifteen more for the rings and the up-hill and down-dale journeys. It was through the most rugged part of the lake district, and no one ever knew whether the fox, like Sir Roger de Coverley, "made a good end of it" in the huntsman's sense of

the word. Runs of from three to four hours are not unfrequent, and as the fox, with the open fells before him, is very loth to leave the one on which he was bred, he runs in circles like a hare. They are of all sorts and sizes, and nearly all shades of colour, and in pretty settled weather the scent is as good, if not better, on the mountains than anywhere else. Tongue is very desirable, and Mr. Crozier's strain of harrier blood enables him to keep his basses and tenors in perfection.

The Saddleback, or more properly the Blencathra range, has no cover for a fox except the rocks, a little ling, and a few juniper bushes among the heather. The base of Skiddaw, including the Dod and the Barfe, is best covered with larch and whins. The Castlerigg, Borrowdale, and Armboth Fells have good covers of oak and hazel;* but the fox prefers keeping to the rocks rather than the woods, and they generally drag up to him rather than chase him. Calm and rather damp weather suits scent best on the high fells, and it will often hold on the hills when it will not do so in the valleys, and *vice versâ*; but scent is such a delicate and difficult problem, that many think that it varies very much with the bodily health of the game.

Joshua Fearon was the old huntsman, and the one under whom Mr. Crozier graduated, and he still lives hearty and well at eighty. He had a capital voice and good hound language, and knew every move of his game, from a fox to a water-rat. Isaac Todhunter, or "Lal Isaac," succeeded him, and hunted the pack for just a quarter of a century. He had "a good deal of Josh's science off," and was always clad in a Lincoln green coat, scarlet

* "As far as I am able to judge, larches and Scotch firs grow stunted at an elevation of 1,200 to 1,500 feet, and hazel, dwarf oak whins, and other native underwood at one of 1,000 to 1,200 feet." —J. C.

waistcoat, and corduroy breeches. The poor little fellow died after a few days' illness of bronchitis last November, and John Porter reigns in his stead. Besides Mr. Marshall's, the Mell Break, the Cockermouth beagles, and the Bowness and Mr. J. Hartley of Moresby's harriers also hunt the lake district. Trail hunts are hardly so much practised as they were. Twenty or thirty years ago, the prizes ranged from 5s. and a pair of couples to £5. The distance was from five to twelve miles, and Threlkeld Hall Rattler and Stark's Towler, Parker's Rattler and Wilson's Gambler (both Caldbeck dogs), Gilkerson's of Carlisle and Rodger's of Preston, were the leading winners.

But we have dwelt, perhaps, too long on Cumberland, and its associations, and we must pass on to another part of the border land. The brown garron which did us such good service from The Orkneys to Kensington, is sold, and cropping the Midland pastures. There was no need for her in a land of boundless railways; the pad was hung up with the macintosh as a trophy to the God of Storms; and valise in hand we book at Wetheral for our English tour. The Carlisle and Newcastle is a patent safety line, more than thirty years old and equal to sixty miles in three hours with punctuality and despatch. Express trains it considers to be a delusion and a snare, and every train, bar one, stops at every station. When it was opened in state, the Mayors of Newcastle and Carlisle returned to the Carlisle banquet in a truck, with sword, mace, and serjeant, protected only from the pour-down by a tarpaulin. Its up and down trains ran for years on the reverse side to every railway in existence. By way of compensation to the pockets of the coachmen and guards, which it originally threw out of work, it engaged them in the latter capacity, and, by way of consoling them, it enacted that they should eschew the conventional

green, and stick to white hats and scarlet coats. A neighbouring railway elected a policeman with a wooden leg; but our old friend was not to be outdone, as it had, years before, selected a man with no legs as station-master, and when the train arrived he rode about the Blaydon platform on a donkey collecting the tickets.

It is "the leafy month of June" and Corby's woods look down in all their freshness on the Eden below, and seem to fling their shadow over the church, beneath whose "marble hearse," which the genius of Nollekens called into being, their rare old master, Henry Howard lies buried. Three or four "perpetual curates" have stood in that Wetheral pulpit since the days of Mr. Stanger, that lean and learned sixth wrangler, whom no bishop could tame. Bluff Goodenough or courtly Percy were all one to him; and if the latter asked him by circular for a return of the value of his preferment, he only responded by a full list from the *Churchman's Guide* of "the sinecures held by your lordship." Morning service and sermon seemed with him a matter of barely an hour and ten minutes, and an egg and a soda-powder formed his Sabbath mid-day portion. His conversation was not so homœopathic, but the pace was the same. He was as staunch to his principles as his church-brethren Mr. Stanley and Mr. Ramshay, and on an election morning the Liberals knew without canvassing that he would arrive in his chaise at the Carlisle booth and poll for them in the first ten minutes. John Hodgson, the clerk, was another equally steadfast pillar of the Church, and right proud of his office and his pitchpipe. His solemn shakes of the head, as he led the responses and the choir, were most telling; and he took care that there should be no mistake as to his professional status when he wrote to the railway directors for a

gate-keeper's place, and assured them that "*I and my stout sons can not only keep but carry the gates; yea even the gates of Gaza.*"

A strong taste for letter writing once cost him a world of anxiety. He was one of the parties to a chancery suit, and nothing would serve him, but he must drop a line to Lord Lyndhurst who was then on the Woolsack. No notice was taken of it, but for weeks, one neighbour or another "learned in the law" kept suggesting that he had been guilty of contempt of court, a phrase of dreadful import which "hung about me like a cold." A knot of farmers were wont to make a point of taking counsel with him on the subject among the tombstones before morning service, and as they invariably summed-up with "*John, your life's forfeit,*" his desk-devotions for several sabbaths were of rather a wandering class, and he hardly dared to meet a postman on the week days. But we must quit these parish elders.

Our first halt was at the Milton Station, and we walked down the line to Kirkhouse, a great coal-mine depôt, which old George Stephenson knew well, when he was merely an assistant engineer. He presented the late Mr. Thompson sen. with his first engine, "The Rocket," and it stood there for many years, and was then sent to the Kensington Museum. Talkin Tarn, where Lord Wensleydale was wont to admire the wrestling "chips" of Dick Wright, is not half-a-league away, and boating men love to tell how Bob Chambers came to its regatta as a stripling. Alas! a "weed" sown by wind or birds, or, as some say, by a careless pleasure-seeker, has overgrown the lake, and spoiled the fine reaches where the "Had-away Bob!" was so thrilling. At all events, we may say with Wordsworth—

> "The wind had better been asleep,
> The bird caught in a snare."

Farlam Church had fallen since we were last there, two dozen years ago, and a new one is built on the knoll above the old graveyard. It was on this "fair hill-side" that Lord Carlisle laid the first stone in one of those summer periods of political leisure, which he spent among his schools and with his neighbours, and ever about his Master's business in and around his beloved Border tower of Naworth. Now that he is gone, many remember fondly how he alluded on that day to his departure for the last scene of his labours in Ireland, and how he asked them sometimes to "Follow me in thought down that silver strip of the Solway you may see from this hill, across the broad waters to the shores beyond, and then remember me in the prayers that you shall put up within the walls now to rise here, that I as well as you may be strengthened and guided for all the work to which our God may call us."

Behind the church is the mile gallop, over which the late Mr. G. A. Thompson's dogs used to take their breathings. The ground has plenty of undulation in it, and they finished on the sheep-hills behind. On the other side of the road, west of the church, is the "Waterloo Ground," with abundance of ditches; but the trials have generally come off at Brougham. Mr. Thompson lived about half-a-mile from Kirkhouse, at Farlam Hall, whose beautiful garden, with its rich variations of ground and flower-plots, and its brook, where the water-cress grows, might well divide his allegiance with the long-tails. The latter taste was in-bred, as his father always loved a brace of greyhounds, and won the first Brampton Cup in 1830 with Burke. Mr. Thompson began in 1846 with a borrowed dog, Clarke's Tindal, at Lytham. He was immensely fast, and on this occasion he had no less than eight undecided courses, and ran up after all. In due time Mr. Thompson began to fight

for his own hand, and bred a Brampton Cup winner, Titmouse, by John James Henderson's Nutman, from Merrybird (sister to Emigration). She was a wonderfully clever 39lb. brindle, rather long on the leg, and like Lobelia for lightness—"no substance below, and all muscle on the back." Plough-land was her *forte*, and she ran remarkably well in Scotland, where she divided with Jacobite.

It was the running of Mariner when a puppy at the Caledonian meeting, when he was put out in his first course, that decided Mr. Thompson to send Titmouse to him; but all of the litter save Truth died. Truth (48lbs.) was very great over the Ashdown hills; but she lost her third course in the Waterloo Cup, where the Cumberland men backed her for a hatful of money. Poor John Gill looked the picture of misery on the bank when the fatal flag went up. They have always had a fancy for "Thompson's nomination," and their allegiance has been sorely tried, as Tempest, the first that Mr. Thompson ever ran in the Waterloo Cup, was fourth, Theatre Royal third, and Trovatore fourth. Fate was certainly most coy with Farlam. Tirzah (48lbs.) was the best of the second Mariner and Titmouse litter—very quick out of the slips, and fastest of all the bitches to the hare. She led Sea Foam to the hare when a puppy for the Waterloo Cup, and was drawn after an undecided course, and ran second to Ewesdale for the Bridekirk Cup. Mr. Thompson also bred King Death during the three seasons that he hired Annoyance. He had the choice of two puppies from her Canaradzo litter, and took that nice light runner Tullochgorum and Theresa (who never ran in public), while King Death, Armstrong Gun, and Gertrude were passed over to Dr. Richardson. Tullochgorum (58lbs.) was a Brampton Cup winner, and he and Ticket-of-Leave (by Bridegroom, out of Shepherdess) were in the last three for the

Altcar Stakes of 60 dog-puppies, when Brundritt's Burgomaster won. Tullochgorum was very fast and clever—not a stayer, but a rattling killer, and he generally managed it in the fifth or sixth turn before the soft spot came out. Ticket-of-Leave (62lbs.) on the contrary was "a regular Lanercost for staying," rather short in the body, and so savage and determined, that he would go on when his feet were almost cut to pieces. He was a good Ashdown dog, and he won two cups in Whitehaven and Galloway. Mr. Thompson always considered Tullochgorum the fastest and handsomest dog he ever had, and Tirzah his fastest bitch, and in their trial the former had the foot of the two.

Theatre Royal (48lbs.) was the best friend to the kennel exchequer, and always went best on plough land. She was by Cardinal York, out of Meg-o'-the-Mill, and of the same litter as Princess Royal, who was given away as a puppy. Latterly, she had her liberty, and required little training. As her trainer, Willie Scott, said of Tullochgorum, she was "very easy-minded." She was not long in showing herself, seeing that as a sapling she turned up a hare single-handed in great style near Kirkhouse, and she always worked her way up through the ties, and finished first or very nigh, though a trifle deficient in pace. They considered her faster than Trovatore (50lbs.), until their Waterloo trial at Brougham. Trovatore was a very durable bitch, and quite as clever, and decidedly better at Altcar on the grass than at Southport on the plough. Lobelia and she were a "tight fit"; but, although Trovatore was great when she was "the woman in possession," she had not quite the pace of the Waterloo winner. Sackcloth did a good deal in his Waterloo year, and so did Patent; but she worked nearly as hard as either of them, and ran well in high company at the Altcar Club, the Waterloo, the Southport, and the Scottish

National within six weeks. In her first season she was of no use, and, sad to say, had puppies by a cur dog. She derived her staying power from Ticket-of-Leave (62lbs.), and there was no great hereditary pace on her dam Touchwood's side, who was a clever killer, and quite a "plough farmer." Touchwood avenged her sister's Tirzah's defeat upon old Cheer Boys; but she came in season too often to train well. Tempest (60lbs.) by Telemachus, out of Governess, was a good puppy, but very hard to train. Sunbeam beat him in the Waterloo Cup when he was only sixteen months old, and he had won at Lowther before that. He was a remarkably savage dog, and very nearly had his pound of flesh out of the cockneys when he went to the London Show.

Tirzah and Traviata (sister to Animus, and then only a mere whelp), were among the four or five which Mr. Thompson retained when he sold off his greyhounds at Aldridge's in the spring of '67. All Tirzah's litters, save one, have had a brindle in them, which shows the stain of old Titmouse. It came out in the Terrific litter through Trustee, who was a slashing runner in his puppy days, and made the highest price (60 gs.) at the sale. This colour-lot fell in the Cauld Kail litter on a 29-inch dog, which was tried to be the best of the half-dozen at Brougham, and was no manner of use at the Altcar Club. His own brother, Test Act, divided the Sefton Stakes with Grey Steel at this meeting, and this was the last time that Mr. Thompson ran a dog in public. When we were at Farlam Hall that autumn, his Rather Improved saplings from Tirzah were duly ushered in after dinner for inspection, and they were certainly, as he said, "true greyhounds to the eye." He left word for his friends, as he passed through London about Christmas time, that he would see them on his return from Nice; but it was ordered otherwise, and when we entered Lynn's on the Waterloo Tuesday, we learnt the news of his death.

He lies not on "the fair hill-side," but far away on the shores of the Mediterranean, and he will always be remembered as the kindest-hearted of men, and one of those genuine coursers who could bear both defeat and victory.

The coursing is a very great feature of the Brampton year. It was nearly a third of a century since we had been at it, and then it was merely an eight-dog stake, and run off near Naworth Gate. We had good reason to remember it, as it was the first bit of reporting which we had ever tried. A rough dog from Little Corby won it, which "had trained itsel'," and the owner, to his great amazement, got a five-pound note for it the next week, and attributed it in a measure to the "blazing report" in the paper. A week before thirty shillings would have parted them. Now the venue is shifted to Askerton, some five miles over country on the Bewcastle side. Kingwater is in this district, and it was at a farm-house there that the celebrated flyer of that name was walked. Coursing is quite a Cumberland weakness; but we met a couple of farmers *en route*, one of whom declared that he preferred the harriers, and would only plead guilty to one bet, "a glass of cold ale with a publican" on the Cup. The Tile-kiln was in view at last, and the two bits of scarlet among the rushes showed that business had begun. The red cloak of Bella was also a most conspicuous object, and "only second to the judge," as she herself observed. This lively old lady keeps "The Travellers' Rest," somewhere near Gilsland, *alias* St. Ronan's Well, and she appeared here with a basket full of spirits, and paid ten shillings for the vivandière privilege of following the line of march. The Committee have been obliged to make this rule, as they were annoyed last year with a regular army of sutlers. "*They aw ken me weel,*" said Bella, and certainly Bella makes them ken her. She does use such potent words of exhortation to bachelors, and

cracks such jokes on Benedicts, that she may well be a popular character. Her red cloak was quite a banner at last, and really after seeing her ditch-jumping and general performance on all manner of ground, we can take for granted what that venerable woman says of herself, at nearly seventy, that "*I'se as clean in the shank as ever I was.*" She adds: "*I can loup dykes and climb a hill geyly weel yet—I'd run ony of the young'uns, but I must have it doon hill.*"

Askerton Castle, an old Border keep, whose tenants keep open-house during the meeting, is a leading feature of the first day. A great many rushes had been cut since last year, and those which were left produced boundless runs. In fact, one philosopher laid it at "*ten hares to half-a-yacre*" in one field. Tullochgorum, Crossfell, Titmouse, and other cracks have all won or divided the Cup here, and Fanatic, who ran up for the Douglas Cup, was among the thirty-two Cup dogs that morning. Strange Idea was a great favourite, and was drawn against Bay Middleton, from the Wetheral district. Twice over they had a "No go," and at the third time of asking, Strange Idea didn't seem to run with any fire. The Secretary was his owner, and on the second day his farm-house at Greenburn, where the oat-cake is supreme, followed suit with Askerton Castle. Little Watercress, from the Farlam kennel, made capital work when she beat Earl Grey. We were amused at the demurrer which her sub-trainer put in to the suggestion of one of the London Press, that the hare had favoured her in the run-up: "*May be; but they'll still place themselves with sic gentlemen as yon.*" Despite the rough and "chancy" ground over which we coursed, the day was an amusing one, and the enthusiasm extended into the very bowels of the earth, as there would scarcely be a man at Messrs. Thompson's colliery who was not in some sweep or other on the two events, and keenly alive to the victories of Destiny and Mabel Smith.

CHAPTER VI.

"I wandered through the lofty halls
Trod by the Percys of old fame,
And traced upon the chapel walls
Each high heroic name,
From him who once his standard set
Where now, o'er mosque and minaret,
Glitter the sultan's crescent moons;
To him who, when a younger son,
Fought For King George at Lexington,
As major of dragoons.

* * * * *

This last half stanza—it has dashed
From my warm lip the sparkling cup.
The light that o'er my eyebeam flashed,
The power that bore my spirit up
Above this bank-note world, is gone;
And Alnwick's but a market town.
And this, alas! its market day,
And beasts and borderers throng the way;
Oxen and bleating lambs in lots,
Northumbrians and plaided Scots,
Men in the coal and cattle line;
From Teviot's bard and hero land,
From Royal Berwick's beach of sand,
From Wooller, Morpeth, Hexham, and
Newcastle-upon-Tyne. *Fitz Greene Halleck.*

Visit to Mr. John Grey—Recollections of the Booths and Mary of Buttermere—Sir John Sinclair and his Merino Wool—The Turbulent Bull—Lord Althorp and his Shorthorns—A Downing-street Interview—Newcastle Races, the Slipping Race—Sir Charles Monck—Woodhorn—A Felton Festival—From Morpeth to Belford—The Wild Cattle of Chillingham—The Border Leicesters.

WE bid good-by to Cumberland, and look out at parting for the towers of Naworth, and that wooded vale of Lanercost, whose sanctuary moulders

in calm decay amid the fertility which it called into being. There are well-known faces at the station for Gilsland, and anon a walk of a couple of miles from Haydon Bridge finds us grasping the hand of John Grey of Dilston, a very honoured name in all the North Countrie. To sit with the fine old man was indeed like

"Converse with old Time;"

but we once only had that happiness, and although we often corresponded, we never met again. It was something even for that short space to quarry in such a rich mine of thought and experience.

He was at Dr. Tate's of Richmond that renowned "grinder of gerunds," and "digger of Greek roots," along with the two Booths. Richard was stout then and did not care for running, but in water he was "good enough to drown a salmon." He would float miles out to sea, and he would sit and tie his shoes in some of those twelve feet pools on the Swale. The pair lodged in the market-place at Mrs. Geldard's, who gave them the character of being "both quiet boys." John was not then given to those constant flashes of drollery, which made him the best of all good companie at manhood. Mr. Grey was also with the Rev. William Sewell in the Vale of Lorton, and he entertained the most lively recollections of reading Virgil in the yew tree, and of the steaming brown dishes of potato pot, which every dalesman loves. It was for the latter that the poor students from St. Bees looked out so affectionately at noontide when they served the churches in the lake district, in consideration of a hempsack, 20s. a-year, and a whittlegate or free-dinner run. Once there came a man who did better at the whittlegate than the service. To explain it in his own words, "I was in such a hurry to be at them with the homily, that I quite forgot the litany." Mary

of Buttermere had bloomed when Mr. Grey was at Richmond, but he never failed to tell how, when he visited Lorton and Buttermere again, he danced with her at "a bidden wedding." She was a tall, comely woman with auburn hair flowing down her back, but "a bad partner in a dance, as I was always losing her, when she ran to attend to customers in the bar or look after the oatcake."

Mr. Grey was the friend of Culley on the Border, and his Richmond school-life secured him introductions to the Collings, Charge, and Maynard. With them he spent his holidays, and when Dr. Tate asked him what they mostly talked about he replied in classic phrase, "Comet *et id genus omne*." Farming was in a very rough way when he first learnt it. "There was nothing but foldyard manure; they hardly knew how to sow away clover seeds. Havre, and Havre again, give it a bit of management, and sow it in barley—or its geyly grass prood—so just let it lie to rest." Being of a literary turn Mr. Grey was generally engaged with some agricultural report or other, and one of his earliest labours was looking over the proof-sheets of Sir John Sinclair's "Code of Agriculture." He became acquainted with Mr. Godfrey Sinclair when he was a pupil with Mr. Jobson. Sir John was great at that time upon Merino sheep, whose price rose considerably during the Spanish war. It chanced that the baronet was visiting at Floors Castle, and every one made a point of handling his coat, which was Merino-woven, and of complimenting him on its texture. Sir Harry McDougall, after hearing a discussion upon the wool specimens, declared that he had some as good, and produced a sample. Sir John handled it, and declared that it wouldn't work as there were some coarse hairs in it; and when Sir Harry was questioned as to what it was, he turned the laugh by saying that he got it out of the pocket of Sir John's own

carriage as it stood in the stable-yard. A good deal of jealousy was felt about Sir John, and the story did not fail to circulate.

In 1833, when he was in his very prime at 47, Mr. Grey was made the commissioner of the Greenwich Hospital, and his management of the estates, in which he was followed by his son Charles, will always mark an era in Northumberland. No man's mind ever ran less in ruts. "Grey of Dilston" was henceforth a great name in Northern Agriculture, and continued to be so to the last. He was a ripe, good farmer, always among the first to adopt every agricultural improvement, and a thoroughly safe one for tenants to follow. There could not have been a more felicitous choice on the part of the council than when they entrusted him with "The Labouring Classes of the Land" at the Royal Agricultural Society's dinner at Newcastle, in '46. He was loudly cheered throughout, and more especially when he argued in favour of leases *v.* tenancies at will. "We have been told," he said in conclusion, "that there is a limit to agricultural improvement. It will not be reached in our day. So long as we have unimproved land and tenants at will we shall never reach it."

He began the Tweedside Society, which was ultimately blended with the Border as "The Border Union;" and when he was in his zenith as a shorthorn breeder, he once took the first and second prizes for bulls, or nearly £50 in one day. His herd was principally built up from General Simpson's North Star (full brother to Comet), and he also bred direct to the Collingses through Mr. Donkin of Sandhoe's blood. The General journeyed from Fifeshire to Buxton every summer, and always stopped at Milfield, by Glendale on Tweedside by the way; and he died at Ferrybridge on his return. Young Star was the best bull he ever sent to Milfield, and Mr. Curwen and Mr. Blamire

could not resist riding over to see him. Some of the Fifeshire farmers pleasantly assured Mr. Grey when he bought him "*Aye! man, what a price for nowt? but he's a bonny beast 'an he had been black.*" "*If he had been black,*" said Mr. Grey, to their speechless amazement, "*I'd not have carried him home.*" The General had bred from Mason as well as Colling, but Mr. Grey did not care about the former, as he thought him tricky and all for form, and that his herd became hard in the touch and lacked constitution.

At Lord Althorp's suggestion he wrote the first county essay (on "Northumberland and its Agriculture") in the *Royal Agricultural Journal.* Mr. Grey's intimacy with his lordship arose out of a constant interchange of Leicesters and Shorthorns. The Wiseton sheep were small and of Buckley blood, and crossed well with Charles Colling's larger sheep, which were then fast occupying the Scottish frontier. Mr. Grey had let the rams of the cross for many years, and the G wethers soon had plenty of butchers on their track. At Wiseton seventy cows and heifers would generally come up to the sunk fence, in front of the dining-room, and Mr. Grey did not need much rousing for "*just another look, Grey.*" It was his lordship's boast that he had reformed his whole stock with Regent, when he was condemned to the butcher as useless. Nonpareil (370 gs.) did him no great good, and he was "never really successful till he got the Chiltons." Sweet William, Orontes, Wiseton, which figures in the picture of a "Quiet Day at Wiseton," and Ranunculus (the sire of Belinda) were all leading bulls, and so was Usurer, of which Lord Ducie said that he "could give shoulders to anything." Lord Ducie and Sir Charles Knightley were men of like passions, but in Plenipo's year they couldn't resist the Doncaster Cup Day,

while Lord Althorp and Mr. Grey went off to look over Mr. Champion's herd at Blyth. Hunting was what Mr. Grey loved best, and he enjoyed it much in his youth with the hounds of Mr. Bailey of Mellerstein. We remember, with what keen delight, he quoted to us the remark of an old shepherd, upon the riding of one of his grandchildren: "*It's just yen of those Greys—it's in the bluid—they canna help it.*"

Lord Althorp came to Milfield to see the agriculture of the Tweed, and his keen shorthorn eye never failed to mark a Midas wherever he met one. He hired Duke from Mr. Donkin, and also sent down one of his huntsman's sons to learn how to farm, and turn the penny the right way. "Coke has two or three crack farms," he was wont to say, "where the tenant dare not have a weed, here there's uniformity, the land's farmed for farming's sake." One of Mr. Grey's stories about a bull delighted him. "*Aye! he's gone again,*" said the poor man, when he led his visitor to see his bull, and only found a mighty *debris* of bricks with earth and dead gorse; "*he often breaks out here; he's like Sampson, he carries off the door-posts and a lump of the wall at once; all our place is so bad, we've not a house that will hold him; we call him Lord Brougham.*" The Chancellor of the Exchequer might well say, "I'll tell that story to Brougham, when I get back to London."

Lord Althorp cared nothing for politics in comparison with his shorthorns. The Reform banner might

> "Float over Althorp, Russell, and Grey,
> And the manhood of Harry Brougham;"

but he loved rather to sit under one at an agricultural meeting, which told of "Hoof and Horn" and "Speed the Plough." When Mr. Grey called upon him at Downing-street, and saw "George" as a pre-

liminary, the latter remembered him and gave a little dry laugh: "*You've come about cows, sir, so you'll not have to wait long.*" Sure enough his Herd Book lay beside him on the desk when Mr. Grey was announced, and formed the text for the next half hour. Every Monday morning, his lordship received the most accurate budget of what cows had calved during the week, with the calf marks, and he did very little work till it was all transcribed into his private herd book. This morning he handed Mr. Grey a letter. "*There's a letter,*" he said, "*from Carnegie; he admires my political course, and he writes from the Lothians to say that I shall have the first refusal of his bull.*" Then he so characteristically added—"*I've written to thank him for his political confidence, but I've told him that there is a flaw in his bull's pedigree, he traces him back to Red Rose, but Red Rose never had a heifer calf.*" At Smithfield or the Royal he would work a whole day in his shirt-sleeves, and at Shrewsbury, the very year before his death, no one bore such an active part in putting the stock into their proper stalls. "*Once out of office,*" he was wont to say, "*and they'll never catch me in again.*" Nothing but the strongest sense of duty bound him to the Exchequer. "*I find a little relief on a Saturday night: but on Monday morning I just know how a man feels who'll throw himself over London Bridge.*"

We bid our old friend good-by, little thinking we should never meet again, and sped on our way to Newcastle. The Tyne was running in a muddy, turbulent torrent beneath the Stocksfield bridge. It once overflowed the Bywell village to such an extent, that the Fenwick hunters had to be stabled in "The Black Church;" and it not only drowned a huntsman who tried to cross, but it carried him (so the villagers vow), by the force of its current. right across the German Ocean, and cast him up, with his horn still slung over his shoulder, on the beach at Ostend. A

short cut over the Park—in which Matchem and The Duchess took their breathings, and won upwards of twenty thousand, both at the post and in the paddock, when Fenwick was Lord of Bywell—leads to Mr. Atkinson's farm, more commonly known as "Peepy." It belongs to Mr. Beaumont, the member for the southern division of the county, who lives at Bywell Hall, and it includes the Park in its seven hundred acres. Three-sevenths of it are in grass, and the Park, which, judging from the limits of the old course, was hardly thirty acres in Matchem's day, has now swelled to a hundred.

The brothers Atkinson are by no means the pioneers of Shorthorns in this particular spot. Styford High and Low Woods recall to a Herd Book ear the memory of "Jobling's old sort." A narrow strip between them shows the early haunt of Wellington (who was let for fifteen years at £100 per year), and the firs rang at times with his bellowing, much less musically than they do now when The Tyndale are finding. Those were days when Tithe Commutation was undreamt of, and hence Wellington calves came in due course to Mr. Johnson the clergyman of the parish, and one found its way to Mr. Atkinson's at the old man's sale.

Mr. Atkinson senior knew Mr. Bates, but the prophet had no honour in his own country, and although he went over to see him, he did not care to buy. Archduke Charles was Mr. Atkinson's first bull. After him came Sir Harry, from Mr. Thomas Jobling, who bred direct from Mr. Collings's sort; and then his son Bangup, who was never in the Herd Book, and had fall after fall of red calves. Sir Harry was duly entered for the Ovingham prize of 20 gs., which he won, and Mr. Jobling was so jealous of his looking well, that Mr. Atkinson's earliest recollection was seeing him come, and "off horseback and at the bull with his scissors,"

to get his curly frontlet into perfect trim for the judges.*

It is many years since we saw Newcastle races, and our recollections are not with Underhand or Caller Ou—words hard for Northumbrian lips—nor yet with Dr. Syntax or Gallopade. They go back to an intermediate period, when "Slashing Harry collared Henriade," when Beeswing beat Black Diamond, when Harry Edwards by a mighty effort shoved "lazy Lanercost's" head in front of the Hydra's, and when a Yorkshireman was so cleaned out by Naworth's defeat, that he put up his slippers for sale in the coffee-room at the Queen's Head that night. We remember, too, the grief which fell like a pall on the Moor when Lanercost, with Calypso handy, beat Beeswing on the post through the deep ground for the Cup, and how every tongue was loosened when she paid off him and his corns next year in the dry. We like to recal that time and all its actors—dark-eyed "Sim" in his heyday; Job Marson, a young fellow of five-and-twenty, just earning his spurs on Charles XII.; Mr. Ramsay at Lanercost's head, as Noble saddled him, and listening to the pale enthusiast from the Bush Inn, Carlisle, who was taking up his parable; and old Bob Johnson, in his long black coat, drab breeches, and gaiters among the glasses and decanters (like Baron Nathan among the eggs at Rosherville), retreating suddenly ere he stammered out a sentence before the coat-tail pull of the Squire of Nunnykirk, who flings down his scarecrow hat, puts himself in "the

* Of late years the Atkinsons have bred from Col. Towneley's stock, and had several of the Beauty tribe which the Colonel got from Mr. Bannerman and he from Mr. John Booth. They used Abraham Parker and "Dick" (who did a great deal for them), and when they began to go in more for Booth, they had Prince Patrick, a pure Booth bull, from Mr. Grove Wood, of Ireland, and hired Manfred from Mr. Thomas Booth.

teapot attitude" on the table, and pours out his Attic eloquence in old Beeswing's name.

It was at Newcastle that Sir Tatton Sykes (Scott) took part in a great sliding-match, which utterly ruined Fancy Boy. Four started for that Northern Derby, and the ground was so soaked with rain that Bill Scott, after many ups and downs, was finally left at the Newcastle turn with Little Jack Horner (Francis) to keep him company. The memory of the Derby which he had just lost "on the Surrey side" did not tend to tone down Bill's ire, and never was Mother Earth more emphatically denounced. Fancy Boy was also on his hind-quarters at that point; but Sim recovered him, and abjured Job on Dolo to "*Keep wide of me at the Coal Pit turn, for fear we slide up again.*" The presentiment was too true, as when they reached it Fancy Boy slipped, and slid some five-and-twenty yards, Sim sticking to him with his arms round his neck. Even in this fashion the pace was pretty good; but Dolo got so far ahead that he was never reached again, and the chapter of accidents put some 600 gs. into Lord Eglinton's pocket. Two hunters out of four came to grief in the next race; but a nice, drying night set things quite square for the morrow.

It was a favourite saying on Tyneside, when poor Bob Chambers was in his rowing prime, "*Bob isn't a man—he's a steam-engine; he was 'cast' at Hawks', and 'fitted' at Stephenson's,*" and we think of both man and "fitter" as we leave the coaly Tyne, and spy on our northward way the cottage and birthplace of George Stephenson amongst the anything-but-"sunny farms of Killingworth." All the great spots of interest at first lie to the left of the line, beginning with Cramlington, which sent a first-prize cow to the Newcastle Royal, and is familiar to another generation in connection with Sir Matthew, Mr. Boag, and the hounds. Sir Walter and Lady

Trevellyan's herd, which showed a good Newcastle front against "the proud invader," browses west beyond Belsay. Nunnykirk is "some miles over yonder," and so is Belsay Castle, where the hatchment is just up for "the old baronet, with blue bandages on his fore-legs" (as a "memoir man" writing about him and Gamester observed), who died when he was upwards of 88, and won his maiden St. Leger at 80. His racing tree had its tap-root in Twinkle by Orville, and it bore a crop of paying fruit in Cast Steel, Vanguard, Vindex, Gamester, Vanity, Gadabout, Hunca Munca, Hepatica, Prelude, and Galanthus. He was very fond of them, and very fidgetty about them, and on one occasion he took the whim, and wrote his trainer specially, to counter-order Vanguard for Newcastle; but the letter miscarried, and the horse won. Still, he would always have preferred an afternoon with The Antiquary or the Iliad to a racing one, and he was still translating the latter when he died.

After Morpeth, the scene shifts to the other side of the line, and the portly form of Mr. Angus, of Whitfield, standing in a field of fog among his Border Leicester lambs is to us quite a herald of the district. Beyond the fine coursing fields of Bothal,* where Jane Anne first won, and which the "Els" know well, is Woodhorn, whence Mr. Jacob Wilson

* The Bothal meeting is held over sixteen thousand acres of the Duke of Portland's property, near Morpeth. A large portion is permanent grass land in ridge and furrow. The fields are not generally above fifteen acres; but many hedges are being removed at the Club's expense. Hares are so plentiful that they recently ran off a 134-dog-and-bitch puppy stakes, and a 32-dog all-aged stake in five days, and yet only beat one-third of the ground. The present Club is a renewal of that which flourished twenty years ago, and the second founder and president is the Hon. Mr. Ellis, nephew to the Duke of Portland. In addition to the Spring and Autumn (open) Meetings, there are fortnightly ones, which are well attended. There is no truer type of a pleasant club to promote good sport and good feeling in a county.

brought his gay, aged bull Duke of Tyne, by "Dick," to win the first Royal prize at Worcester. He was bred by Mr. Spraggon, of Nafferton, on the Tyne side; but his new owner marked him for his own as a calf, and but for Forth, he would have taken first Scottish honours as well. Since his day, a pair of Fowler's ten-horse engines have been at work, and "torn up" some four thousand acres, and Dream of Pretence and Golden Link and Lady York are fast laying the foundations of a second Carrhead hard by the Eastern seaboard.

Mr. Samuel Donkin is not "bending in adoration before the divinities of the sea-shore" to-day; but Felton is all alive at his bidding, and as secretary of its agricultural society, he "receives" both in a flower-show marquee among the Castle Woods, and also in the show-field. Thirteen gold cups won by Dr. Syntax, XYZ, and Gallopade are ranged among the flowers; and if "Doctor" had only won the Preston Cup at the last time of asking, four gold shoes would have been added to that store. The sun shone bright on a very animated show-field. Voyageur, the eternal, was there, to the deep grief of the exhibitors of hunters, for crab him as they may in private, judges always had him handy at the finish. There was a fine Colsterdale mare with first-prize ribbons on her head, and just then all the more looked at for Lecturer's sake. Littlecote, Gamester, and Canny Fellow foals, and some very good ones among them, were grouped with their dams all over the field, and there was many a good word spoken to Gamester's memory, though the Royal judges said that he "could neither walk nor trot" on the day when he and Laughing Stock and Cavendish were before them at Newcastle. Mr. Jacob Wilson had a four-year-old grey hunter and a chesnut "racing pony," and both won first prizes; and (with Golden Link and Lady York in aid) he

and Mr. Annett achieved so many honours that, after dinner in the booth, one or the other seemed always on the tramp to the chairman for cups or bank-notes. There was "the marvellous exposition of the fine arts of the dairy" in a tent, where butter temples were built to the sylvan gods, and rare skinned eggs were arranged in plates. Of course we drank to the fair designers of such architecture; and Mr. Donkin, who had recently told us, with his wonted wealth of expression, of a villa near Corbridge, "an embellished abode fit for Juno and her peacocks," and "the splendour of whose floral and arbiferous productions might tempt an angel down," eulogised the ladies generally to their faces as "the roses and the lilies" of the day.

There is gladness too at the board when Sir Matthew (the chairman) tells that the Privy Council have withdrawn their edict, and that the Irish ram buyers will be at Kelso that year. As we travel towards Chillingham next day, "the Barmshires" seem to be everywhere, save in Chevington Wood, that reclaimed fox cover, where the shaggy stots from Falkirk are up to their knees amid the young oaks and heather. We have them in the foreground, as we sweep past Chrisp's, of Hawkhill, whose bulls Manfred and Phœnix are not the least in the annals of the "Herd Book" and the show-yard. Mr. Bosanquet, of The Rock, has another century of rams coming forward for Kelso, with rare size and skins, on those fine undulating slopes not far from Howick Hall. The Coquet, so renowned for its fishing songs, flows over its rocky bed from the moors, and we connect to its name, not with trout merely, but with many a good coursing day, Dr. Richardson and King Death. A peep at Falloden as our train hurries past reveals Sir George Grey "slaking the thirst of battle" in St. Stephens, with a quiet book on his drive; and now we are bowling into the little

town of Belford, to whose Old Bell, with those comfortable red curtains, Lord Wemyss comes thrice a season for a fortnight at a time. The way from there to Chillingham is over a fine, wild moor, of which Will Williamson might say in truth, "Well, be thanked, the fox and the hounds have their liberty." Kyloe Crags, the Field of Flodden, Ford Castle, on whom old Cheviot himself looks down, Ross Castle with its heronry, and Hepburn Wood, dear to the woodcock, are all in that expanse of rock and ling, while Chillingham Park rises as it were terrace upon terrace, with the white dots not far below the sky-line, which tell of its famous "cattle."

There

> "They are grazing, their heads never raising—
> There are forty feeding like one,"

and we have to discard at the first glance every wild-bull-thought for Wordsworth's milder rhymes. Our ideas change an hour after, as on the keeper's old horse we ride the hill, and cautiously keeping near a strongly-fenced plantation, so as to be able to abandon the horse on an emergency, and retreat over the rails, we get within a hundred yards of them. We might have got nearer; but a herd of startled bucks trotted past them, and as one rose they all rose, and moved off at a foot's pace, the old bull behind, and the king bull leading. The latter will find years tell on him in his turn, and when he is seven or eight, two younger ones will attack him fore and aft, and he will walk moody and downcast like that deposed monarch in the rear. The herd is generally kept up to 11 bulls, 17 steers, and 32 females, or three score in all. They are made steers of even up to four years old, and it is found even at that stage to improve the beef. It was the practice to do so when they were dropped; but it was a very

dangerous one, and spoilt the bull selection as well. They are tempted into a yard with hay, and there snared, and tied by the neck and horn during the process, and returned next day without any cautery. The steers always grow larger horns, and weigh from 40 st. to 50 st. of 14lbs. If it is fair weather they go up the hill, and if stormy they remain below. They eat very much at night, and mostly in company, and often scour a good deal in warm weather. The bulls are of a more tawny shade than the cows, as they fling the dirt very much over their shoulders when they kneel to challenge. Both sexes have black nostrils, horns tipped with black, and a little red within the ears; and in their general look they partake of the Charolais and Highlander combined. Their offal is rather coarse, and they have sometimes a tendency to be high on the tail, as well as upright on the shoulder. Like Highland herds going along a road, they are subject to panics, and two gallops in the course of a week one season, owing perhaps to the rustling of deer near them, cost nearly every cow her calf. The calves are dropped in the fern, but they are sad little Tartars; and if they have been housed, it takes nearly two months to take off the tame smell.

A steer and cow were once tamed in a fashion; but their principal affections centred on hay and bean-meal, while turnips had no charm for them. In winter they follow the hay-cart like any other cattle, and sometimes they have been shot out of it. Their sense of smell is exceedingly acute, and a cow has been seen to run a man's foot like a sleuth-hound, when he had run for his life to a tree. While Sir Edwin Landseer was taking sketches for his celebrated pictures, the herd went into action, and he was glad to fly to the forest as they passed by. A study of a bull by Sir Edwin, along with several butterflies and birds on a screen, are among

the choicest art treasures at the Castle, where he spends many a summer day, and so is a head of Sir Rowland Errington, once Master of the Quorn, which is merely dashed off on a door panel.

But we must turn from these "tameless beef" studies to the more prosaic sheep of the district—those Barmshires or Border Leicesters, which are peculiar to the Border counties of Roxburgh, Berwick, and Northumberland, or, as some phrase it, "the little kingdom of Kelso and Northumberland." The Dishley blood found its way to the Border in 1767, through Messrs. George and Matthew Culley, one of Crookham Eastfield, and the other of Wark, who went from the banks of the Tees to the Tweedside. One or both of the brothers had been pupils of Mr. Bakewell. They were in partnership to the end of their lives; but took up different lines—George undertaking the management of the flock, while Matthew was more devoted to agriculture, irrigation, and essays. In process of time Mr. Robert Thompson, who had also studied under Mr Bakewell, established a Dishley flock first at Lilburn, and then at Chillingham Barns. The late Mr. Grey of Dilston confirms Mr. Wilson's pamphlet as to this point, and adds that there were two distinct Dishley families upon these Border farms. We meet with no notice of these two tribes of "blue caps" and "red legs" in any Bakewell records, but they have been described to us by Mr. Grey. The blue-headed Leicesters, which are now quite out of favour on the Border, were generally rather tender when lambed, and soft-woolled on the scalp, which made them very sensitive to fly-galls. They were handsomer and of greater length than the "red legs," very good feeders, but rather delicate, and light in their wool. Mr. Robertson of Ladykirk and Mr. Thompson of Bogend (his tenant) bought "blue caps" from Mr. Stone, which came

three or four in a cart, from Leicestershire, and were met half-way. The "red legs" were nearer the ground, very compact, with less fat and more fibre, and were generally hardier, and had a more closely-planted fleece.

The Culleys and Robert Thompson, and the Kelso and Northumberland men, came to the Ladykirk lettings, as well as McDougall's of Cessford. At Chillingham Barns the fleeces were hung up and ticketed for the early show, which gradually merged into the September one. A few small men had Cotswolds and Lincolns; but a great upstanding sheep was not then the fashion on or over the Border. Mr. Grey, who joined the ranks of the flockmasters soon after the beginning of the century, had his "large Gs" from Messrs. Culley and Mr. Thompson; but he liked the thick, short-legged Buckleys better, and stuck to the sort for wether breeding. About 1815-20 Lord Polwarth's agent bought some of his "large G" gimmers, and also went for rams to Mr. Jobson of Chillingham New Town. Luke Scott of Easington Grange, near Belford, was a great character in those days. He clung to his little flock of twenty Bakewells with desperate tenacity, even when his farm was gone, and he had to board them out. After Mr. Robert Thompson's retirement, he would use no rams but his own, and when a very favourite ewe broke bounds and was tupped by a "neighbour's mongrel" (as he called it), he slaughtered her without mercy.

They flourish on the banks of the Beaumont-Water, and all along the spurs of the Cheviot range, but more especially in the warm and sheltered barley and turnip soils round Kelso and Coldstream. Unless a hill-farm is annexed to the arable, the whole flock consists of Border Leicesters, and the South Country Leicester, or "blue head," is proudly eschewed. The leading flocks have rather marked

peculiarities. Some excel both in size and fleece, while others have lighter fleeces and smaller scrags, but more quality and fashion. A very big head is the characteristic of one or two flocks, and another can generally be told by "the bridge in front of the hock." Still, of late years, there has been so much interchange of blood, that they are fast becoming of one type, especially in their wool, which has acquired much more staple and curl. The ewes, which are remarkably good milkers, should lamb about the middle of March, and when weaning time is come, the farmer will often give you the choice of "yow or cow" when the cheese is put upon the table. The lambs are dipped a week after the ewes are clipped, so as to keep the ewes clean. Wether hoggs should be quick off the shears, and not be kept above fourteen months, when they generally reach from 18 to 19lbs. a quarter.* Their wool

* Since the introduction of so much artificial feeding, the size has been considerably increased, and the ewes are generally tatted off after three crops of lambs at from 26lbs. to 30lbs. a quarter. St. Ninian's, near Wooller, is the great fair, late in September, for the cast ewes, but some are sold at Cornhill, where they made as much as 63s. to 60s. three autumns since. Penrith dealers have been the principal ewe buyers at St. Ninian's for the last five-and-forty years, and take on nearly all the lots to the York and Harewood fairs. The best ewes are nearly always picked up by the dealers in the pastures, and the price is governed by St. Ninian's. Mid-ewe lambs are not sold, but are generally fed off as shearlings with the wether hoggs and the shot gimmers. Some of the best gimmers have fetched £20 a-piece to go to Ireland. Lord Polwarth's rams, as well as those of a few other flockmasters, were sold by auction at home for many years. In 1846 the Kelso public sales were established on the second Thursday in September, and 350 rams were entered, but £13 was the highest price. Lord Polwarth's were first brought to Kelso in 1852. In 1820 his lordship's home-average had only been £3 15s. for 35; whereas in 1865 it was £37 18s. 10½d. at Kelso for the same number. His lordship's top sheep went for £95 that year, and for £106 in 1867. The supply of rams has become so large, that some breeders have preferred taking their lots into the Edinburgh sale-ring; but even with this slight take off, upwards of 2,300 rams, the property of between fifty and sixty breeders, are sold annually in the four rings at Kelso. There are two or three grades of pur-

averages from 7 to 8lbs. all round, and a highly-fed tup-hogg will clip to 12lbs., according to the nature of the soil. Clay land is favourable for wool on the belly; but the finer bred they are, the greater the difficulty in preventing it from peeling. The lambs are generally born with a top-knot, but it comes off, and if their whisker or their scrag wool is very plentiful, they are pretty certain to peel below. Rams which have this tendency are generally capital graziers, and get better fat lambs, and are therefore in good request for crossing. Their hocks should be rather away from them if they are to follow Cheviot ewes on the hill side, and to travel on the undulating farms from the banks of the Tweed to the Beaumont. They should also have plenty of bone, and not be round in the shank, and, as with the Dartmoors, a wide tail is a great point. The heads should be long and thin, without any tendency to a blue shade, the ears broad and erect, the nose brown coloured or hazel, with an open nostril and a large expressive eye. The scrags are hard to keep up to the proper thickness, but still the leg of mutton or the gigót is the prime difficulty, and there is also a tendency to be too fat on the rib.

chasers among the Irishmen who come over in large numbers. Some go up to £15, but a great many cannot be tempted beyond £7. The Caithness men bid with great spirit, and there is generally a commission from North Wales, at least every other year. Lord Penrhyn is in the habit of getting them to cross his pure Leicesters. The cross produces a hardier sheep, with wool as fine and a little longer in the staple. The order of sale in the four rings is decided by lot. Lord Polwarth's always make a very high average, however low down in the list they may be drawn; but it militates very severely against the great majority of the lots if they are put up after two o'clock. Still, a lot of 85 from a noted breeder has made as much as £11 2s. 8d., and 100 have also gone off pretty late in the afternoon at £10 12s. 7d. —[For description of Kelso Ram Fair, see "Field and Fern" (South), p.p. 150-56.]

CHAPTER VII.

"We eat prodigiously—indeed, so great is our love of good cheer, that we name our children after our favourite dishes. If a person in good society is not called 'Sir Roshif,' he will probably answer to the name of 'Lord Bifstek,' in honour of the two great national dishes, which we have spelt in that manner from time immemorial."

"Foreigners' Portraits."—*Household Words.*

Bakewell's Longhorns—The Holderness and Teeswater—Great Shorthorn Breeders—Mr. Bates—Mr. Fawcett's Recollections of him—Show of Terriers at Yarm—Shoeing Contest—Hound Show at Redcar—Photographing the Huntsmen—The Neesham Hall Stud—Sparkler of the Hurworth—Mr. Wetherell's Herds.

MODERN history has been much too sparing in its prose pictures of pastoral life. A great general or statesman has never lacked the love of a biographer; but the thoughts and labours of men who lived "remote from cities," and silently built up an improved race of sheep or cattle, whose influence was to be felt in every market, have had no adequate record. One slight sketch in the *Gentleman's Magazine* is nearly all that remains to us. We can go back, through its guidance, to the days when Bakewell was a living name, and Dishley the head-quarters to which all the best breeders of farm stock made resort. The scene rises up through the dim vista of more than a hundred years. There are the willow clumps which were cut on a seven years' rotation; the water meadows, which grew four grass crops in the season; the mimic Dutch canal, which supplied the sluices and carried boats

laden with produce and manure between different parts of the farm, and on whose sluggish stream turnips were floated down to the stock, and washed in the course of their sail! "Two Pounder" is brought out by the shepherd, with all the respect due to such a patriarch of the long-wools. Will Peet is on parade with the black cart stallion; and John Breeder and Will Arnold, hazel wand in hand, have gathered the herd into a corner of the Long Pasture, and listen eagerly for any word that may be dropped about their favourites. In the business room there are not only skeletons but pickled carcases of sheep, whose points were most after their breeder's heart; but he shows with no less relish some beef joints, the relics of his "Old Comely," which died at twenty-six, and the outside fat of a sirloin fully four inches thick.

The latter were his longhorn trophies, and no man could boast of a herd with deeper flesh and lighter offal. In his eyes the breed was fated to represent the roast beef of Old England for ever and aye; and the thought that the very glory of their heads would be objected to as taking up too much room in the strawyards, and that a race with shorter horns and earlier maturity from "the banks of the stately Tees" would ruthlessly push them from their place and reduce them to a mere fraction in the Midlands, never vexed his soul. Their hold of public favour had been long and sure, and their greatest triumph was to come. If "Two Pounder" had then the reputation of earning 800 guineas in one season and serving some picked home ewes as well, the Dishley bull, "Two Penny," was fated to make the herd of Fowler of Rollright, and swell its sale average to £81 14s. 3d. for fifty-one!

Longhorns of some kind or another, and generally with good milk marks and the faculty of fattening at a great age, were at this period the farmers'

friends. They excited the admiration of Dr. Johnson in Derbyshire, and led him to note that his host, "whose talk is of bullocks," sold one of them for 100 guineas; and as good prices were obtained for the *armenta fronte latâ*—those blacks with white backs, which Sir A. Ramsay took to Scotland as a cross for the Aberdeenshire, and whose horn practice in Garstang market was duly felt and recorded by Pennant as he journeyed towards the Hebrides.

The Holderness, a fine, large-framed breed, with good backs, long quarters, remarkably clean, straight legs, and well-developed udders, grazed in the district north of the Humber. Many of them were white, with blue or bay flecks; but the largest number were dark mouse and white, and, as was natural from their proximity to Hull and their general appearance, they were thought to be of Dutch origin. Milk was their specialty, and Mr. Curwen was wont to value the dairy produce of his twenty at £25 a year. Under the local name of "Teeswaters," the shorthorns, to which the Holderness seemed to bear most affinity in character, had got a strong hold in Durham several years before the close of the century; but still it was not until "The Durham Ox" commenced his six years of caravan life in 1801 that the doom of the longhorns was virtually sealed.

The Teeswaters* were cattle of great substance, but somewhat ungainly in form, and were thought to give less but richer milk than the Holderness.

* An eminent living authority thus writes us of the Teeswater breed of sheep: "They were nearly as big as a jackass, and had nearly as large bone. Gradually they went out of use, and there is not a semblance of them left. They had raw lugs and no horns, long watery wool, of which you could count the strings, some of which seemed sixteen inches long. I have heard of fleeces weighing 22lbs. Some of them killed with ordinary keep to 40lbs. a quarter, but they were gradually crossed out by Leicester rams, which lessened the size, and improved the grazing qualities."

The fragments of history on which their origin rests are somewhat shadowy and uncertain. Some contend therefrom that they must be of Dutch origin, and only another version of the Holderness; and others, with equal zeal, that their tap-root is to be found in the West Highlands, or that the earlier breeders always fell back on its bulls for a cross if they thought that their herd was losing constitution. There is certainly some confirmation of this opinion in the peculiarly sharp horns and ink-black noses which will appear at intervals. The admirers of the "Princesses" make good "the claims of long descent" as far back as 1739, on Stephenson's farm at Ketton; and it is also said that the ancestress of the "Duchesses" roamed in Stanwick Park two hundred years ago, and that none of the tribe had been out of the Northumberland family until Charles Colling bought them. Be this as it may, the Teeswaters' capability of development, which the St. Quintin, the Pennyman, and the Milbank families were among the first to recognise, had suggested itself to many a long-headed Durham farmer as well as the Brothers Colling; but private herd-books were hardly in vogue, and the patient pilgrimage of Coates, through sunshine and shower, with his grey pony and saddle-bags, has not had the effect of tracing the breed further back than four crosses beyond "Hubback" (319), who was calved in '77.

If the red-and-white Studley bull (626), bred by Sharter of Chilton, and the founder of the Gwynne or "Princess" tribe, may claim to be the "Abraham of shorthorns," James Brown's red bull (97) and Jolly's bull (337) are very early names on the roll. Seventeen or eighteen crosses separate the Duchesses from the one, and the Maynard and Mason tribes are in direct descent from the other. Only 710 bulls were registered in the first volume of Coates' herd-book, which was published in 1822; but the fifteenth

showed, under Mr. Strafford's care, an accession of 1,959 in two years, and the seventeenth brought up the numbers to Zemi (25481).

The germ of this wonderful array must have been considered an "improved" county breed as far back as 1787. Hutchinson of Sockburn had then a cow good enough to be modelled for the cathedral vane, and had also beaten Robert Colling in a bull class. Other Durham breeders stood proudly on their family tribes. The "Lizzies" were with Charge of Newton, and Rose's and Fisher's stock can be traced to Cornforth of Barforth. Robert Colling had set his seal to Hill of Blackwell's herd, and nearly all the best men were dipping into the blood of Millbank of Barningham. It was from his sort that there sprang the "old yellow cow by 'Punch,'" which was granddam of "the white heifer that travelled." The Maynards* were also in the front rank, and it became their sound family custom to pitch eight bullocks and as many heifers in Darlington market, on the first Monday of March, as a sample of the Eryholme pastures. The bullocks were from four to five years old, with fine, wide horns, good bone, and very deep flesh; and they were keenly looked out for, year after year, on the pavement opposite the King's Head.

* Maynard's "Favourite" tribe was very early in repute, and Charles Colling (who had previously picked up his "Cherry" or "Peeress" tribe in Yarm market) never rested till he had bought the cow and her calf, "Young Strawberry," by Charge's "Dalton Duke" (188). He then changed the cow's name to "Lady Maynard," and it was upon her tribe that he used the Galloway or "alloy blood," through "Grandson of Bolingbroke" (280), which made the highest average in its hour of trial at Ketton. Her descendants were also crossed most successfully with "Foljambe" (263), the sire of "Phœnix," the dam of the bull "Favourite" (252), who was in his turn the sire of the thousand-guinea "Comet" (155). "Hubback" (319) has always been considered the great regenerator of shorthorns; but he did not do Charles Colling so much good as "Foljambe," who was from a "Hubback" cow, and he was parted with at the end of two seasons.

The aim of the Brothers Colling was to reduce the size and improve the general symmetry and flesh-points of their beasts. "Beauty," sister to "Punch" (531), had spread their fame beyond the county; and in 1799 "the Durham Ox," by "Favourite" (252) came out first at Darlington with his half-sister of the "Duchess" tribe. The latter was quite as great a wonder in her way, and confirmed Mr. Bates's fancy for the sort which was hereafter to be linked with his name. The subsequent travels of the Ox brought a large bull trade to Ketton and Barmpton. It would have been strange if they had not, as his live-weight was 216 stones of 14lbs., and that not got by unwieldly bulk, but by the ripeness of all his points. He ultimately dislocated his hip and was slaughtered, and, curiously enough, his show career ended at Oxford, where, nearly a third of a century later, that of the Royal Agricultural Society began.

Even at the Ketton sale in 1810, the taste for shorthorns was confined within a narrow compass, as Durham, Yorkshire, Lincolnshire, Northumberland, and Westmoreland were the only counties which purchased. Some of the few survivors of the assembly on that day still speak of "Comet" as the most symmetrical bull they have ever seen. He was not very large, but with that infallible sign of constitution, a good wide scorp or frontlet, a fine placid eye, a well-filled twist, and an undeniable back. His price caused breeders everywhere to prick up their ears. They had already heard of Fowler refusing 1,000 guineas for a longhorn bull and three cows, as well as for a cow and her produce of eight seasons; but never of one bull achieving that sum. The spirit south of the Humber was fairly roused at last, and when, eight years after, the Barmpton herd came to the hammer, the representatives of four or five more counties were found at the

ring-side. The Rev. Thomas Harrison and Mr. Edmonds of Boughton had often talked to Lord Althorp, Sir Charles Knightley, and Mr. Arbuthnot, in the Pytchley Club or woodlands, of the great day at Ketton, and his lordship sent a commission to Barmpton, when Robert Colling parted with everything but his heifer calves, for three heifers and a bull; while a Nottinghamshire and a Leicestershire man joined in the highest-priced lot, "Lancaster" (621 gs.), which had some five crosses of "Favourite" (252) in his veins.

For many years previous to this sale Mr. Bates had been breeding shorthorns by the Tyne side, and bringing his beasts, as Sir Hugh Smythson had done before him, to periodical scale-tests. Still, he does not seem to have struck out any especial herd-line for himself till he took up his fancy for the Duchess tribe. Charles Colling assured him that the cow which he bought in 1784 out of Stanwick Park was the best he ever had or ever saw, and sold him her great-grand-daughter "Duchess," by "Daisy Bull" (186). She was the prelude to Mr. Bates's purchase of "Duchess 1st," by "Comet" (155), the only "Duchess" at the Ketton sale, and a very cheap lot at 186 guineas, as, independently of her produce, her new owner left it on record that she gave 14lbs. of butter (21 oz. to the lb.) per week for six weeks after calving.

"Belvedere" (1706), of the "Princess" tribe, was the bull which Mr. Bates selected to "bring out the Duchesses." He was small and plain, and with rather rough shoulders, but as soft as a mole in his touch. The Brothers Colling had a most faithful disciple in the Kirklevington philosopher, as his celebrated show-bull "Duke of Northumberland" (1940) was by "Belvedere," dam by "Belvedere;" and was thus bred on precisely the same principle as four of their leading animals, "Comet" and "The

Ox," "Punch" and "Broken Horn"—rather an instructive comment on the popular timidity which eschews even an approach to in-breeding. Mr. Bates led the shorthorn ranks of the Royal Agricultural Society both at Oxford and Cambridge, and it was his lot to breed the second one thousand guinea bull, and to fashion the model of the moulds in which such cows as "Second Grand Duchess," "Oxford 15th," and "Duchess 77th," were duly cast and quickened. Still no one contributed more towards shorthorn progress than Mason of Chilton, who got rid of the open shoulders and improved the fore-quarters generally. His sale in 1829 was to breeders quite a season of refreshing after a long and dreary drought. Earl Spencer took heart of grace, and bought a bull and sixteen cows and heifers; and Captain Barclay (who began in 1822) laid a still more solid foundation with "Lot 20, 'Lady Sarah.'" Such a splendid lot of cows as those at Chilton were seldom seen together, and the one from which Earl Spencer bred most was No. 25 (36 gs.), or Wiseton's dam.

Whitaker of Burley held his first sale soon after. He had always gone for milking tribes in his quiet Yorkshire valley, and laid much stress upon the purchase of "Magdalena," by "Comet" (155), the only cow which was kept out of the Ketton sale catalogue. The Americans, and more especially Colonel Powell and the Ohio Company, had heard of her and her 32 quarts a day in their repeated visits to Burley. They generally left Yorkshire with the belief that "a man might ride four hacks to death in the North, and not find twenty such cows as Mr. Whitaker's;" and they were among his best customers for a series of years.

Sir Charles Knightley gradually became quite a Whitaker to the Midlands, when he gave up hounds about 1818, and laid himself in with the "Rosy"

and "Ruby" tribes, and his friend Arbuthnot's bulls. He always said that it was "quite an acquired taste," but he took to it with singular heartiness. He strove to put shoulders on his cattle as perfect as those of his own hunters, "Benvolio" and "Sir Marinel." Beautiful fore-quarters, gay carriage, general elegance, and a strong family likeness distinguished his tribes, and their fine milking powers placed them (like "Cold Cream" and "Alix," of the Royal Home Farm) at the head of many a dairy. "A Fawsley fill-pail" soon passed into a herd proverb; and a dip into the blood of the "Earl of Dublin" (10178) and the "Friars"—White or Grey—was pretty sure to make one.

The "Old Cherry," by "Pirate" (2430) tribe, which came originally from William Colling of Stapleton, was in high force when "Gainford steers" were told at a glance, and valued at a good pound more, and when Mr. Crofton had taken such rare prize heifers by him and "The Provost" (1846) to the Highland Society and other shows. Colonel Cradock liked the sort for their size and milk, and they "nicked" well both with the Booth and the Bates blood. Crossed with "Grand Duke" (10284), they founded the "Cherry Dukes" and "Duchesses;" and it was to "Mussulman" (4525) that John Booth sent his celebrated "Bracelet," and had "Buckingham" (3239) for his reward.

The Booth family began at Studley about 1790, with Teeswaters and "Twin Brother to Ben" (660); and lengthening the hind-quarters, filling up the fore-flank, and breeding with a view to that fine deep flesh and constitution which bears any amount of forcing, have been their especial aim. It was the late Mr. Richard Booth's opinion that no bull had done his herd so much good as "Albion" (14), of "the alloy blood," and Mr. Whitaker and Mr. Wetherell were quite with him on the point. It may be said

that shorthorns generally have grown smaller in frame, and that there is perhaps not that rich coat and uniformity of character which marked some of the earlier herds; but still those who can make the comparison from memory are fain to allow that, in their flesh-points and general weights, the breed knows no decay. What the Brothers Colling were in earlier days, the Brothers Booth have been in later. If the elder could boast of "Necklace" with the wondrous crops, and "Bracelet," in whom none could find a fault, save a trifling deficiency in the fore-rib, it was left to the younger to keep up the type with the beautiful "Charity," whose twist and hind-legs might have been modelled from, and to follow it up with "Plum Blossom," "Nectarine Blossom," "Queen of the Ocean," and "Queen of the May." Richard Booth and Crofton might be said to have initiated the modern plan of keeping beasts far more in the house, and preparing them specially with a view to shows. No blood has been more widely spread than that of "Warlaby" and "Killerby" throughout the United Kingdom, or commanded a finer bull-hiring trade; and it was from "Buttercup," a daughter of "Barmpton Rose," and crossed with Booth's "Jeweller" (10354) that "Butterfly" sprang, the chief foundress, with "Frederick," (11489) of the Towneley herd, whose victories in the store and fat shows combined are wholly without parallel.

A very painful chord was struck at the Yorkshire Agricultural Meeting of '49, when hundreds of friends who expected to grasp him once more by the hand, and to enjoy the half-sportive, half-sarcastic lecture on each prize beast of "the old man eloquent" of Kirklevington, learnt for the first time that Mr. Bates had gone to his rest, and that their shorthorn festival was on his funeral day. His heart was with horn and hoof to the last, and there

was no "cruel Phyllis" to cross him in *that* love. Those who have strolled with him in his pastures, can recall how the cows and even the young heifers would lick his hand, and seem to listen to every gentle word and keen comment, as if they penetrated its import; and even when the last struggle was nigh, and he could wander amongst them no more, he reclined on some straw in the cow-house, that his eye might not lack its solace.

We had never been in the neighbourhood before a meeting of the Cleveland Society tempted us to Yarm, on one of whose inn signs the bull "Duke" still flourishes. When the hound prizes were decided, we strolled out to Kirklevington. Hard by the churchyard is the calf-house, in which Fourth Duke of Northumberland and the Duchesses and Oxfords were reared, but the great philosopher* of

* Mr. James Fawcett, who often stayed with him at Halton Castle, in Northumberland, some two-and-fifty years ago, thus writes us: "I have endeavoured to recall from the depths of memory some of the bygone days spent with my old friend and tutor, Mr. Bates. Having studied at the Edinburgh University, he was well up to the chemical and scientific part of his business, and far beyond his neighbours in that respect. The chief enjoyment, however, of his life was in his cow pastures, which were generally visited once or twice a day, and the history and points of each animal made known to any visitor, as it came up to have its head rubbed. On these occasions, he was in the habit of manipulating the animals all over, pressing them gently with his fingers, thereby to detect any unevenness or want of quality in any particular part, and guard against the patchy appearance that so many shorthorns exhibit, being overloaded in one place and bare in another. I well remember the interest and pains he took to initiate me into the mysteries of 'handling.'

"What he termed quality, he considered the most essential point in cattle, and under this designation he included aptitude to fatten, early maturity, symmetry, fineness of bone, and, above all, the covering of the frame evenly with flesh of a delicate fibre and well intermixed with fat, and to his steady perseverance towards this end, his breed undoubtedly owe their fame. In those days he had very few pure Duchesses and Kettons, but a number of beautiful cows by Ketton and Ketton 2nd from choice Argyleshire heifers, which he had selected with the view of rearing an original herd like Charles Colling's, whose success he attributed to the judicious blending of

shorthorns lay in the churchyard just over the wall, without a stone to mark his resting-place.*

Now, that perhaps less prejudiced but not more clear-cutting brains are left to work their way up that channel of science which he buoyed out, each year confirms the belief that he was not so very far wrong when, in speaking of one of his best

that blood, obtained through Grandson of Bolingbroke with the best shorthorns of the day.

"From some cause or other he lost the Argyleshire tribes after leaving Northumberland, and steadily cultivated the Duchesses, and one or two other tribes, among the best of which were Red Rose and Fairy, two splendid cows from Mr. Hustler. From the former he bred Second Hubback by The Earl, which he considered the best bull he ever had, and destined to become quite a regenerator of shorthorns. He was a light red bull, with a lemon muzzle, and as perfect in his points as could be desired, at the same time evenly and smoothly covered with flesh of the best possible quality. Mr. Bates considered Mr. Charles Colling to have been the most thorough judge of cattle of his day, and, in fact, the originator of the improved shorthorn, having imbibed his knowledge from Mr. Bakewell of Dishley, with whom he lived some time *in statu pupillari*. He thought that his brother Robert's fame as a breeder was entirely due to the superior judgment of Charles, whose bull Favourite was the undoubted fountain-head of pedigrees and the source of their distinction, being the sire of Comet, Ketton, &c., &c., as well as of the famous old cow Princess and of her daughter, the Favourite cow, the dam of the first Duchess. Princess and her daughter were purchased by Mr. Bates from Mr. Charles Colling, and were the foundation of his herd.

"Mr. Bates used to describe Favourite as a very rich roan, robust, and massive animal, with a very fine, long, and downy coat and superb handling, but by no means so pointy a bull as his son Comet, although a much better sire. He thought him so much better than the other, that he did not scruple to breed in-and-in with him several times, and with success. He was an advocate for that mode of breeding, and at last preferred it to having recourse to impure blood, as there was apparently (in that day at least) no bad result from it in his cattle, which were distinguished by their vigour and healthy appearance. To dairy properties, a thing too often overlooked, he paid great attention, and very few of his cows were deficient in this respect. He was a man of warm feelings, and either a strong friend or a bitter enemy. Though most acute and observing, he was liable to prejudice, and a splendid dogmatizer, but none have left a more decided mark on our shorthorn history."

* Thanks to the exertions of Mr. Housman and a few other lovers of shorthorns, a tombstone has been erected since then.

Duchesses, he said to Lord Althorp, "The destiny of shorthorns depends on this calf—this slender thread of a calf." *

In the following year Mr. Bates saw the merits of the Princess or St. Albans tribe (which had recovered the quality that Jupiter lost) so keenly at Mason's sale, that he determined, if possible, to get his new cross from it. At that time St. Albans, who went back direct to Favourite and Hubback, missing the dreaded Punch, was about fifteen years old, and he had been let for three years into Northumberland. Mason had got him in a sly way at first for £20, through a butcher, whom he sent as his agent; and when Mr. Wood was at Chilton three years after, and only caught a glimpse of his head, he exclaimed, "*Why, there's my old Prince; he was bought to kill,*" and sure enough it was Prince, but canonized in life as "St. Albans!"

How to bring about his long-cherished combination of the Princess of Barmpton and the Duchess of Ketton blood was now the problem which puzzled the lord of Kirklevington, and which Belvedere so happily solved. Oddly enough, this bull had been

* Although he had got as far as (63), he had made but little figure with the Duchesses, when he moved from the Tyneside to Kirklevington, whither Red Rose, who had been bought from Mr. Hustler, accompanied him. She was three removes from Favourite on one side and two on the other, and from the union of her and the Earl (646) came Second Hubback (1423). His idolatry for this bull did his herd no small harm; and it was only when he found that he had lost 28 calves in one year, solely through lack of constitution, that he began to cast about, and in vain applied to Mr. Whitaker for his famous Frederick. Perhaps on no occasion was Mr. Bates so offended with anyone as he was with poor old Coates, when, in 1828, he met him with Mr. Whitaker and Colonel Powell, of Pennsylvania, in the yard at Greenholme. His aim was to get him, as a great authority, to go and lay his hand, in the presence of that pioneer of our shorthorns in America, solemnly on the bull, and speaking from the hoary depths of experience, to proclaim him quite equal to the First Hubback; but the author of the "Herd-Book" was not the man to speak against his convictions.

living only ten miles off him, and for two long years his friend, Mr. Atkinson Greenwell, had urged him to go and have a look. One day he did condescend to drive over, and strange as the coincidence may seem, the moment he in his turn merely glanced at the bull's head through a square hole, he knew that it was the blood he was seeking; and he said to himself, "*Thou art mine if money 'll buy thee.*" And buy him he did, then and there, for £50, which he drew in notes from his pocket, and permission to "send cows to the bull while he lives." The man demurred when the money was paid, and said rather sorrowfully to a friend afterwards, "*I might as well have had a hundred from Tommy Bates—he was so varra keen of him.*" *

* The Waterloo and Wild Eyes were fresh additions about the era of Belvedere, from whose cross with Red Rose 9th came Cambridge Rose 1st; and so well did it nick, that Belvedere was put on her in turn. At the sale, however, this tribe was reduced to Cambridge Rose 5th, and her two calves by Third Duke of York. The great triumph of Belvedere was still to come from another cross with his own daughter, Duchess 34th, who beat Necklace at York. She had broken her fore-leg, and Mr. Bates was within an ace of selling her to the Americans, but luckily Mr. Whitaker got him off it, and she lived to produce the Duke of Northumberland a few months after. With the exception of this famous roan, she never bred any but red and whites, and Mr. Bates was determined to try the effect of a third Belvedere cross with his prize yearling at Oxford (which was own sister to the Fourth Duke of Northumberland) if she had not been prematurely choked with a turnip. To the eye of a well-known authority on these matters, "Duke" looked a very delicate calf at five months; but his owner, strong in the faith of the double Favourite cross in Comet, which he had here striven to emulate, drew himself proudly up, and said, "*Well! sir, I have the greatest hopes of him.*" After all his honours, "Duke" came to no very glorious end, as he had been kept low for the purpose of being put on Cleveland Lad's stock, and he died fairly maw-bound from the effects of some mouldy hay, leaving the 2nd Duke of Oxford as the inheritor of his honours. It was with "Duke" and the Oxford Cow, and his two Duchess heifers, that Mr. Bates set forth and won every prize he showed for at the first Meeting of the Royal Agricultural Society in 1839. They came in a steamboat to London, and walked to Oxford; and it was said at the time that nothing but the presence of Mr. Bates, and the soothing effect of his pat and his "*poor Duke!*" pre-

Mr. Bates had two very favourite maxims—one that he "could find forty men fit to be a Premier, for one fit to judge shorthorns;" and the other that there was "no place for shorthorns, like the Valley of the Wharfe." The late Mr. Whitaker and Mr. Fawkes of Farnley have proved this to the full; but it was left to Major Gunter to found a second Kirklevington on its banks, and to vow that eternal

vented the bull from slipping off the stage into the water when he turned awkward, and declined to re-embark. With the victory of his Cambridge cow, and eight months' bull-calf at Cambridge next year, and his bull Cleveland Lad at Liverpool, the Royal prize winning era of Mr. Bates virtually ceased (in fact, he hardly ever showed again), and that of the Booths began.

The Oxford tribe sprang from a cow by Matchem, supposed by St. Albans, whom Mr. Bates accidentally bought after Mason's sale. He did not admire his choice, and when she had bred a calf to Duke of Cleveland, who ripened into the Oxford premium cow, she was packed off to Darlington. Mr. Bates's lucky star was in the ascendant that market-day, as no one would bid within £2 of the £11, which he had set on her, and she afterwards calved Cleveland Lad, Cleveland 2nd (the sire of Grand Duke), and Oxford 2nd, all to Shorttail by Belvedere. Her Oxford premium cow was deficient in girth and gaudy behind, and in fact her owner was so ashamed of her in that point, that when she was beaten by Bracelet at Berwick, he hung not a "calf-skin" but a horse-rug "on those recreant limbs," and vowed he would show her no more. Failure as she might be, there was no mistake as to the cross between the Duke of Northumberland and her half-sister Oxford 2nd, resulting as it did in that fine bull, 2nd Duke of Oxford, who was put on the Duchess tribe, and got five out of the eight plums on the Kirklevington day.

At Mr. Bates's sale Lord Ducie was as undaunted as ever, and it was nothing but being, in racing phrase, "a good beginner" which secured him the 4th Duke of York so cheap. He had "determined to buy him, or make him dear for some one;" and he put him in so promptly at 200 gs., that although one gentleman at least wished to have him at two hundred more, a sort of stagnation supervened, amid which Mr. Strafford's glass ran down. If the first bid had only been a hundred, three at least would have gone on. It was this sale which first opened that Duchess tribe to the world, which had been increasing, and then dwindling at Kirklevington, during the forty years since "T. Bates, Esq.," had been written opposite "38. *Young Duchess, 2 yrs. old, by Comet, dam by Favourite*, 183 *gs.*," in Mr. Kingston's catalogue on the Ketton day. She was bulled by Comet at the time, and Mr. Bates had never once deserted the blood except for one cross with Stephenson's Belvedere.

allegiance to the Duchesses and the Oxfords which their great founder had done. His Wetherby Grange estate is well adapted for its new colony, which moved there in the August of 1857, from Earl's Court, near Kensington. It consists of 600 acres on both sides of the river, 400 of which are kept in grass. The house once belonged to "Kit Wilson," the owner of Comus, and the father of the Turf, and some of his horses were trained in the Park.

It was at Tortworth that the Major's steward, Mr. Knowles, confirmed the rich experience he had gained under Mr. Thomas Mason at Broughton, and gathered the germs of that herd which he has so ably helped to found for his new master. Tortworth, on August 24th, 1853, was a veritable Bunker's Hill removed. England was pitted against America once more—the guineas of the old country against the "almighty dollars" of the new. Messrs. Morris and Becar bid by their agent; but Mr. Thorne did his own business, in a cool Quaker-like style, with which it was almost hopeless to cope. His first English purchase for Thorndale was a 14-guinea bull-calf at Captain Pelham's sale, which he afterwards sold for upwards of 300 gs. to the West of America. It is calculated that he laid out at least fifteen thousand in five years on shorthorns; and he bought up fifty-two lots when the Morris and Becar confederacy was dissolved by the latter's untimely death, at prices which had hitherto only been read of by his countrymen in the English prints. But for Major Gunter and Mr. Tanqueray, who upset all the wise counsels which had been taken at the Gloucester caucus over-night, the Duchess tribe would have departed bodily across the Atlantic.*

* Previous to the Tortworth sale, Major Gunter had only a few Alderneys and ordinary Shorthorns, and he had not made up his mind as to whether he should buy on that day; but the bitter com-

The specialty of the Cleveland Show, when it was held at Yarm, proved to be the fox terriers. On our way down we tried in vain to impress upon a man, whose Twitch and Viper and Myrtle were as fat as guinea pigs, that the small and smooth whites were the only orthodox sort, and that he must banish hope. Of course he wouldn't have it. His dogs had Lambton and Fitzwilliam blood in them, and the former "wur always hairy." That didn't convince us, so he urged that "the Hurworth have been glad enough, time upon times, to send for yon dog's grandfather to get a fox out for them," and "as for his dam, she's been painted ten times over." However, the owner of the trio and sundry other vagrant professors of fox drawing took nothing by their journey. One Peeping Tom, who had found

plaints of some Gloucestershire farmers, who shared his waggon, as to the Americans getting Duchess 59th fired him into action at last. He accordingly bid 200 gs. for the twentieth lot, Duchess 64th, but it was hardly taken, and his 400 gs. was soon left in the rear by the Transatlantic rivals. He did not touch the 700-guinea Duchess 66th, but Duchess 67th, the fifteen months' heifer by Usurer out of Duchess 59th (the highest-priced female at the Kirklevington sale), fell to his nod for 350 gs., and then Duchess 70th by Duke of Gloster (11382), out of Duchess 66th, followed suit for 310 gs. She was only a trifle over six weeks, and the Americans had no idea of leaving her; but as one of them said afterwards, it was "the way in which that other bidder said '*and* ten guineas,' almost before my bidding was out of my mouth, that made me falter and give in." It was with these two and Duchess 69th by 4th Duke of York, whom he afterwards bought privately at nine months for 500 gs. from Mr Tanqueray, that Major Gunter commenced his herd. Duchess 67th was sent at a 25-guinea fee to 4th Duke of Oxford, and Duchess 69th to Mr. Tanqueray's Duke of Cambridge, who was afterwards so famed at Fawsley, and Duchess 72nd and Archduke were the respective results. His next purchase was the 6th Duke of Oxford at Hendon, for 200 gs., and his dam Oxford 11th for 500 gs. more, when she was just four years old. He originally intended to have bought the Duke of Cambridge; but Mr. Strafford's glass ran out in favour of the Fawsley baronet, who, strange to say, had *his* eye rather on the 6th Duke of Oxford. Lord Feversham had shown his opinion of 5th Duke of Oxford by giving 300 gs. for him as a five months' calf at Tortworth, and he won at Chester and Northallerton.

a friendly rent in the canvas of the terrier tent soon told a cluster of owners their fate. "*Ah! man,*" says he to his next friend, "*that lang chap i't trean's reet eneugh; they're leuking at nowt but the slape coats and the white uns.*" And so it was, for Captain Williams, a true lover of the sort, for Venom and Rage of the Rufford's sake, had selected three out of the sixteen whites for the prizes. Ben Morgan's fourth son, little Joe, was lying on the top platform, caressing Nettle vigorously in honour of her being second. She was seven years old, and had done Ben a world of honest service both in drawing and breeding. Once she was land locked in an East Riding earth with four badgers in front of her and two behind, and Ben said it was like discovering a subterranean Zoological Gardens. Martin Care of the Morpeth was first with his two-year-old, Pincher, which had only been three times in an earth, but as foxes take to rocks, pit drifts, sandhills, and conduits pretty freely in that country he was in for a very rich and varied experience. Charles Treadwell was third, with Wasp or Tickler, but he hung rather more to Gyp, a broad-breasted black-and-tan whose grandfather Jack had been with him at Quorn and Coldstream. The sixteen in the rough interest were of all colours, blue, white, yellow, black-and-tan, and brown-and-white. Their owners, of course, said that they wouldn't exchange theirs for the winners "*no not for two of 'em,*" and also drew much comfort from the fact that a solitary white "slape coat" had a wall eye. Mr. Hill's Bonny Bell was the "sensation" foxhound of the day, and the greatest character among the huntsmen was Robert Bruce of the Haydon. He was a tall, lean, hard-bitten sort of old fellow, clad in a velvet cap and well stained scarlet swallow tails. He brought two couple, but they were of a coarse, queer stamp, no doubt "*beggars to gan*" among their native heather and Scotch fir plantings, and ready, in

the words of their guide, to "*teer doon a fox lang afore these grand bred 'uns they mak soe much talk of have fun him.*"

After this we paid our tribute to the district's taste for iron, and went for a little change among the competing blacksmiths. Each of them had to forge a fore and hind foot shoe out of scrap iron, to dress the fore foot, and to fix the fore shoe only; and a striker was allowed in forging the shoes. A few village adherents had got round some of the men, and gradually worked them up into steam arm pace. One aspiring Tubal Cain strung up his nerves to "do or die" in fifteen minutes, and when the last nail was rivetted, he flung himself, with grimy beads of perspiration starting from his brow, quite melodramatically among a knot of his supporters, with the ejaculation: "*He'll be a queer 'un who licks me.*" We felt quite an interest in him after such a Pogram defiance, and eventually discovered him with the second prize ticket in his button-hole. Still he did not conceal his chagrin that "a slow 28-minute fellow" should have beaten him. The ruck were much more demonstrative. One of them, who said that he was "highly commended," shook his fist quite savagely at his fellow, and said, "*Dang! I'll have you for a fi'-pun note ony day,*" and desired to strip then and there, and show his muscle gratis.

Two years glide by and we are once more passing Yarm, its high-level bridge and its orchards, on a fine August morning on our way to another Cleveland Show at Redcar. Mr. Booth's Beechwood, after winning at Grantham the day before, has been scratched for the hunter prize and has left the train at Northallerton, and his owner elects to stand on the Van Galen gelding. There was no Preston Junction hitch this year, but still sixteen miles an hour seems our average rate of progression. On our

right is the new Stockton race course, commanding that "view of the mineral hills," which the committee impressed so much on race-horse owners in their *Weatherby Book Calendar* description of the ground. A few worn posters of the previous October which tell that Mr. Gladstone is underlined for a speech at Middlesboro', and that those desirous to hear him can do so for "one fare, there and back," prophesy of that dreary-looking meadow where Voltigeur, The Cure, Fandango, and Lord Faconberg were first, second, and highly commended for the "Cleveland Hundred Pounds." On the left is the great estuary of the Tees, studded with beacons looking like pigeon-houses to mark its original channel, and a few gulls and a recumbent donkey are the only tenants of the broad acres of ooze. To the right is the Cleveland vale, above the grey remains of Guisboro' Abbey; then the sand-hills thicken, and grow most appropriately yellow with dog standards, and the Redcar field, gay with tents and union-jacks, and bits of scarlet bunting, and with its hunters—through which Lord Combermere and Sir Watkin are just taking a run—all in a row; to say nothing of Mr. Booth's Queen of the Vale and Lord Zetland's white bull Savile, is safely reached at last.

Captain Percy Williams was the Cresswell of the hound bench, and we never saw him work harder and balance the points more carefully in the course of his enormous judicial practice, both sitting as judge at *Nisi Prius* at Brocklesby and *In Banco* in the West and North Ridings. Mr. Anstruther Thomson, who, like his man "Fred," looked from the first as if he was mentally laying 2 to 1 on his chance, sat about the centre of the front row, with his arm in a sling, the result of a chop in the woodlands—not with his hounds, but an axe. There, too, were Sir David Baird and Mr. Kinloch, with their

entries from the Lothians, the present Lord Feversham, and, though last not least, Mr. Tom Andrews, who was all anxiety to see "*Our old Sultan*" brought out. The old dog was rather bashful in such high company, and went to ground under the flooring of the temporary kennel. In vain did the whip lie on his stomach for minutes, and practise every endearing wile: "*Come, Sultan! poor auld fellow, come here, man! Poor auld dog!—there's naebody sal hot thou!*" as he had finally to be drawn for inspection like a badger.

When the Cheshire and Lord Wemyss's had come and gone back, Turpin, who had been making himself generally useful as first whip on the flags, opened the Fife kennel. Out came the three couple looking all life and freshness as well they might, seeing that Mr. Thomson and "Fred" had given them a long scamper over the sand and among the breakers like a troop of mermaids, that morning. Father Neptune owed them a good turn, as the year before he made such a dreadful rough night of it on the Frith of Forth that they could not be got across, so they were all left behind save Syren. That beauty of Guisboro' had been kicked and killed since then, and her daughter Sympathy was one of these three couple. Dairymaid was also put in for Rector, but though she let them down a bit, Captain Williams declared that, save and except the Belvoir Dryden bitches, he had never seen finer.

The Cheshire were out again, and again Sir Watkin was sweet on the yellow pyes; then the Yarborough, and lastly Earl Wemyss's, and the final discussion began in earnest. Captain Williams whipped out his tape-line once more; and had a few last words with Major Fletcher. Mr. Milbanke took one of his long quiet surveys, pencil in hand; and Sir Watkin drew his hand anxiously across his face, as if he was in judicial difficulties, as indeed

they all were. The Cheshire could not win on the strength of one couple, and they had too much flesh; while the Yarborough lots were not well put together, and seemed uneven, "when it came to a squeeze." It was clearly reduced to a Scottish contest—Fife *v.* Coldstream. The Bench directed Turpin "to show cause" once more. Then there was another hitch, but the issue was narrowed to two-and-a-half couple, by settling that Dairymaid should be set off against Rubicon (the very weak point of the Coldstream lot); and then the Fife had it unanimously. When the stallion hounds were brought out, it was a grand sight to see Jack Parker, of the Sinnington, once more in his red waistcoat, bring up Clinker, and discuss his points with the judges in the slender intervals he could spare from the more pleasing discussion of that gigantic sandwich, which he grasped in his sturdy left. However, Clinker soon came to grief like the sandwich.

Then the photographing of the huntsmen began, and Mr. Thomson sat on the reserve benches as a sort of committee of taste. Jack Parker had now immense difficulty as to the disposal of his hands for posterity. He got them out of sight at last, while Ben Morgan placed his right on his shoulder. William Smith looked injured at the decisions, but still the very picture of calm resignation. Turpin's air, on the contrary, was decidedly jubilant; he folded his arms like a Canning, and put his right foot forward. Will Chaning's neat lissom figure needed no posé but the natural one. Either a busy, big man with a stick or the photographer-in-chief objected to his holding his hands behind his back; but Mr. Thomson was down upon him in an instant: "*No! no!—that's the way he always stands. As you were, Will.*" Then there was a difficulty about Mr. Tom Parrington, but three chairs were brought, and "Tom" was seated on one of them next the table,

which was radiant with silver prizes, and two huntsmen were grouped on each side of him. So far so good. The offside sitter was told to nurse his leg, and the other to direct his gaze more at Mr. Parrington, who held a hunting-whip. Then the operator adjured them all to "*look as pleasant as possible,*" and Jack Parker (with an expression bordering on the seraphic) straightway inquired. "*Are we to leuk right forard at that thing? proceed!*" and the operator did proceed, and hit them off the first time, and several visitors ordered a copy on the spot.

Croft, at whose inn Thormanby, Lord of the Isles, Oxford, Costa, Scottish Chief, and Loiterer have all stood under Tom Winteringham's charge, and in whose paddock the weary bones of old Alice Hawthorne are at rest, is about three miles from Neasham Hall. We pass the well-remembered kennels of the Hurworth, where Will Danby held rule so long, and the paddocks of the old mare Shot. Of late years a totally new set of boxes have been built at Neasham Hall. The old ones did their duty, as Kettledrum, Dundee, Regalia, and Mincemeat were reared there, and the new have made their mark early with Formosa—a Two Thousand, One Thousand, Oaks, and St. Leger winner combined—as well as "the trim Brigantine." Mr. Cookson has bred four Oaks winners in sixteen years, three of them in the last four years, the first and second for the Derby in 1861, and the first and second for the St. Leger in 1868. Until he purchased Sweetmeat in 1847 for 300 gs. at Mr. A. W. Hill's sale, he only kept two brood mares. His first sire Sweetmeat stayed at Neasham for three seasons, and was succeeded by Cossack, Fandango, and Buccaneer for two seasons each, and by Caterer and Macaroni for one each, and now Lord Lyon and The Earl are in residence. The air is fine and bracing, and in the far distance the

sheeted strings may be seen, through a glass, at exercise near the Richmond "Grey Stone In." There is every kind of ground in the paddocks, and it is Mr. Cookson's principle never to let the foals and yearlings be out longer than three hours at a time. They are then taken in for two hours, and, weather permitting, turned-out again in the course of the afternoon, and always taken in at night. The rest at noon for two hours is particularly advantageous, as the mares are tied up and the foals have the chance of eating their corn and lying down when they have done so. They are thus refreshed and able to enjoy the afternoon's turn-out.

Mr. Cookson began with an old mare, Gadfly, by Irish Mayfly, which once belonged to Colonel Westenera. Then came the one-eyed Hybla by The Provost, and the dam of Kettledrum, which was given him by his uncle, Mr. John Cookson, as a four-year-old. Marmalade (the dam of Dundee) was bred by Mr. Wood of Aycliffe, and only cost £40. The late John Gill had her and trained her for two months, but could not "report progress," and hence her price. Fandango, Sweet Pea, The Gem, and Lady Macdonald—all of them by Touchstone, after whose blood Mr. Cookson has sought most eagerly—were gradually added to the Neasham store, as well as four mares at the Sledmere Sale, three of them by Daniel O'Rourke. The grey Eller came from Lord Londesborough's sale, and Secret and Miss Julia became component parts of the dozen, which has generally been the full strength of the company. Miss Julia has been very unlucky, and lost her three first foals.

The Gem only cost 120 gs. at a York auction, and was sold by Mr. Cookson to the Austrians. After Regalia had won the Oaks, he sold Buccaneer to them, and got The Gem in part payment with

a two-year-old Sister to Regalia, a whole-coloured brown mare. He had always a great fancy for Buccaneer, but the horse did not take with the public, and it was only by skilful management that he secured his thirty mares, the very least that a young sire should have for a real chance of early success. Only half the foals on an average come to the post, and the dams of many of those may not "nick" with the horse in blood. Some hold that half-a-dozen good mares are more likely to make a horse than twenty bad ones; but numerically a horse must be served, if he is ever to make a name, and some of the best racers have sprung from the most unlikely dams. His yearlings held the yard when we were last there, and we could not help remarking that a great many of them were like Fandango in their type. Boucan (own brother to Brigantine) most especially, bore a strong resemblance to that horse, and curiously enough Brigantine is in shape precisely the sort of filly Fandango got. Formosa was the queen of the lot that year, and Mr. Cookson could hardly make up his mind not to train her. He bought her in at Doncaster for 700 gs., and slept upon it, and next morning he sought Mr. Graham, who had bid 690 gs. out of respect to Regalia. That lucky gentleman was seated at breakfast, and when he heard Mr. Cookson's mission, he signed a cheque for 700 gs. without more ado, and then resumed his egg. The bargain did not take up two minutes, and the mare won him £20,380 in her first two seasons. So much for prompt decision and "following the blood."

The now-deserted kennels at Neasham Abbey remind the hunting man of many a good day, when the late Mr. Wilkinson had the Hurworth. His last day in the field was on December 17th, 1861,

when the hounds met at Croft, and found a fox in Forty Acres, which was killed at Warmire, near Halnaby, after a clipper of $1\frac{1}{4}$ hours. The chesnut brood mare Shot survived her master by five years, and then she ended her days honourably in the copper of the Hurworth. Will Danby is now at his old home near Askham Bogs. The last time we saw him he was paying his annual visit to York Races, and he and Captain Percy Williams, whom he claims to have entered to hounds, were talking of old days in Holderness by the side of the cords, instead of attending to Lady Allcash and the Members' Plate. It was there Will told us the story of Sparkler (by Badsworth Dashwood from York and Ainsty Susan), one of a litter of three couple, all at work in their third season, and all good. This dog's attachment to Mr. Tom Parrington when he hunted the pack was marvellous; and when he broke his arm, and sat down on a bank by a gate-post, waiting for a chaise to take him home, George, who had got the rest of the pack away with great difficulty, was obliged to leave Sparkler sitting beside him, and looking up quite sorrowfully into his huntsman's face. He followed the chaise on the road as far as the kennels, and when it did not turn in there, but drove right on to Hurworth, poor Sparkler could not make it out at all. His argument was curt enough: my huntsman always turns in there when we come back from hunting; he hasn't done so; therefore, he cannot be in that chaise which I have been following. Hence, to the astonishment of Will Danby, Sparkler felt for the line for a few minutes in the kennel field, and then galloped back a mile to the place of the accident once more. George found him there that night; and the poor dog's joy when his huntsman spoke to him next day through the peep-hole into the kennel, and more especially when he was admitted to an interview

in the feeding-house, was quite overwhelming. Sparkler clave to Mr. Parrington when he ceased to hunt the Hurworth, and he now lies buried under a large Portugal laurel in his garden at Normanby.

But we must hie across the country to Aldborough, to have a word with the "Nestor of Shorthorns." It is more than half a century since Mr. Wetherell commenced with shorthorns on the farm near Pierce Bridge, where he was born. The shorthorn fame of his native county had been about coeval with his own birth in 1792, and long before he commenced his maiden herd at Holm House in 1816, "the haughty southrons" had learnt to regard Durham as a very Goshen of cream and beef, and as holding a sort of charmed existence, under such proverbially cold and weeping skies. Those spirited biddings which he heard as a lad beneath the lime-trees at Ketton were not lost upon him; and hence, eight years afterwards, he set out on the Barmpton day with a determination to go in merrily on his own account. Thirty-four of the cows, and four of the heifers under twelve months old, had been knocked down before he caught Mr. Robinson's eye; and then lots 41 and 43—Lady Anne and Cleopatra, both of them full of George and Favourite blood—became his for 100 and 133 guineas, and wended their way to Holm House that night.*

* Their luck was rather chequered, as Lady Anne died in calving twins, and Cleopatra followed up a heifer which never bred, with the very first-class bull Belzoni (1709) by North Star (459). As he had hired this bull from Robert Colling, and used him for two seasons before the sale, Mr. Wetherell did not care to bid for him; but, although he was eleven years old, the "by Favourite, dam by Punch" strain induced that rare judge, Mr. Lax, to give 72 gs. for him. Time, however, proved him to have been the real lode-star of the Holm House fortunes, as he got not only the famous Rosanna during his stay, but two rare bulls, Magnet (2240) and St. Leger (1414), the latter of which Mr. Wetherell sold to Mr. John Rennie, of Haddingtonshire, for 250 gs. Young St. Leger was also no small favourite.

In 1828 Mr. Wetherell sold off all his Shorthorns, and left Holm House; and in 1833 we find him living "beneath the Gothic shade"

His last or fourth herd numbered about fifty head, fifteen of them bulls, and was located at the High Grange, near Melsonby, where Mr. Wetherell took quarters for them in consequence of not meeting with a suitable farm. A drive of three miles from Aldborough brings you to the spot, which is nearly the most elevated in the neighbourhood. Diddersley Hill, with its sparse covering of whin and heather, stands bleak and brown on the south, partially intercepting the view towards Richmond, which is seven miles away. There was once a castle on it, and as you pass through a half-crumbling turreted archway,

of Durham Cathedral, and commencing a new herd at Newton Hall, some three miles distant. His spirit and fine judgment had still greater scope in this second essay. He bred the Duke of Clarence (9040) and King Dick (9269), and sold the latter at fourteen months old to Lord Hill for 120 gs. He also gave 250 gs. for The Earl of Durham (5965) to Mr. Miller, of Ballumby, Perthshire, but "The Earl" died in less than six months, leaving only three of his get behind him, which, by way of set-off to such ill luck, averaged 106 gs. at the hammer, when under twelve months old. Duke of Cornwall cost him a hundred guineas, but he used him and then let him for that sum, and sold him for 200 gs. to Earl Ducie in 1842. The estimation in which the herd was held speaks best through the fact that at the sale in 1847 four animals realised 500 gs.

It had been strengthened from time to time by very spirited purchases. Emperor (1839), with his dam Blossom, and his grandam Spring Flower, passed into it at Mr. Hutton of Gate-Burton's sale for 250 gs., 100 gs., and 70 gs. each; and in 1846, Emperor justified his price by upholding the honour of the district, as first prizeman in the second class, at the Royal Show at Newcastle, against two dozen rivals. Mr. Banks Stanhope's prize heifer also met sixteen at the same show, and Lord Feversham's, Mr. Booth's, Mr. Trotter's, and Mr. Wetherell's were all highly commended. Barmpton Rose was also an illustrious unit in the Newton Hall herd; but after Mr. Wetherell had bred Princess Royal from her, he sold her in-calf with Buttercup to Mr. Henry Watson, of Walkeringham, at her prime cost, 53 gs., and at that gentleman's sale she and her nine descendants made 1,033 gs. Mr. Wetherell had originally purchased the mare Morsel for about the same sum, sent her to Physician, and sold her when she was in-foal of The Cure; and so, in this instance, the embryo calf Buttercup became the dam of Butterfly, who, when crossed with the once-neglected Frederick, produced not only the unbeaten, but the highest-priced bull that the world ever saw. This is not Mr. Wetherell's only connection with the Towneley herd, as

you fancy that, even if it be only tenanted by the owls and the bats, there must of a surety be one still; but not one stone is left upon another. You soon find that your castle is in the air, and that you have just passed through the mere portal to a moor. Mr. Wetherell's holding was up two or three fields to the left. The farm-buildings look desolate enough, and exposed to all the fury of the west wind, but there was a snugness and comfort in all the arrangements, down to the canvas curtains and the whin bushes on the gates, which proved, without even seeing the result in the beautiful condition of the cattle, that Mr. Wetherell and his trusty herdsmen, John Ward, had not battled with the elements in vain.

Lady Scarboro', an old dame of stately presence, broad back, and prominent breast, and the roan

Mr. Eastwood purchased Blanche 5th, by Bates's renowned Duke of Northumberland, out of Blanche 2nd, from him, and bore off Roan Duchess, by Whittington, out of Red Duchess, by Cleveland Lad 2nd, as well. Red Duchess and Blanche 5th were both bought by Mr. Wetherell from Mr. Mawe, who had in his turn bought Blanche 5th from Mr. Bates. Mr. Eastwood's pair kept each other company, not only in the journey to Lancashire, but through their daughters in after years, in the yard at the Chelmsford Royal, where, after passing into Colonel Towneley's hands, Roan Duchess 2nd was first in the cow class, and the red-and-white Blanche 6th next to her.

It was with Blanche 5th and Red Duchess that Mr. Wetherell commenced his third herd at Kirkbridge in 1848; and three years after The Earl of Scarborough (by Roan Duke, a pure Bates bull), who was bred by Mr. Mawe, and bought along with his dam at the Tetley sale, carried off the head prize at Windsor, for the best bull in Class I. Still, his success had many serious drawbacks, as twenty-four of his cows died of pleuro-pneumonia, and thirty-three cast their calves; but the herd was gradually rising into note once more, when, in consequence of circumstances well known, Mr. Wetherell gave up his Kirkbridge farm, where he had once hoped to end his days, and went to reside about a mile off at Aldborough. He did not, however, relinquish breeding entirely; and, faithful to the blood of The Earl of Scarborough, he brought his daughters, Lady Scarborough and The Duchess of Northumberland (who goes back with two crosses of Belvedere to "Sockburn Sall," by John Coates's bull) along with him; and these, with Moss Rose, Cosy, and a few others, formed the germ of the fourth herd.

Cosy were the leading dowagers of those sheds, and the roan Moss Rose, whose public life had been one series of brilliant seconds to Nectarine Blossom, was grouped in a Ward bouquet with her daughters Ayrshire and the buxom Stanley Rose. John's lot was cast with her in troubled times hereafter, in the "fatal walk she took through Holyhead;" but now she had only to lift her gay little head, and come marching straight towards us with that massive Bride Elect bosom, as if the Durham County wreath were already her own. Next came the curly, white head of that handsome bull Statesman, with those rare lengthy quarters, and a 26-inch measurement from the tail to the huggins. Much as Mr. Wetherell liked this bull, he considers that his best was one by Young Albion, from the dam of Rosanna, for which he would not have taken 500 gs., and yet he had to shoot him for fear of manslaughter.

The sale day was one to be much remembered, and the Moor looked all life, as the shorthorn men, who had been entertained royally at the King's Head over-night, poured into it, and found their host in his white waistcoat on a pony, acting as field-marshal, while the 48 lots, bar infants, were being marched round in tribes. A blue bullock-van, with "The Cumberland Ox" in six-inch letters on its side, did duty as catalogue and counting-house. The Union Jack floated above the Durham Horticultural tent, and the voice of the revellers was pitched in its highest key, when Mr. Wetherell said a few feeling words to neighbours and "auld acquentance" (as Billy Pierce always phrased it), and poor Jackson, then just midway in his race career "at lusty one-and-thirty," returned thanks for the Turf, coupled with himself and Saunterer. Mr. Sam Wiley and Mr. Charge were both there, and the latter called to mind, as he stood bowed and feeble with years, and leaning on the arm of a friend, how nearly, nine-

and-forty years before, he had joined to buy "a leg of Comet," and how none of his three partners remained to tell the tale. Mr. Jacques, a great winner and breeder when Clementi was in the land, looked on, and so did Mr. Nesham, the owner of old Usurer, who lasted until his fourteenth year. Mr. Richard Booth stood by with a quiet chuckle, and Mr. John Booth was the Branches Commissioner. Her Ladyship listened anxiously in her brougham, till the relentless "and ten" upon "ten" stopped at "300 for Lady Pigot" (loud cheering), and Stanley Rose was proclaimed the prima donna of the day. Mr. Drewry was not to be denied for Cosy and Comfort, nor Mr. Doig for Moss Rose and Ayrshire Rose. About 73 guineas for 48 lots was the final return from the waggon, and a roan heifer-calf by King Arthur, from Duchess of Northumberland, was the only memento left. After that, Mr. Wetherell formed no more herds, and wound up by breeding two or three thoroughbred foals from a Flying Dutchman mare. The neighbourhood was not drained of prize shorthorns when the forty-eight had gone. Mr. Wood of Stanwick, a close neighbour of Mr. Wetherell's, won the first aged prize with Lord Adolphus, against both Lord of the Harem and Prince Frederick at Battersea in '62. Four years after, his beautiful cow Corinne stood first at the Plymouth Royal and the Yorkshire, and it was from heifers of his breeding that Mr. Mitchell of Alloa bred some Highland Society prize winners.

"Nestor's" little home at Aldborough has many a herd memento on its walls. There is the cow bred by Mr. Thomas Booth, which he sold at two years old to Mr. Carter of Theakstone, and then bought back at beef price and put to Comus (1861). She had three heifers, and Mr. Rennie, senior, of Phantassie, bid him 500 gs. for them, and ended by

buying the oldest out of the pasture for 250 gs. The second went to Mr. Whitaker. Three roans are there from Herring's hand, and painted in Memnon's year, when he was a struggling coachman artist in Spring Gardens, Doncaster. Comet (155) is said to be the only one by Weaver in existence. Mr. Wetherell always thought Comet too long, but still a more elegant bull than Duke of Northumberland, who had also to struggle against rather upright shoulders. Comet's kith and kin are there in St. John and Gaudy by Favourite, bred by Mason, who always loved good hair. Still, perhaps one of the greatest triumphs is the old sow of the Elemore, or rather the Bakewell breed. She was one of a litter of eight sows and two boars, and the former won the first prize in eight successive years at Cordilleras, near Richmond.

"Bid me discourse" is an invitation Mr. Wetherell never shrank from; and, with the Brothers Colling, Mr. Thomas Booth, Sir Tatton Sykes, Captain Barclay, and Mr. Wiley on his walls, it would be strange if he did not sit by the hour in his easy chair, and tell of old times and shorthorn doings when they were all in the flesh. At times the gig comes for the Chief Baron to go over and spend a few days at Killerby and Warlaby. He presides there in great state at those "high private trials" of shorthorns under the trees in the home garth, and cites the Charity precedents. Mr. John Outhwaite frequently assists, and adopting a mode of practice quite unknown to the Westminster law courts, that learned baron generally backs his opinion from the bench for one, if not two, new hats. On the knotty subject of the Leicester yearling heifers, the Court, which never objects to "liquor up" during the most weighty discussion, divided two and two.

"Great constitution" is Mr. Wetherell's leading tenet, but "great size" never was; and

if he does illustrate it, he goes to Colonel Cradock, who gloried in it, and whose "Magnum Bonum was like the Great Eastern." He always considers that Earl Spencer began the bull trade, and made shorthorns so to speak fashionable with the landlords. It was the thing to go to Wiseton, more especially about the St. Leger time, and if visitors liked a cow, they bargained to give £50 for the produce. The Earl crossed in till he sacrificed constitution—they had thin fore-quarters and no breasts; and it was then that Mason, a very clever first-rate judge, a hater of "fool's fat" and open shoulders, and most decided about fore-quarters and a good neck-vein, came to the Earl's aid. Whitaker was a great keeper, and all for the milk-bag, and Bates's mellow, light-fleshed sort grew less and less robust—they would get fat, but they would not swell and thicken like the Booths, which will stand any amount of high pressure. Such is a mere fragment of his confession of shorthorn faith.

* Prices may at times have been wild and fanciful, and 250 guineas may seem an extravagant bull-hire, but still buying good beasts and holding to approved tribes, even at a large outlay, is the most profitable policy in the long run. There is some method in the "madness" which would give 125 gs. for "Oxford 11th" as a calf, 250 gs. for her as a three-year-old, and 500 gs. for her as a cow, on the only three occasions that this dam of "Fifth Duke of Oxford"—the first-prize aged bull at Chester, and a 300-guinea purchase at six months old—was brought into the sale-ring. When we look back to the calm foresight of the Brothers Colling; the courageous confidence of Mason, the Rev. Henry Berry, and Whitaker; "Tommy Bates," and all his animated

* A great portion of this chapter is extracted from a Prize Essay on Shorthorns (H. H. D.) in the Royal Agricultural Society's *Journal* for 1865.

lectures on touch and form in his pastures, or on the show-ground; "A quiet day at Wiseton;" the dashing cow and heifer contests between Towneley, Booth, and Douglas; the victories of "Duchess 77th" and "The Twins;" the dispersion of the late Jonas Webb's herd at the steady, paying average of £55 10s. for 145; the brilliant gathering which appraised the "Butterflies;" the £8,180 at Willis's Rooms for seventeen Grand Dukes and Duchesses; and the two May Meetings of '67 in Kent and Essex, and then scan the result in so many fairs and pastures, we may well feel that shorthorns have repaid all the money, thought, and labour which have been expended upon them. Still, in one way only can their supremacy be made permanent—by always keeping in mind the rule by which our first breeders have been guided, that "a good beast must be a good beast, however it has come; but that it is to pedigrees alone that we can trust for succession."

CHAPTER VIII.

"If civilized people were ever to lapse into the worship of animals the cow would certainly be their chief goddess. What a fountain of blessing is a cow! She is the mother of beef, the source of butter, the original cause of cheese, to say nothing of shoe-horns, hair-combs, and upper leathers. A gentle, amiable, ever-yielding creature, who has no joy in her family affairs which she does not share with man. We rob her of her children, that we may rob her of her milk, and we only care for her that the robbery may be perpetuated."

Household Words.

Eccentric Sporting Characters — Mr. Bruere's Herd — His Booth Tree — John Osborne — Mr. Anthony Maynard — Killerby and Warlaby Recollections — Mr. John Jackson — Lord Feversham's Herd — "Old Anna" — Mr. Samuel Wiley — Mr. Borton's Leicesters.

YORKSHIRE is so essentially the county of sportsmen, orthodox or eccentric, that it may not be out of place to say a word about the latter in every part of England before we deal with its Sykes, its Gully, and its Tom Hodgson, &c. The records of them are very slight, in fact often nothing more than a mere passing mention in the *Gentleman's Magazine*. Of Miss Ann Richards of the Ashdown Club, we have spoken.* Miss Mary Breeze of Lynn had also good greyhounds, and took out a shooting licence, and when she died she left special Suttee sort of orders, that her mare and her dogs should be shot, and all buried with her. Among eccentric-clerico characters, we find Cotton, a clergyman, of Kew, whose snare was his dog and gun, and who had them

* "Scott and Sebright," p. 231.

generally waiting for him at his vestry door as soon as service was over. It was, we believe, said of him, that he put on his surplice, in order to get a better shot at snipes in snow time. Robinson of Kendal had a horse, but he never got on to it. In fact, he always led it on its journeys, and if any friend asked the loan of it, there was the stereotyped excuse, "*I cannot go to lead for thee.*" He invariably took out a game licence, and kept several setters, but he never fired a gun, although he was always going to become a British sportsman "next season," up to his death, at 84. The nastiest part about him was, that if he knew that a man coveted a dog or gun at a sale, or elsewhere, he would buy it at any price, purely to deprive him of it.

Mr. Vernon, one of the "fathers of the turf," was great as a wall-fruit amateur, and he astonished the Newmarket gardeners by his new mode of forcing peaches. "Count" O'Kelly, the owner of Eclipse, divided his attentions between the mighty chesnut and a parrot, for which he gave 50 gs., besides paying the woman's expenses with it from Southampton. It was a wonderful musician, and they do say that it would go back to the erring bar if it made a mistake in whistling a tune. The Count, however, recited no parrot formula to his nephew about betting, but left pretty plain instructions in his will that he was to forfeit £500 for every bet he made. When Mr. Trinket died, it was written of him that he was a "perfumer without Temple Bar, and well known at Newmarket;" and Edward Pennyman, the saddler of Holborn, earned a posthumous chaplet, to the effect that he "first invented the hogskin saddle, and rode a match over the Beacon." Bartley, the boot-maker, must have been jealous of his fame, when he rode Pegasus in Phosphorus's year. Mark Cobden's prowess was confined to "making the largest arm" of any man breathing at Goodwood, as he threw a

5½-ounce cricket-ball there 119 yards, and beat Earl Winchilsea by 3.

The very odd racing characters seem to have lived chiefly in the North and Midlands. One died not so many years since, so let him rest; his peculiarities are embalmed in the records of a great trial; but why not a word for Mr. Matthew Briggs, who respected the turf so much that he only condescended to wear a shirt when he went to Derby and Lichfield races! The life of Hurst of Rawcliffe, is, we are told, the only light reading in which the water-drinkers at Askern Spa, near Doncaster, indulge. About 1830, he was quite a hero in that district. A fox, a bull, and an otter were his chosen pets, and his coffin did chest duty. When he went out shooting he rode the bull, and taught the pigs and the dogs to do the quartering and retrieving. His waistcoat was composed of drakes' necks, and when he drove his asses or dogs in his own home-made carriage to the St. Leger, he distributed notes for 5½d., "payable to John Bull on the Bank of Rawcliffe." Lumley Kettlewell was of a far higher caste, and horses, dogs (which kept up a roving commission among the shambles to save their lives), a fox, a Maltese ass, ducks, and a monkey were the solace of his existence, and resided under his roof. He got in at his window by a ladder, and packed himself at nights into a crate of straw for heat. While his bank notes were lying about his drawers, and were on one occasion devoured by rats, he was eating cocks' heads and rabbits' feet, and any offal he could light on. Looking up racehorse pedigrees was his delight, and if he went to a friend's, he would seat himself right in front of the fire, plant his elbows between his knees, and study the *Calendar* in silence from morning till night.

Fox and hare-hunting have had some very queer votaries. An American writer remarks that we must

be a cheerful-hearted people, as we clip our garden hedges into fantastic shapes—here an urn, and there a crowing cock. A turnpike man beguiled his weariness in somewhat the same way, but he would not rest short of a horse and rider, and during the hunting season he put the man into a scarlet coat. Other enthusiasts have been even more practical and persevering in their homage. Stephen Wood, who was blind, followed the hounds at 84 without a guide. Those who do not "dread to speak of '98" may remember how well the Rev. E. Stokes of Blaby rode, and how a little bell was rung by his attendant whenever there was a fence. A blind officer performed still more boldly with The Duke's, but a friend's voice was sufficient for him. George Kirton attended "the unkennelling of the fox" ("Sylvanus Urban" is rather funny among terms of art) till he was turned a hundred. Geordie Robinson's enthusiasm carried him through many a hard day on foot with the Sherborne, and under the belief that he was a duke, he bedecked himself with ribbons and laurel. He was, however, as nothing to Tom Roberts, who hunted harriers at Kirmond, in Lincolnshire. Calves he had none, and he was equally ill off below the elbow. Still he had a voice of great volume, and a little excrescence like the joint of a thumb on one elbow, which seemed to answer for hands, and everything else. Ned of the West was an excellent master of harriers; and glasses, engraved with horses and dogs, were his household specialty. Bridges divided his allegiance between harriers and silk-handkerchiefs; but there was nothing of the man milliner about him for all that, as he once rode down the Brighton Devil's Dyke at full gallop, for a bet of £500. Even in their last hours the peculiar tastes of these worthies did not leave them. John Hornby was buried in 1739, near Newmarket, wearing his jockey cap "by express desire,"

and with a whip in his hand; and far more recently, one Thomas Phillips, a brewer, was carried to his grave by all the huntsmen and whips of Berkshire. The passion of his life had been to amass pads, and if any resurrectionist could dig down to him at the churchyard of Speen, near Newbury, they would find his gristly fingers still grasping that relick of a Craven "Charley."

There is no need to speak of the scenery through which we passed on the branch line from Northallerton to Leyburn. It was done to hand in a Richmond paper by the Robins of the district. "You can stand," he says, "and see almost to Sedberg north-west, with a valley bursting forth with living beauty and grandeur; and the river moving in its serpentine form, and in all its silvery brightness. You can then turn round and you will be able to see on a clear day eastward, the Cathedral at York, and a landscape of living beauty that becomes overwhelming with grandeur to the intelligent admirers of greatness and beauty. I look forward to the time when the railway shall pass through the valley to every part of England; and when the princely manufacturers shall be drawn by the beauties of the Dale, to come and reside here, and fill the Dale with their splendid mansions, so that it should become like Sharon, Carmel, or Lebanon for splendour and grandeur."

Parson's Barn is soon in sight, that once great trysting-place of the Edie Ochiltrees of every age and degree, and for which Yorkshiremen say that they have heard summer appointments made by vagrants when they have been strolling in Hyde Park. A little to the right is Spennithorne, in whose "Throstle's Nest" poor Job Marson, the jockey, made his last investment, not long before he was carried to its churchyard. Middleham, with its castle on the hill, we leave to the right, and wind round by

East Witton, where the grass is hardly grown on the grave of Tommy Lye, through lanes, into which two carts cannot pass without considerable generalship, up the sycamore avenue, and so to Mr. Bruere's hermitage at Braithwaite. It stands in the midst of a rose-tree prairie, among which white Dorkings, which proved hardier than Spanish, lead a merry sort of life. The three gables, which look like ivy bushes, were said to have been built by three sisters, and they bear the date of 1672. Everything is in keeping with the wide entrance-hall and massive stairs, and the low black oak wainscoted parlour, with no emblazonment but "the Booth bull tree on its walls." Modern taste has crept in with a small dairy, in whose midst a fountain, of iron and painted glass, plays for shorthorn men. China of many patterns, with yellow, blue, green, and claret as the ground work, is on the shelves, and the new milk is held in dishes of iron, coated with pot.

The Coverdale valley, down which so many jocks have "wasted" in their day, lies in front, with the river Cover winding through its deep dingle of ash and sycamore. In the distance is the ridge of the Low Moor, with occasional sheeted strings of racers glancing along its skyline, like the scenes in the magic lantern, and stretching away to the High Moor, which has the frowning Penhill to back it. The old church at Coverham is hard by the Cover stream, and many a racing celebrity lies under its shadow. There sleep old Bob Johnson, the steersman of Beeswing and Dr. Syntax; Ben Smith, as green as a young turkey on his mother earth, but a very Talleyrand in the saddle and the winner of six St. Legers; Harry Grimshaw, of Gladiateur fame; and there too, old John Osborne now rests his dreamless head. Ashgill, in whose quiet little parlour he used to sit like a wizard, not consulting the stars or perusing the prophets, but weighing handicaps in

his good brain balance, is perched high on the hill side. Below is Tupgill, from which Tomboy and Caccia Piatti used to go forth to clear their pipes in good air; and beyond is Brecon Gill, which is also associated with some of Tom Dawson's best triumphs of the tartan, and the dark blue, the Johnstone crimson, the Jardine "blue with silver braid," and the "Jamie Meiklam" stripes.

Mr. Bruere farms about 300 acres under General Wood, and two hundred of muirland. Of the rest, which has been gradually enclosed from the slopes of Braithwaite Fell, only 38 acres are arable, and 12 of them turnip. The blackcocks club within three hundred yards of the house, and, when the wind is in the west, the hill-sides are full of grouse, but an easterly blast drives them further over to Dally Gill Moors or Masham Moor Head. About 150 black-faced ewes are kept for the heather, and crossed with a blue-faced Leicester. The produce are sold off as lambs and shearling wethers, the latter of them generally weighing from 20lbs. to 22lbs. per quarter, and averaging 6lbs. per fleece; while the best of the shearling gimmers are kept to make up the ranks of a half-bred flock to 50. The cross invariably knocks the horn out of the gimmers; and those of the wethers which retain their horns are coarser, but make bigger sheep. The white-faced Leicester has never suited the half-bred ewes so well, and his stock never seemed to travel so well through the ling. Mr. Bruere considers that he owes most to a black Leicester, who gave plenty of "japan" to the face and legs, and yet only got four black sheep in the course of his four seasons.*

* The Lincolns have been introduced on the Yorkshire Wolds but they did not answer, and required higher keeping. Many farmers both in this and other counties have tried one cross of the Lincoln on their Leicester ewes, and gained wool and size without a sacrifice of that aptitude to feed which is the Leicester's great characteristic;

Mr. Bruere came to Braithwaite about nineteen years ago, after spending fourteen years at Aggle-thorpe in Coverdale. His Booth devotion dates back to 1824, when he was a school-lad at Ripon. Mr. Richard Booth used to invite him and his two brothers over to Studley, where those buxom matrons, the red Anna and roan Isabella, stole his youthful heart. A fine white bull, Young Albion (15), also held him in a spell, and so completely deadened an early longing for Australia, that he settled quietly down to farming at Agglethorpe. He began a herd with Lily and Damsel, half-sisters by

but the second cross does not answer, as the mutton has a tendency to be coarse. A few Lincolns are still sent annually to the Masham districts of Yorkshire, which have what they call a "Mug" tup, or Leicester of their own. He is not a relic of the Teeswater; and a "New Leicester" man will not look at him. He stands well on his legs, and can travel through the heather after the active speckle-faced ewes better than the short-legged Leicester, which would "weary to nothing" in such ground. The rams are hardy, and clip from 8lbs. to 10lbs. of wool, and in very rare instances 12lbs.; while the ewes average 6lbs. to 7lbs. of wool, and are very prolific. The wethers will make up with good keep from 20lbs. to 24lbs. in eighteen months; but several of them are not cut, and dealers carry on a large trade by taking them to Scotland. Many of the best ones find a ready sale at Masham, Kettlewell, and Skipton, where the farmers won't look at a pure Leicester, and £15 has been made for "a regular topper." They seem to spring from a union of the Leicester and Teeswater, but there has been no "crossing out" for many years. A tendency to feather down below the hocks is avoided as much as possible in the rams, and so is too much wool on the head. The heaviest woolled sheep are not chosen for the moor, but rather those with a light ringle staple.

Almost every farmer in Wensleydale who has a little lowland keeps a few "good-bred ewes" of the sort, which they put to rams with the biggest fleece they can find. Many of them are also bought about Askrigg Midsummer Fair, but the best are kept back until later in the year. This "Blue-cap" sort, as many term them, came into special notice some seven-and-twenty years ago, when one of them by a pure Leicester from a half-Leicester and Teeswater was shown at the Liverpool Meeting of the Royal Agricultural Society. In shape and make he was a pure Leicester, but he was thought rather too big.

The ewes which the "Mug Leicester" follows on the moors are principally brought as gimmers to Askrigg Market, from Lanarkshire, and have fetched as much as 45s. each. Such is the eagerness

Cleveland (3404), and Lily's dam and Leaf both by Burton (3250), a son of Comet (155), and bred by Mr. Wyville, of Burton Hall. He has gradually formed six tribes from Kate, Damsel, Leaf, Lily, Vesper, and Garnet, and distinguishes them respectively in his nomenclature as "Sweets," "Roses," "Leafs," "Flowers," "Stars," and "Precious Stones."

Chance, the first bull who came to Agglethorpe, was succeeded by Shipton, from Mr. Edwards', of Market Weighton. Shipton only got one thing (Strawberry) that has left any descendants in the female line, and he went back to Lady Sarah, own sister to Isabella by Pilot. He had also pretty nearly made an end of Mr. Bruere, as he flung him on to some lime-heaps in a lane; and if his cloak

of the farmers in the district, that they go the day before to meet the droves, and buy them up before they see "the hill." The Craven farmers have the longest purses, and hence the small dalesmen have to be content with their leavings. The "shot ewes" do not come from Scotland until the autumn, and are bought for making fat lambs in the lowlands.

"Masham lambs," or the half-bred produce of the "Mug Leicester" and the Scotch ewes on the moor, are generally bought by dealers and resold at York Market for Derbyshire and the Midland Counties, as well as for many districts of the East and West Ridings. They are first put on the stubbles after harvest, and these, if late, always affect their price, which has ranged from 18s. to 35s. for the best. The Moor ewes generally run there for four or five years, and if a ram suits them, no money will tempt his owner, and he is kept till he is almost a skeleton. Sometimes these half-bred or "mule" gimmers are crossed again with the "Mug Leicester" for fat lambs or stores, and in weight of wool and carcase they run the Leicester hard if well done to throughout. The half-bred ewe generally breeds and nurses well, but she is seldom kept more than two years on the moor; and after one crop of lambs on the lowlands she goes off fat to the butcher. "The Swaledale lambs" are another and a very hardy sort, between the "Mug Leicester" and the native horned sheep, which abound in Swaledale, Colsterdale, Dallowgill, and Akengarth, &c., and have close short coats and a hard touch. They go to the wildest parts of Derbyshire at very much lower prices than the lambs from the Scotch ewes, and are not nearly such good feeders as shearlings."—Prize Essay (H. H. D.), *Royal Agricultural Journal*. 1868.

had not become unclasped and wound itself round his horns for a few seconds, his victim could not have crept through the hedge. This was our Braithwaite friend's first and "positively last appearance" in the Spanish matador line of business.*

Our evening was chiefly spent over the Booth Chart 1790, or "Warlaby, Killerby, and Studley Bradshaw." We had all the more pleasure in helping to prop it on the table, and exciting Mr. Bruere into a lecture thereon, as, according to him, we had the honour of being its sponsor. During a visit to Braithwaite in the Christmas of 'Sixty, we found Mr. Bruere armed with numberless rolls of pedigree papers, which he unfolded upon us to a sea-serpent length. The prospect was appalling, and our spirits sank when we heard that Bates and the Duchesses, on the same principle, would be the programme of the following evening. "Why not pull yourself together," we said, "and combine all this into one chart, on the fashion of the Temperance Allegory, or the Morrison's Pills tree?" So he set to work that very winter. Here was "the self-supporting

* After Rouge, Silky Laddie (which claimed descent from Mr. John Colling's Rachel, eighteen of which averaged £92 6s. at his sale in '39), and Sylvan King (half-brother to Silky Laddie), the pure Booth period set-in with King Arthur, half-brother to Venus de Medicis, who was hired from the late Mr. John Booth for 100 gs. a year. Thirty-two calves, a moiety of them heifers, were the produce of the visit; and, as he had gone home three months before his time, Prince George arrived to finish out the two years, and never left Braithwaite except for the block. Windsor was also kindly lent to Mr. Bruere by Mr. Richard Booth, from May, '60, to February, '61, on his return from Mr. Carr's. Thirteen cows and heifers held to the Royal white, who looked the mere outline of his once great self; and two of the thirteen cast twins; but three bulls and seven heifers were the produce of the rest. Prince George was rather yellow-red in his colour, and infused a good deal of red with white legs into the stock, as well as his round Booth-rib, and soft, well-covered huggins. Baron Booth, from Vesper, was his son, and was used for a time, before his sale for 200 gs. to Mr. Barclay, and "won a silver mug, between hours," at Bedale, as the best beast in the yard. His calves were first and second at the Highland Society's Show in 1869.

herd," drawn out, after many a weary night's labour, with pencil and brush, into one vast sheet, bristling with names and dates, and resplendent with the banners of its ten great tribes. The ten flags were each painted into their place, and also grouped at the top, five and five, with the Booth crest—three boars heads, and three drops of blood on them. Under the dedication is the record of the Anna-tribe, going back through eight generations. Mr. Richard Booth always loved to tell how Anna walked to a Manchester show, and bore a calf afterwards, and how she was such a high grazier, that he had nicked fat with his penknife out of lumps on her side, and preserved it as a curiosity. As between her and Isabella, he always said, "Let both divide the crown." If you praised the one, he turned on to you with the other.

The top is quite a pedigreed Bashan—bulls bred by Booth to the right, and bulls introduced into the herd to the left. Easby of the *Blossom*, and Agamemnon of the *Anna* tribes with Isaac, Julius Cæsar, Red Rover, and Young Alexander are among the "Ayes to the right," as they say in the House of Commons. So is Raspberry, the first Warlaby bull, and perhaps the biggest that ever stood in its stalls, where he unhappily got hung. On the left, there are mighty heroes in Albion, a purchase at Charles Colling's sale in 1810; Pilot, a rather small bull, from Robert Colling's sale in 1818, who was once let and recovered again; and Mason's Matchem who did so much for Killerby. Mr. Booth sent Young Carnation to him, and having thus put the blood through his own filter, he used Young Matchem to the Broughton family with remarkable effect. There too are Raine's Lord Lieutenant, "a short-legged, thick and lusty dog, but rather lacking in hair," the sire of Leonard, whose daughters, Bliss and Bianca to wit, ran more to milk, as Buckingham's did to

beef; Mussulman, of Cradock's Cherry blood, who got Buckingham; and Lord Stanley, who brought back the family blood from Castle Howard, and was the sire of Birthday.

John Osborne seemed quite an old Parr in our minds, and yet he had hardly been known on the turf much before Charles the Twelfth's year. He was at one time head lad under Skaife, when the Duke of Leeds kept race-horses at Hornby Castle, with "Sim" Templeman as his jockey. "Chocolate and black cap" were the Leeds colours, and he adopted them when His Grace died. Our first remembrance of him on the turf is in connection with Mr. Loy's Ararat, one of the colts which, in conjunction with The Commodore, Malvolio, and Lanercost, made Mr. Ramshay's Liverpool so popular. The bay was a pretty good one in his time; and once he went so far as to get Beeswing's head for the Stockton Cup, and it was all Cartwright could do to prevent him from getting "bang up." Old Bob Johnson was never so astonished in his life; and, "in course," he had some reason for them at Tupgill when they at last ventured to mention it.

John Osborne was known in connection with many other horses besides Ararat, but they were generally rank bad ones. In later years he was quite as great a pillar to the northern racing as "B. Green" had been in his time; and labourers in the fields used to say, "*Likely enough, some of John Osborne's,*" if they saw a long string journeying towards a northern town the day before the races. About 1840-41, the same expression was used in a different sense; and if a horse was beat off below the distance, the betting-men had that phrase almost stereotyped for reply, when any Grand Stand neighbours asked them whose was the unfortunate.

With 1842 came a new order of things, and John had the Marquis of Westminster's string—Sleight-of-Hand, Maria Day, Auckland, and a lot of others—in his keeping. Auckland by Touchstone was a colt upon which the late Marquis was wondrously sweet, and, from his foalhood, he set a monstrous figure on him. He was reared at the Moor Park paddocks, and was coming north in the early days of the London and North Western with a black filly, when an engine burst, and nearly boiled the filly, and took some skin off the colt. They were taken to the Eagle Inn at Rugby, where the filly soon died, and the Marquis went in for something like £3,000 compensation for the two, and we believe he got it. Auckland was very little the worse, and, as it proved, "The London and North Western Boiling Stakes" were the best he ever won. The millionaire Marquis fondly hoped on for the Derby; but, although the illustrious patient did not win that race, in the process of years it fell with Caractacus to the young Rugby V.S. (Mr. Snewing), who attended him.

Such was poor John's Eaton episode with the Derby, and he did not care for another season as guardian of the yellow jacket, which was enough to give him the jaundice. Maria Day, a very sweet little animal, and Job Marson very nearly put things right at Doncaster; but "The Yeoman" was in the way, and John was not sorry to have his crust of bread and liberty, and begin at the bottom ring of the ladder of fame once more. The Heir by Inheritor was one of his horses, but it was a sad weary time, although with George Abdale, his future son-in-law, to ride, he did a little for his employers, and on his own account, till his son and heir, the redoubtable "Johnny" appeared in the saddle. We remember the old man quite opening out (for him) in the train one day about his lad, and his delight

that Sir Joseph had engaged him to ride at 5st. 6lbs. on Van Diemen in the Goodwood Stakes. The next year (1850) brought the great turn in his family fortunes with Black Doctor. The little horse ran four times, and did nothing, then he began to "come," and lost his maidenhood in that grand Eglinton Stakes finish, which he won by a neck from Beehunter and Nancy, and had Neasham, Payment, Pitsford, and Mildew behind him as well. The black went in the course of the week to Mr. Saxon for 800 gs., and henceforth the star of Osborne and Ashgill steadily rose. John was marked dangerous for his two-year-olds, and his great axiom of "if they are to be sweated, let them sweat" (not on Middleham Moor * for love, but all over England) "for the brass," stood him in fine stead. As an early tryer and bringer out of ripe two-year-olds, and as an artist for keeping them on their legs when they were brought out, he had no superior. During the '52 season, Exact and Lambton were like the man and woman in the clock—when one wasn't out, the other was. Exact ran sixteen times, and won nine; and Lambton was out once less, and won once more. Very often they were in the same stake, and John had some little difficulty in deciding which was to go. At the York August of that year, his London commissioner backed the wrong one for a race, and John had to follow the "wires," and change his tactics forthwith. They drew about £1,000 between them in stakes that meeting, which John thought a great thing, as he had not then dealt in Little Stag, or Prince Arthur, King Arthur, Wild Agnes, and the rest of that lucky Agnes family, of which he sold two, "Little" and "Miss," to the present Sir Tatton Sykes. It might be the bargain was better, and therefore he liked to send his best

* For a description of Middleham Moor, see "Silk and Scarlet," p. 139.

mares *en masse* to a horse if the blood suited, and Birdcatcher, Weatherbit, and The Cure were all his particulars. For Colsterdale, which he purchased for £300 at the Sledmere sale, he had some fancy, and his brood mares had gradually increased and multiplied till there were forty of them. No one did more with The Cures, and he had a strong attachment to Wild Dayrell, though he did not use him in the same wholesale way. He also left a good word behind him for Piccador.

Brown Brandy and Cherry Brandy and Lord Alfred were ready to appear at the footlights, when Exact and Lambton (for no one knew the exact moment to sell better) had departed south. The grey was a son of Chanticleer and Agnes, and for soundness a wonder. He began on March 29th, and had run 24 races, and won 9 of them on Oct. 28th, the day after his companion Lady Tatton had won the Nursery Stakes. Next year, Manganese, giving 2st. 4lbs. to Shelah, was second for the Nursery Stakes, and the year after that old John nailed one of the classes again with Mongrel, under no very flattering weight, so that the Newmarket Houghton Friday had nothing but good omens for him. Great weight-for-age races were not his forte, although he did drop on to Blair Athol at York with The Miner. Lady Tatton was third for him in the St. Leger, but he never got so near for a Derby or Oaks. Honeywood's friends made a braying of trumpets about the black, which not a little disturbed the repose of the backers of "The West," but John was wrong that time. He looked very downcast, following Saunterer in the paddock on the Derby day, and threw up his hands and told his friends he "knew nothing about him;" but the public watched the money, and knew as much as he could tell them as to the "pencil fever," which was slowly consuming the colt in the interior.

In his day he trained for a number of good men—Lord Zetland, Lord Londesborough, Sir Charles Monck, and others; but he was very independent, and he had every right to be so. What was better still, prosperity never puffed him up. He was really and truly "Plain John" to the last. "Little fish" in the way of stakes and little meetings were what he loved. Handicap studies were his *forte*; and go past who might, he hardly looked up from the desk at the office-window, which looked into the yard at Ashgill. The calculations he had in his head about forms were as clear and well arranged as a senior wrangler's differentials and integrals, and we never heard of but one man who could thoroughly tackle him over weights, and make him ring hurriedly for his slippers at the inn, and say, "*I think I'll be off to bed.*"

The last time we saw him was at the Doncaster meeting. He came in that long trainer's train, in which Blair Athol's box was placed before General Peel's, and so many accepted the omen. There was the crush hat and the salmon-coloured handkerchief looking out of the train, and then old John descended and walked up the line, but took no part, as Johnny "unshipped" The Miner. There seemed a worm at the root then, and we felt sure he would never see another St. Leger. He came to the town once more for the spring meeting, whose first Hopeful stakes he had won with Saunterer; but he was hardly seen out again, and he was on his deathbed ere Stockbridge came round, and henceforth all the entries were made in John Osborne junior's name. That confirmed in words what the racing world had long known too well by report, that the old man's days were numbered. His was a homely style, and a homely school, but it was a most efficient one, and few, if any, can boast of having reared up such jockeys as John Osborne, Challoner, and Harry

Grimshaw, who all began their saddle-life in his colours.

If there is ever a gallery devoted to the heroes of "field and fold," the late Mr. Anthony Maynard will infallibly have a place. He came from quite a shorthorn and horse-loving family. "Maynard's bull" is a name of note in the "Herd-book," and "t'auld yellow cow," to which he so often reverted, made her peculiar mark. Crusade (7898), by Cotherstone, by Bates's Cleveland Lad, from a granddaughter of John Colling's celebrated cow Rachel, was his most famous show beast; but he had done nothing in that way for some time past. He leant decidedly to the Bates blood, but bullocks were his secret pride. He delighted to recount what toppers (the best of which was nearly lost in the snow) he and his father before him had pitched at Yarm; and how both of them would take "to boot and horse lad" and ride thirty miles across country by daylight to be at market betimes. He was always a very active man, a keen sportsman, and rode well to hounds; and it was, we believe, a hardriding accident which caused that peculiar crick about one shoulder which, with his keen, intelligent face, made him "so good to know." For twenty years he kept the Boro' Bridge harriers, and showed excellent sport. The Raby country then extended as far as Boro' Bridge, and the duke always charged him, "*If you find an outlying fox do your best to handle him before he reaches a cover.*" He hunted both with the Bedale and the Raby, and when either of the masters appealed to him at a check: "*Which way, Anthony?*" the general reply was "*overridden by those young officers—cast behind them.*" On hunting days he was up at five, and rode over his six hundred acres before breakfast, and then fifteen or sixteen miles to cover; and no man told better Yorkshire hunting tales over a bottle of '20 port. He was one of the

oldest shorthorn breeders in the kingdom, and we hear that his herd numbered about 120 head at his death. To the "Herd-book" he had been a contributor since its commencement, and his numerous entries traced to good and ancient families.

Marton-le-Moor, a few miles from Ripon, was his pleasant, old bachelor home. The handsome Crusade, with a portrait of his owner and his herdsman, formed a leading feature of the snuggery, and a large painting of "the best side of Comet" (as he did not fail to tell you), held the place of honour in the dining-room. A Yorkshire show-ring hardly looked itself without "old Anthony" or Crofton inside it, and he was quite regarded as a "chief justice" in shorthorn matters. A more upright judge did not exist, but he had very strong dislikes and "crotchets," and did not scruple to express them when he was not on the bench. To the Butterfly tribe he was never reconciled. The Royal had his services as judge at Chester, in 1858, and again at Leeds, in 1861; and he liked the business so much, that, when he was verging on seventy, he crossed the Channel to officiate at the Dublin Spring, and proved himself in the possession of wonderful "sea legs." In judging he generally gave more points for mellow handling than for gaiety of form. He went not so much for size as for neatness and quality, and at Dublin he was in the minority when Rosette was drawn against Sweetheart for the first cow prize, and he took good care to let his opinions be known. He couldn't see it at all, and led many a breeder up to the pair in the course of the day, and with that odd jerk of his stick, proceeded to argue out the point on which "Mr. Stratton had been so stiff." Very few, if any, had finer taste, but he was not free from that peculiar cynicism in describing a beast which is the vice of so many good judges. Part is spoken of as though it were the whole, and there is no balance of

points. Thus, if he spoke of Belleville, he would say, "If you backed his hind-quarters into a hedge he was good enough," and left it; and unless you pressed him hard you heard nothing of his beautiful head and forequarters, and "soft, molelike skin." We believe that he had been at very few shows since the Leeds Royal, and that for many months back he had been in a very failing state—so much so, that it was hardly thought that he would see the New Year in. He was one of the last of those "grave and potent seniors" whose fine experience we can so ill afford to lose.

His brother, Mr. J. C. Maynard, was known as the owner of the bull Match'em and the cow Portia, but his fame principally rested on his horses. Mr. Dyson called him "the Yorkshire judge," and he had generally ten to twenty carriage horses for the London dealers at Northallerton Candlemas Fair. His son Anthony of Skinningrove inherits his tastes, and frequently judges in the Northern rings. For five-and-twenty years, while Mr. Maynard lived at his Harlsey estate, he kept harriers in the Northallerton country. He dearly loved Old President and Sir Harry Dinsdale horses. It was on Example by the former, when he was riding 16st., that he had the best of it in a great 40-minutes' run, with a brush at the end of it, from Streatham Whin to Harlsey; and it was in something nearly as good, with the Hurworth from Dinsdale to Windlestone, that he jumped the Skerne near Aycliffe on Miss Marske by Sir Harry, and sold her soon after for 200 gs. Cock Robin and The Peacock were his best Woldsman horses.

We have always had a peculiar feeling for Catterick Bridge and its race-course, from their association with the old coaching and posting days. The Stand is "quite a primitive little shop," with cottages under it opening out into the road. The big

meadow, which is entered through those iron gates in front of the Bridge Inn, is generally mown for hay, and some years since the T.Y.C. course was extended, and now runs at the edge of an arable farm. The course is 1 mile 246 yards round, and is the scene of the post colloquy* between the gentleman-rider and the starter, which the pencil of a lady in the neighbourhood duly immortalised in *Punch*. The snow never lies as it does on the Richmond hills, and often in stress of weather the strings are sent over from there to gallop each morning. Lord Zetland's horses have been mostly tried in Catterick, and it is still more memorable for the "sensation gallops" of Plaudit, when he went puffing along, led by Strathconan and Lozenge, and yet found some to believe in him and his Two Thousand fortunes to the last. Touts generally come on these occasions, and hang about the Bridge all day till they "get tight," and are well up to correspondence pitch. Inheritress hated the course, but was quite devoted to the ups and downs of Richmond. Never was mare more sensitive; and if the course or the day didn't just please her, her head and tail were never at rest. Old Jacky Ferguson haunted the spot for many a long day, or loitered down towards Bainesse and Killerby to have a turn with the partridge-shooters or a cast with his fly. This lean old man was an odd link with a bygone day, when his brother's

> "Big coach-horse, Antonio,
> Went rumbling to the fore"

in the St. Leger; but the sixth Duke of Leeds and Skaife and Sim Templeman have played a far more important part in the history of this little race-

* He was asked by the starter why he didn't go, and replied that as he had orders to make a waiting race of it, he might as well wait there as anywhere else.

course. Hornby Castle seldom failed to win the Cup, and one occasion His Grace was first and second with Zohrab and Longinus. "Sim"* always fancied the former most of the two, and elected to ride him; but he felt more proud of his victory on Lot against old Bob Johnson on Tomboy. In these latter days a cloud of two-year-olds go to the post, and writers rejoice in "the tulip garden" of jackets. Give us old times—the pink and black stripes of old Raby, the geranium red of Bell, the black and white stripes of Sir James Boswell, the crimson and white of Lord Glasgow, the green and yellow of Ramsay, the blue and white stripes of Meiklam, with men to wear them, and we have starters enow.

The late Mr. John Booth ran a few horses at Catterick, and Sir Tatton came specially to don his "pink body, black sleeves and cap" on Honesty. This horse was one of Octavian's get during his sojourn at Oran, and could compass four miles well. Sir Tatton always "liked to have those four white legs under me," and he also rode Joker for Mr. Booth at Northallerton. He pulled up after winning as he

* Templeman's first mount was for Dr. Bell, of Pocklington, in 1818, on Unity, at Malton, and his last was on Eller for the Oaks in '59. He "walked" for Lord Zetland's Derby colt Lanchester the next year; but his foot gave way on the well-known stretch between Leatherhead and Box Hill, where he and Bill Scott had toiled along so often for Whitewall. He could then have scaled 8st. 11lb.; but 8st. 7lb. was the weight in those days. The first race he ever won was at Northallerton. Up to that point, he had ridden two dozen times; but when the ice was once broken, he began and won right away, principally for old Tommy Sykes's stable. In one of his early races he had three heats in one day, and a fourth on the next, and he pulled it off. He was on Octavius, and in the third heat John Jackson, "a dark-looking little fellow," crossed him, and "Sim" immediately collared and shook "the old'un," youngster as he was, and on his complaining to the stewards, Jackson was distanced, and hardly ever rode again. Ben Smith was a great man in those days, but too quiet and gentle a spirit to try on a cross or jostle. Ben never failed to give good advice in his waste walks, and "*always tak care and be a good boy, and walk regular, and you're sure to get on*" was his mild form of adjuration to any youthful hero in a strong perspiration at his side.

thought, when there was really another round to go. It was the year of his marriage, and her ladyship was in the stand as a bride. *"I'm very sorry, sir, but you must blame Lady Sykes not me for the mistake,"* he said, when he met Mr. Booth after the race, *"I was thinking more of her than my work."*

Mr. Booth was a very fine-looking man upwards of six feet and fifteen stone, and with rare hands and a fine eye to hounds. This was the sport he loved best, and when he was on Jack o' Lantern or Rob Roy few men could cross the Bedale country with him. The former was purchased from "Chief" Plews—a parochial constable and farmer, and the sponsor of "Plews's Garden, or Fleetham Whin,"—in a rather peculiar fashion. Mr. Booth went to see the horse late at night, and his owner not content with showing him, added in a confidential way: *"You hang about a bit, nobbut let my old woman and her clatter get to bed and I'll let you see him loup."* Accordingly he employed the midnight hour in getting a couple of lanterns, and tying them to the gate posts, and put the horse twice or thrice over the gate, cleverly. It was his delight to teach them those tricks, and Mr. Booth was so pleased that he gave £200 for the horse, and named him then and there. Rob Roy was an entire horse, and as well known as Jack o' Lantern with Lord Darlington's hounds, when the Duke's country extended from Borough Bridge to Sunderland Bridge, and took in the Badsworth as well. Mr. Booth was never more in his element than at the Catterick horse show, which was held on the town green each October, until an unhappy lawsuit divided the committee. There were about 30 classes and sometimes 300 entries from foals upwards. Ratan, The Cure, Bay President, and Young Priam were generally well represented, and four three-year-olds by the last named horse once fetched £200 a-piece shortly after the

show. The Killerby bred one went South and made £500 the next year. This colt's own brother, Salt-fish, a favourite mount of Mr. Cradock's for eight seasons, won twice on the town green.

By land Mr. Booth had quite the best of his brother Richard, who was never given to active pursuits, and was only a quiet gig man from very early days. It was very different in water, where Richard was a wonder. In fact, from the time he was a round, rosy boy at Tate's there was no sinking him; he could swim over the low deeps at Richmond with a lad on his back; at Redcar he once floated two miles out to sea, and a boat was sent after him by the lookers on; and he could sit and wash his feet in twelve feet of water and support himself by a slight rocking motion. Mr. Booth was no singer, but full of joviality and good stories as well as the neatest practical jokes. Among his best stories was "Forbidding the Banns," which he told of a woman with an impediment in her speech, who always said "*Gin-a-gin*" by way of preliminary, and not only forbid the wrong banns, but stuttered out before all the congregation that she did it on the authority of "Squire Booth of Killerby." His friend Wetherell generally had his guard up, but when he received a letter apparently from Earl Tankerville, saying that he was to lot and sell the wild cattle of Chillingham, he puzzled for minutes as to how on earth his lordship ever intended him to catch them and bring them into ring, before he guessed the joke and its author. These two, with Torr, Philip Skipworth, and Hugh Watson judged a great deal in Ireland together, and had a very memorable trip to Athlone. At every town they came to, Mr. Booth put it about, and the post boys aided him, that Mr. Wetherell, who occupied the box-seat in portly state, was O'Connell. Thousands of the Irish had never looked on the great agitator's face and quite be-

lieved it; and then in his turn Mr. Booth found that he was believed to be Tom Steel. As for poor old Philip, they primed a gipsy woman and set her on him, and she told his fortune and many little Aylesby matters with such marvellous accuracy, that he was very glad to give her half-a-crown to get rid of her. Mr. Booth judged a great deal in England, and never went for great size either in a bull or a cow. As a man of fine, steady judgment in a cattle ring, he has perhaps never had an equal. Gem, which died calving as a two-year-old heifer, was his model for compactness, beautiful hair, and fine, even quality of flesh; Hope was his type of a thick loin and heavy flesh; and he thought Hamlet the best bull he ever bred. He died in 1857, after a weary twelve months' illness, in his seventieth year, at Killerby, and a memorial window at Catterick, where he rests, was put up by his friends and neighbours and the Shorthorn world as well. *

Bainesse, one of the grandest farms in the North Riding, lies between that little town and Killerby, and on the left is that 101-acre field, out of which, when it was all in swedes, the late Duke of Leeds, a friend, and his grace's head-keeper killed 126 brace of partridges in two days. The Hornby coursing meeting generally began hard by Killerby park gate, and Larriston won his first course for the Cup in the 33-acre "Jack Close." Mr. Booth was very fond of the sport, and had a capital dog "Nips," which won the Wensleydale Cup at Leyburn.

There are two roads across the park, in which thorns and wild cherry trees—dear to starlings and thrushes as well as cherry brandy lovers—abound; and walnut trees and pink chesnuts from Holder-

* At his sale (Sept. 21, 1852), the 44 lots averaged £18 12s. 8d. Bloom (110 gs., Mr. Ambler), Birthright (105 gs., Mr. Douglas), Pearly (405 gs., Mr. Eastwood), and Hamlet (66 gs., Mr. E. Bate), were amongst them. Wide Awake and Farewell (Mr. Emmerson) averaged 15½ gs.

ness flank the road on the Catterick side. One of the thorns recalls the fate of Bracelet, whose thigh was broken by a cow jumping on her as she sheltered beneath it. She bred again, but became so hopelessly lame that she was slaughtered. Necklace was made up and won the gold medal at Smithfield. She had only one heifer, Jewel, the dam of the famous Jeweller, who, crossed with the Barmpton Rose tribe, built up the Towneley herd. The present Mr. John Booth's tastes take the same double-barrelled range as his father; and Jeweller, Beechwood, Vaulter, Ballet Girl, Brigadier, Brian Boru, Bannagah, Bird of Passage, and British Queen all attest his show-yard prowess, with more than three score of first hunter prizes alone. The raw material, Sister to Bird of Passage, own sister to British Queen, a Cavendish two-year-old, and a Young Dutchman foal were all in the Park, and there too was Becky Sharpe in foal to The Drake again. In the stable were Beacon, the grey which has carried his present owner for ten seasons, and only once come to grief, Brilliant, and four other useful adjutants of the Bedale Hunt, of which Mr. Booth has been for three seasons master.*

* Foxes became so scarce in the best part of the Bedale country, that it was some time before a successor could be found to the present Earl Feversham, when his lordship ceased to be master in 1867. It was not until every effort had been made in vain to get a master, that Mr. J. B. Booth consented to undertake that office, with Mr. H. F. C. Vyner, Mr. J. Hutton, Col. Straubenzee, and Mr. Bruere as his co-guarantors. Mr. Booth, thereupon, bought 33 couple of the old pack for the country, and sufficient funds were raised, in reply to a circular, announcing that fact, to pay for the hounds and some drafts from other kennels, as well as to lay down some new gorses. Foxes have of late years been short, more especially in the Hutton Moor and Hornby Castle covers; but the Master and his huntsman Carr have shown a great deal of good sport under circumstances of considerable difficulty. There is no finer scenting ground in England than that part of the Bedale North of the Swale, from Catterick Bridge to Morton Bridge, with Uckerby, Pepper Hall, Kiplin, and Cowton

Necklace, Bracelet, Birthday, Pearl, Gem, Mantalina, Venus Victrix, and Soldier's Nurse were once calves in the lambing paddock, and Dickey Leyfield presided over their fortunes. Hecuba was the matron of the herd at the time of our visit and Forest Queen and four more daughters roamed the Park with her, while Brigade Major, by Valasco from Soldier's Nurse; Knight Errant, by Sir Samuel from Vivandiere; Lord Albert, by Lord of the Valley from Dora, by Windsor; and Merry Monarch, by Lord of the Valley, from Lady Mirth, made up the bulls at hire.

When the Brothers Colling retired from Shorthorn life, the Booth family gradually filled their place. Charles Colling lived quietly at Croft after his sale, but he was a slovenly farmer by all accounts. He was wont to think rather mournfully of his old triumphs and to say, "*If I had only my eyesight perfect and the use of my fingers, I should not despair of a new herd.*" His brother Robert, who went more into Leicesters, often said that there was nothing much better than another in Charles's herd unless it might be the Phœnix tribe. Mr. Thomas Booth, whose Shorthorn career dates from his residence at Studley, A.D., 1790, hired Ben and Twin Brother to Ben, and he bought Albion at Charles Colling's sale, and Pilot at Robert's. Pilot was rather small, and old breeders tell us that the sight of the Young

Whin as its favourite covers, and although some people complain of its being "all plough," still those who rode from Kiplin to Middleton Tyas Quarries on Jan. 20th, 1868, thought that "the Bedale ladies" were quite fast enough for any country. The south or Ripon side of the country is more open and easier to ride over, but does not hold so good a scent as a rule; whilst the west side, Hipswell, Hauxwell, Leyburn, &c., has more grass and frequently affords some good runs, though the country is very rough and hilly. The runs of Nov. 6th, 1867, from Hunton Moor (Thornhill's Whin) to Bolton Hall and back to Leyburn (where they killed); and of April 18th, 1868, from Scotton with a kill at the Richmond Paper Mills—both of them over 2½ hours—will long be memorable ones.

Albion cows at Studley in Mr. Richard Booth's day is one of which they have never seen the equal.*

Warlaby does not rank very high in the British census, and a few cottages, which hardly rise into the dignity of a street, and three farm-houses besides Mr. Booth's, compose "the tottle" of a village the sound of whose name has passed into every beef and mutton land, with Babraham and Holmpierrepont. Mr. Booth's farm flanks the road to Borough-bridge on each side, arable on the right, and nurse cows and bullocks, some of them with two or three Warlaby crosses, on the left, and extends for nearly a mile up the grass vale of the Wiske. On a clear day you can see the "Minster;" but so they say in almost every part of Yorkshire we have been in yet. Still there is no doubt, when you are in the High Field, that you can command the whole range of the Hambleton Hills, so suggestive of Mameluke, Kingston, and Velocipede; of the distant range of Cleveland; of the White Mare of Whissencliffe; and of Roseberry Topping, which is as proud a beacon to the Yorkshireman as "Belvoir's wooded height is to the Leicestershire Nimrod, or the Æginetan Oros to the Grecian mariner."

"*October* 31*st, Richard Booth, of Warlaby, aged* 76." Such was the trite and fitting line in which *The Times* announced (A.D. 1864) the death of this premier of shorthorn breeders. It was grand in its simplicity, as it so exactly typified the conscious

* Leonard was a nice little bull with great loins and well-sprung ribs, but rather strong in the horn. Buckingham was a fair-sized bull, a little forward in the shoulders, and with a great inclination to lay on flesh. In shape Baron Warlaby excelled him, but he was rather too long, and Mr. Wetherell was wont to say that he should like to put him into a lemon-squeezer and reduce him a size. Vanguard was a bull of great size with a rare loin and back; Hopewell with his curly scorp was not so good looking; and Harbinger was a short-legged, thrifty fellow, with an almost unrivalled power of getting his stock all alike.

power and sturdy self-reliance of the man whose name embodies a family career, with its tap-root in the days when Comet's great grandam was still a calf, and when Sam Wiley had not abandoned his marbles and his satchel. Richard Booth was in truth a very Pope among breeders, and dispensed his thirty bulls with a high and lordly hand. Still there was the great fact which none could gainsay, that go where they might they left a good and lasting impress on a herd and an average, and that they had wrought a peaceful revolution in Ireland. Hence all Shorthorn breeders found it politic to stand well with the master of Warlaby; and even then the difficulty of getting a bull was somewhat analogous at times to election at The Athenæum. The demand was invariably in excess of the supply, and therefore prices might well keep up, and 300 gs. (as in Crown Prince's case) be once more bid in vain for one year's hire, when Prince of Battersea from Queen of the Ocean was destined to be "in residence." Few men had the courage to talk to him in praise of any other sort. He stood on the deep flesh, the compact frame, the rare foreflank, the unmistakeable family likeness, &c.; and when he made a suspected cynic point him out one or two of the most robust of the lot, he would tell him that Lady Grace, for instance, was about the closest bred, and leave him to think out for himself the marvellous constitution of a herd which could stand hard forcing and in-breeding so well. He began at Studley when he was twenty-nine, and when he sold off in 1834, many of the lots were, as an eye-witness expressed it, "fine strapping lasses of the Anna tribe," in direct descent from Twin Brother to Ben. The only one he retained was "a large patchy cow," Isabella, whose first calf after she came to Warlaby was a roan bull by Young Matchem. She then produced one of his great Royal and Yorkshire winners, Isabella Buckingham.

He was "a king out of business" for a year, which he might well describe as the weariest he ever spent; but he had not long to wait for his sceptre, and in the prime of his life he sat down under his roof tree at Warlaby and began to build up another and a more enduring herd. Nine years more, and the era of Royal Shows had fairly set in. In 1844 he broke ground with Bud, as second yearling heifer to his brother's Modish at Richmond; and gathering strength as he went on, he made his first great stand at the Northampton Royal, and swept the first, cow, two-year-old, and yearling heifer prizes with Cherry Blossom, Isabella Buckingham, and Charity, own sisters to Baron Warlaby, Vanguard, and Hopewell respectively. The new century had dawned on the Brothers Colling as the champion breeders of the Durhams, and when it reached its meridian it found the Brothers Booth with nineteen Royal, thirty Yorkshire, and three Highland Society firsts, besides divers seconds (to their own beasts), the rich harvest of a dozen summers. Many of his friends pressed him to retire from the show yards in the flush of his Chester victories with Nectarine Blossom and Queen of the Isles, but he would not hear of it. His line of Queens was not half exhausted, with Queen of the Vale as a calf in his stalls and Queen of the Ocean in perspective; and why was the old general to sound a retreat? With his Nectarine Blossom and his Queen Mab he charged that very summer right into the Royal North Lancashire district to confront the Towneley cows, and the pair were first and second in the cow class. He always placed his candidates well; and in due season he cried quits with Duchesses 77th and 78th when he met them at the Durham County. His Queen of the Ocean as the Battersea judges said, was, "all that a cow should be," and earned that very rare privilege and generally accorded to none

but dead statesmen, a note of admiration from Lord Palmerston and Mr. D'Israeli—who both had their hands on her—on one and the self same day. He very seldom showed bulls, and Hopewell, Windsor, Bullion, Prince Alfred, Sir James, Lord of the Valley (who was kept latterly to cross the whites, and brought him a fine fall of heifer calves), and British Crown were the only others that ever won anything for him; and three of them only one prize a-piece. His show luck burnt brightly to the close, and in his very last Yorkshire, the young ones not only went well to the front; but old Prince Alfred, after making a perfect Ulysses of himself in the home farms of princes, emperors, and baronets, came out and was first in the bull class in the eleventh year of his age.

A more remarkable contrast than these two celebrated brothers, both in form and temperament, is seldom met with in practice. John, the elder, was, like Robert Colling, perhaps the more original thinker of the two, but not the same steady worker. He was more the man of the world, fond of a gallop with the Bedale, and always ripe and ready for a little fun; while Richard was much more of the dignified recluse, and thought "no place like home." John delighted to go off on judging expeditions; while Richard never donned the ermine, and only cared for a good lodging or his "ease at mine inn" during a great show, that he might see a few select standard-bearers, who would share his winning pleasure, or sympathize with him if he was beaten. John was an apt and ready speaker, and never sat down without some quaint, racy sentiment which set the table in a roar; Richard merely rose, and bowed to the chairman and vice in turn, and let himself down again, with a simple word of thanks to the company. One was more off-handed, and hardly valued his herd enough; the other was the man of

business, who appraised it to a nicety. The one was more catholic in his cattle tastes, and had boldly sought and found, with infinite judgment, among the pastures round Richmond, a fresh cross for Bliss in Lord Lieutenant, and for Bracelet in Mussulman; while the other, though no one knew better the worth of Leonard and Buckingham, determined, after Exquisite's warning, to leave well alone, and solved the fearfully difficult problem of crossing his closely-related families with all that tact which Jonas Webb displayed in another department of stock science. The public did not know what was doing at Babraham, but still they felt sure it would succeed. They knew the bulls of the season at Warlaby, and predicted that the herd must go down for lack of a cross. The old sage only smiled at their fears; and left Commander-in-Chief and Lady Fragrant behind him to confound the prophets.

He attended the Cobham and the Aldborough sales in 1859, and after the summer of that year, the Royal and the Yorkshire knew him no more. Absence did not weaken his ancient love, and when he was confined to his bed or chair, he watched as keenly as ever for "a wire" from his nephews on the afternoon of a great show. He broke down with rheumatic-gout on his return from the Warwick Royal, and for the last two years of his life he was almost bed ridden. The "quiet days at Warlaby," when he would walk or go round the stock in his gig, were over at least in his generation, but still old friends would come as usual, and tell him how everything was looking, and go through all the heifer chronicle of herds in general, and those in particular which had (or were thought to have) "a flyer" or two for the Royal. There was quite a Warlaby gathering, on the occasion of a neighbouring sale; all the medals and prize cups were set out in array, and not

a few shorthorn men were admitted for a hand shake to his inner room. Still no hope was ever held out of his recovery; and when, two or three weeks before his death, he was obliged to deny himself to all but his immediate relatives, the word went through Yorkshire that that great change was near, for which his whole life had been one long and earnest preparation.

He was buried at Ainderby, within a short distance of his home; and was followed to his grave by upwards of four hundred gentlemen, and farmers, and others who had known him in life. Owing to so few at a distance being aware of his death, the attendance of shorthorn breeders was almost entirely confined to those of Yorkshire and Durham. Like the late Lord Delamere and Turner the artist (whom he somewhat resembled in figure), he had an especial dislike to being painted, and how and when the little lithographed sketch was taken, which some friends used to show you by stealth, in his life time, we could never exactly learn. His herd was left to his nephews and nieces, and Mr. Thomas Booth took it at a valuation.

Our remembrance of Warlaby and Killerby are only of eleven years date. The two places are about seven miles apart, and the route lies through Ainderby, where Velocipede adjourned from Whitewall and "commanded" the country for some seasons. The late Sir Maxwell Wallace had a word with our companion as we passed his garden hedge, and, of course, they got on to Bedale Hunt matters. A gamer man than the old baronet never put on scarlet for the battle or the bulfinch, and he was "blazing away" till he had turned eighty and got a severe fall. Still even to the last, he did not take to an old man's hack, but steered Rathconan which had won the Howden Steeplechase the year before.

Warlaby, which is on a stronger soil than Killerby, lies somewhat in a hollow beneath Ainderby steeple, and consists of 310 acres, over which Sir Samuel, in his anti-gate-opening head gear, then seemed to act as advanced guard. The late Mr. Booth did not care for pictures of his winners. There was the big bull Navigator in oil colours, but the rest were merely little engravings on stone, such as might have been cut out of the Herd Book, and framed, and they were hardly in harmony with the massive challenge cup on the sideboard. Cuddy in his brown jerkin and a checked handkerchief, twisted like a hay-wisp round his neck, and an aged hunting-whip in his hand, was on Banniston Hill, where old Satin, Vivandiere, and Princess Elizabeth and Red Rose were grazing. Satin, the dam of General Havelock, was a white with a roan neck, and rather upright horns. She milked well enough to keep a show calf, and help the dairy as well, and Mr. Booth had been in vain solicited to show her in the milch-cow class. Vivandiere had a much pleasanter head and horn; Princess Elizabeth, dam of Queen of the Isles, was a little on leg; and the neat-breasted but somewhat ragged-hipped Red Rose by Harbinger, had only the year before added Queen of the Ocean, to Queen of the May, Queen Mab, and Queen of the Vale. The future gold medallist and Soldier's Nurse were calves together. Crown Prince stood by the gate leading into the straw-yard, and old Hopewell, then sadly crippled, behind him. "The Prince" was not a prize bull, but what was better, the sire of prize winners, and at one time, the late Mr. Booth had sixteen bulls out on hire by him. He had capital forequarters, and was rather of a fawn roan, and his horns were slightly curved, owing to the constant use of the board which he carried for safety. Then we passed on to that glorious group of Bride Elect, with a bosom which seemed to require a second pair of

forelegs to support it; "the Greek beauty" Queen Mab and that slashing and rather masculine-headed cow Nectarine Blossom, which had bloomed five months before at Chester and Northallerton. She was the biggest cow that ever left Warlaby for the show-yard; rather more square in her make than Plum Blossom, and with a capital udder. After the sight of such a trio, Queen of the Vale, good as she was, had hardly class enough. Poor Queen of the May had been brought onto her knees with training and railway trucks, and had eaten quite a bare space round her as she knelt to graze. In the house she "favoured" herself the same way so that you could hardly judge of those magnificent shoulders. Queen of the Isles was a marvel for wealth, but her calf bed was imperfect, and she went to the butcher.

Eight years later and hardly one of them, save Queen of the Ocean and Soldier's Bride and Lord of the Valley were left, but the young Commander-in-Chief and Lady Fragrant were in their glory, and there too in her blooming heiferdom was the beautiful 1,000-guinea Bride of the Vale, which was sold with Merry Peal (500 gs.) and Royal Briton (500 gs.) to go to Canada. Sir James was going out again on hire in the thirteenth year of his age.*

Yorkshire has had two John Jacksons of no small turf renown. One rode seven St. Leger winners, and counted Beningbrough and Altisidora among them; and the other, who was only

* The Warlaby herd was in great peril during the cattle-plague, which raged for six months within 1½ miles of the homestead, and nearly 300 beasts went down by disease or poleaxe. The final outbreak was not more than a quarter of a-mile off, and the fate of this great herd seemed to tremble in the balance. Vaccination and M'Dougall's disinfectant were freely used, but Mr. Booth's main reliance was on burning tar in braziers at several points of the farm-yard. The fires were carefully looked-to first thing in the morning and last at night, and might be smelt down wind for a couple of miles. No case of any kind occurred.

a lad of eleven when the old jockey died nearly blind, at Northallerton, became the noted "Jock o' Fairfield," breeder and owner of racehorses, a leviathan bettor at "the Corner," on a carriage top, or in "any place set apart for that purpose," a mighty Nimrod with the Bedale and Sir Charles's, and an "all-round" man as far as any sport was concerned. It was by the side of the Catterick cords that Jackson, who then "whistled at the plough," first learnt to love races, and to risk half-crowns on his fancy. That life, with all its curious and often mis-directed activities, was closed early. Nature had given him a fine farmer's-lad constitution to begin with; but he had been too prodigal of it, and she had her revenge at last, when he was only forty-one. Well might he say (when he knew his doom) that he had seen more life in his time than most men of eighty. His temperament was, in fact, far too excitable for the stirring scenes in which his lot had been cast for nearly twenty years.

His connection with the Turf dates from The Flying Dutchman's year, and it was with the money he then won upon the tartan that he gradually became a leading member and a very Stentor of the Ring. He did not, like a living hero of Earl Winchilsea's lyre, simply take his stand at Newmarket,

> "Supreme upon the pump,
> Clear his fine voice, and give a warning thump;"

but he was ever on the move, a very locomotive Turf exchange. Davis was restless in his day; but as regards powers of speech, he was a "dumb man of Manchester" in comparison. Be the din ever so loud, Jackson's voice was heard above it, booming forth in quarter-minute guns, shotted to the muzzle with the unshackled Doric of the North Riding, his offers to lay or take. There he strode about, with his betting-book in one hand, and his favourite short

stick in the other, and if there was a row or a scrimmage of any kind, he was sure to project himself violently into the midst of it as bottle-holder or commentator. He always displayed great partiality for Lord Glasgow's horses, and would field strongly when anything of the old Earl's was running at Newmarket or elsewhere; and his jubilant shout, "*Lord Glasgow wins!*" will be remembered by all racegoers at that time. Fortune was generally on his side. He was said to have won nearly £40,000 on Ellington, and those who saw him after Blair Athol's Derby needed no telling that he could have been happy with either the chesnut or the Glasgow bay as the winner. In his way he was a Ring institution, and was as much behind the scenes in the North as "Lord Frederick" in the South.

He was emphatically a man of action everywhere. The pounding-match, for a thousand a-side, from Crick, with Sir Frederick Johnstone, would have been quite in his way; but there was a desperate hardihood about the affair which made Mr. Payne, the umpire, and the friends of both parties feel not a little relieved when it fell through, as they were sure that one of such a never-say-die pair would have been carried off the ground on a stretcher. Sir Frederick had recently jumped a mill-dam in the Burton country on a bay horse with a white stripe down his face, which was afterwards in Mr. Clowes's stable at Quorn, and his other deeds of daring were legion. Mr. Jackson had six hunters up at the time —Tippler and Highwayman, which he bought at Mr. Hall's sale; Barney, by Barnton, the horse on which he jumped a flight of double posts and rails (16 feet, measured inside) with the Bedale; Ross (by Hospodar), Redcar, and Duke. Highwayman won a four-year-old prize at the Yorkshire Show, and Tippler the Cup at Driffield in '64. He would

have ridden the latter at 14 stone if the match had come off, and given more than two stone away. Greyhounds were not much in his line; but if he was at Altcar, he went striding over the ditches, betting-book in hand, and shouting, "*Live hare!*" "*Well done, black!*" &c., during the courses, with a glee that was quite infectious and irrepressible; and he was certain to be never far off if there was "a cheerful fight" on the field. Again, when his constant friend to the last, Mr. Tom Parrington, became secretary to the Yorkshire Agricultural Society in '65, he determined to give him a good "cheer from the shore" at Doncaster, and sent Blair Athol as a special entry, who was located in a stall-box lined with green and yellow calico, and attracted not a few visitors. Cricket had no faster friend. The "three Cambridge men" were constantly his guests during the winter at Oran, and Newmarket was witness to the quaint single-wicket match ("Bat *v.* Broomstick") between him and Diver. It was played on the Bury side of the town, and the Heath was the scene of his catch-weight match on Neptunus against Fordham on Levity, when he gave away some five stone, and got beaten by twenty lengths.

Racing was, after all, his sport of sports, as was certain to be the case with a man born at Catterick, where his brother still farms the paternal acres, and the "blue, white sleeves, red cap," often caught the judge's eye. Saunterer and Tim Whiffler are the horses by which he will be best remembered, and the Chester Cup with the latter, and the Great Metropolitan with Haddington, were his most important handicap victories. "Tim," as he strode along shaking one ear, was a wonder, and the style in which, after his sale to the late Duke of Cleveland, he fairly broke the heart of Asteroid (when he forced the pace from the Rifle Butts in Lord Derby's

Plate at Doncaster) and won both Goodwood and Doncaster Cups, left no doubt upon that head. Two such horses as "Tim" and "Mat's black" rarely fell to the share of one man. Another "honest nigger," Haddington, who eventually went to China, was a good second for the Chester Cup in '63, and ranked high in the second class both as a racer and a stayer of the great Blacklock line. When Mr. Jackson last visited the Root stud, he took an immense fancy to Buttercup, then a two-year-old, and offered Mr. Eastwood in vain every racehorse he had in exchange for her.

No one grudged less a good price for a yearling, and the moment he was seen with that jaunty step and open-mouthed laugh at the side of the ring, bidders had to waken up to some purpose, as they knew he would "follow the blood" if it had given him a good turn before. He gave some high yearling prices in his time—to wit, Elland, 300 guineas; Precious Stone, 500 guineas; Jupiter, 620 guineas; Repulse, 750 guineas; and so on; and when he removed from Oran to Fairfield, and began as a regular breeder of blood-stock in that model stud-farm, 700 guineas for Woodbine and £7,500 for Blair Athol did not stand in his way for an instant. Was "Jock o' Fairfield" to bow his head to "old Newminster and the Rawcliffe shop?"—a likely thing, indeed!

There were few horses he delighted in more than the handsome little Neptunus, who was fourth for the Derby, and, although he and Jupiter disappointed him, he never seemed to falter in his fancy for the Weatherbit blood. He also hired Carnival for three seasons, but unfortunately paid forfeit to be off his bargain after the first one.

Cost what it might, like the late Mr. Theobald, he would have the best of everything, and play the Napoleon, if possible, in whatever he undertook. He would have a stud of first-class brood-mares, and

a stud-farm inferior in its arrangements to none in the kingdom, and Palmitine, Flower Girl, The Swift, and Witchcraft were amongst the winners he bred and sold. In 1868, two dozen yearlings were sold at his sale on the Tuesday before York Meeting, and they averaged 215 guineas. A Knowsley-Violet colt (870 gs.) and a St. Albans-Hecate colt (700 gs.) were the best prices. Although he only weighed six stone, and his countenance was almost that of a corpse, he was out in his Bath chair throughout that August afternoon. As he sat there, in his pith hat and his drab great coat—which might have folded twice round him—there was a painful fixedness in his eye which told too truly that all hope was gone. Still he was very cheerful, and had a smile and a shake of the hand for every friend, and occasionally joined in as "the loving cup" went round. He also sent up a catalogue correction to Mr. Tattersall, and even mounted for a few minutes, when the Knowsley colt was selling, into a barouche, along with Mr. Morris and Mr. Hodgman. It was strange to see one who was so soon to pass away standing like a pale spectre amongst his fellow men, and quietly gazing for the last time at a scene, the marrow of those in which he had so often pushed his way to the front at Doncaster and Eltham in the days of his lusty manhood. No one ever expected to see him again, and it was announced that he had determined to sell everything in a month. During the York week he made a great point of old friends riding up to see him that he might say "good-bye." On the sale-night he was so worn out that his attendants thought he was dying as they bore him upstairs, but once there, and after he had taken some grouse and port wine, his indomitable spirit revived. Throughout the whole of the next month, the little excitement of speculating in his own mind on what his blood-stock would fetch, seemed to do him good,

and when the ring was once more formed in his yard on the Saturday after Doncaster races, he seemed much better and quite gay among his friends in a barouche.

It was a remarkable sale. Effie made 1,100 gs. and Tunstall Maid 1,000 gs., and these two, with Terrific, Lady Louisa, Nutbush, Hecate, Woodbine, and Violet, averaged 696 gs. After a good contest between Mr. Blenkiron and Count Renard, Blair Athol, of whom we believe that Mr. I'Anson had still a leg, went to Eltham at 5,000 gs.; and six of his foals, many of them quite little gems, averaged 246 gs. The highest price was 310 gs. for a filly from Effie, and the same was made for a Thormanby filly from Woodbine. It is rather remarkable that while the foals were making these prices, the three two-year-olds by Blair Athol only averaged 237 gs. The sum-total of the 119 lots at the two sales was about £28,500. It was, we believe, some £5,000 more than Mr. Jackson had laid them at, and his mind seemed much easier when they were gone. The bodily improvement was, however, quite fallacious, and he began to droop again, and finally passed away within a few days of his forty-first birthday. With all his curious ways, we could ill spare him, and through many a rolling year "poor Jock of Fairfield" will be remembered at Yorkshire firesides for his daring pluck and open-handed kindness.

From the pleasant parts about Northallerton, we make our way into the East Riding by the line from Thirsk to Malton. Mr. Samuel Wiley,* who has sur-

* Mr. Samuel Wiley, who was born on January 20th, 1777, came to Brandsby as a boy of ten, and in 1803 he was a tup-letter. He might be said to have begun on his own account by giving Mr. Mason of Chilton 50 gs. for the use of Butter Lump for the season, and then for fourteen years in succession he hired tups from Robert Colling. Shoulders, Carcase, Brother to Carcase, Ditto, a son of Symmetry, and Blossom (sire of the ram Ajax, for whom Sir Tatton bid up to 156 gs., against Mr. George Baker of Elemore) were the

passed by two years the days of Sir Tatton, and is as brisk as ever at a Leicester, pig, or shorthorn bargain, lives at Brandsby about five miles to the right; and a ride of a few miles farther brings us to Helmsley Station. The scenery of the country is a striking combination of wildness and fertility.

upshot of his hiring journeys; but Mr. Wiley valued none of them more than a 60-guinea two-shear, for which he drew cuts with Major Rudd. When the Barmpton flock was dispersed, he used his own tups for three or four seasons. He was then faithful for twenty or more to the Burgess blood at Cotgrave Place and Holmpierrepont. Then a three-shear, which he bought at Mr. John Stone's sale, did him immense good for five seasons in succession. He was the top price, and Mr. Stone always said that he should not have left Quorndon if he could have gone on with his flock. Since then Mr. Wiley has relied on his own flock for tups, with occasional dips by sale or hire into the Burgess and the Buckley blood from head-quarters, as long as the Cotgrave Place and Normanton flocks were kept up. With such antecedents, he may well pride himself on a flock of really "Pure Bakewells." He lets on an average about sixty tups a year by private bargain, and he has always shown sheep with great success at the Highland and Agricultural Society and the Yorkshire Society, and taken prizes more especially with his gimmers, which also won him a second at the Royal Agricultural Society at Chester. He was first with them at the Newcastle Royal in 1861, and beat Colonel Inge after a sharp contest with quite a model pen. At the Manchester Royal in 1869 he was second to Mr. Borton.

His long, low-pitched house, with the dark green Cotoniastus creeping over it, and peeping with its red flowrets in at every lattice, is quite the realization of a snug Yorkshire home. Young Painter (a son of the sheep in Mr. Wiley's picture), Young Fatback, Landseer, and others, were nibbling close up to the garden wicket; and one of Chester Symmetry's daughters was roving along the hedge-side, and seasoning her bacon by anticipation with a dainty meal beneath the "cock-pits," which have been specially chosen from among apple trees, on account of their peculiarly thin and open wood, to engraft upon crab-stocks in the neat hedge-rows of the farm.

Mr. Wiley's holding consists of 500 acres, and seems to take in three sides of a square. The ewes are kept principally on seeds, at his Warren House Farm, which is higher and lighter land, near the Wiganthorpe moors, while the tups are brought down during the summer to the Brandsby pastures. Sixty acres of the latter is glebe, and the remainder, a great portion of which is park, belongs to the Cholmeley family at the Hall.

Long and steady success as a breeder of Shorthorns, Leicesters, and pigs, has not one whit weakened the belief in Mr. Wiley's mind that the plough is the first great creditor of a nation, and he has fol-

Few foxes would care to be at home in Grange Whin or Waterloo Plantation or among the laurels of the Terrace walk, if they could know when Jack Parker and the Sinnington intend to call; and although the hounds are merely collected the night before, and drop off one by one after hunting to

lowed rigidly in the track of his father, who began with thorns and stones upon the Mosswood Farm in Craike parish, in 1763 (twenty-four years prior to his taking the Brandsby farms in addition), and then became one of the pioneers of hollow draining in Yorkshire. On his father's death in 1805, Mosswood was handed over to a half-brother, and Mr. Wiley entered on Brandsby. With his Shorthorns, which number about forty head, he has adopted the safe old rule of never refusing a likely offer when he can get it; and hence, except when he had something very much out of the common, he has never held for the mere chances of the show-yard.

The blood of Comet was at fever-heat in the market when he hired his first bull in 1814, and Mr. Wright of Cleasby (one of the joint purchasers of the thousand-guinea wonder) found a youthful Lubin (388) exactly to suit him. Adonis, another son of Comet, from Beauty, and bred by Charles Colling, did him such good service the two next seasons, that he followed him up with his own brother, Jupiter (343), and the succession was kept alive by North Star (459) and Harold (291), which were sent home when Robert had his sale in 1818. Two years before that, Mr. Wiley had bought Mida from the Rev. Thomas Vaughan, of Houghton, near Darlington, and the strain pleased him so much that he bore off her sire Midas (435) in his tenth year in the Barmpton ring, after a tough rally with Sir William Cooke, for 270 gs., and a yearling heifer from Trinket as well. The money, which was laid out on this tribe, has never been a source of regret, as Grazier (1085), by Midas, more than brought it back. Old Anna's, of Helmsley, is not the only tongue which has waxed eloquent in the ancient red's behalf. Sir John Johnstone, of Hackness, used him for three seasons, and when Lord Feversham, Mr. Smith of West Razen, Mr. Slater of North Carlton, and Mr. Wiley himself had all dipped pretty deeply into him, he ended his days at fourteen at Byram Hall. Ganthorpe (2049), of the Castle Howard herd, in which he was used, was one of his principal sons, and he was in his turn the sire of Malibran, for whom her breeder, Mr. Henry Edwards, got 300 gs. Mr. Whitaker of Greenholme's blood was also introduced at Brandsby, both through His Highness (2125), own brother to the 210-guinea Highflyer of the Chilton sale, and Abernethy (1602). Sultan (1485), for whose ancestress, Mary, General Simpson gave 300 gs. to Charles Colling, was purchased from Mr. William Jobson, after he had been extensively engaged in Northumberland in circulating what the borderers still fondly style "the good old Jobson sort." The principal result of the one year's service which he had out of him

their farm settlements, till Jack is a mounted general without an army, they can account for twenty brace a season.

The Trafalgar Column, which the first lord reared to the hero of immortal memory, towers above the park, which extends along a richly-wooded plateau;

was Sultana; and from her union with Belshazzar (1704), whom he hired from Castle Howard, there came a bull-calf, which had good looks enough to be honoured at once with Mr. Wiley's favourite cognomen of Carcase, and was sold as a yearling for 200 gs.

Belshazzar, who got his stock very large and good-looking, was the sire of Victoria, which was sold from the Brandsby herd for 160 gs.; but Carcase (3825) was the greatest hit. The latter won the yearling bull prize in 1838 both at Thirsk and at York, where he divided the winner Hecatomb and the great two-year-old Duke of Northumberland in the classes for all ages; but still Mr. Bates was enabled to say that his crack was never beaten by a bull of his own age. His Van Dunck (10992) was a second Carcase in the show-yard. He not only took the first £25 prize at the Yorkshire Society's Meeting at Thirsk as the best bull of any age, but carried off the prize for the best two-year-old bull at the Highland Society, and after being placed second to Mr. Anthony Maynard's Crusade in the Sweepstakes, passed for 125 gs. into the hands of Mr. Whitehead of Little Methlic, near Aberdeen. Since then Mr. Wiley has not cared much to show store stock; but he has not unfrequently had a prize bullock at the York fat show. Still, the leading honour of the show-year was in store for him, and in 1869 he took the first prize (£40) for the best aged bull at the Manchester Royal with Earl of Derby against 23 bulls, and was second at the Yorkshire to Mr. Booth's Commander-in-Chief, the first-prize Royal winner at Leicester.

Till within the last few years he showed small white pigs with good success at the Birmingham fat show, and also at the Royal Agricultural and Yorkshire, at whose Chester and Northallerton shows in 1858 a pen of young sows by Useful from Symmetry took first prizes. One of the Chester trio was sold to Sir Edward Kerrison, Bart., M.P., but there was another quite as good at home to complete the county prize-lot, which fetched 12 gs. a-piece, thus making up 50 gs. for the four. The breed is the small Yorkshire white. This rare line of winners owes its origin to Mr. Colling; but it has been carefully crossed with boars from Castle Howard, Mr. Hall's of Kiveton, and Mr. Cook's of Owston. There are now few leading pig breeders who have not set themselves up with a "Wiley" at some period of their existence; and Carcase, Young Carcase, Optimus, Dumfries, Dreadnought, Priam, and Stanley (Young and Old) have all upheld the Brandsby bacon dynasty, which has gone on at the rate of about half-a-dozen litters a year.

while at your feet there seems to be a vast plain in every stage of the four-crop rotation for miles, and then fading away in the far distance into some heather forelands, which almost shut out the view of the German Ocean. This Kirby Moor was at once the hunting ground and the death scene of the Duke of Buckingham, in days when the rafters of Helmsley Castle rang again with his revels, after he had retired from the court and cabinet of Charles the Second. The old castle lies just within the Duncombe Park gates, in the midst of the little primitive market town of Helmsley; but the wild music of the cannon which was once levelled against it for six weeks by the Ironsides, under Fairfax, is exchanged in these happier times for the caw of the rooks, which sail solemnly in circles round its ramparts. The only room left in it is used on rent days, and few farmers on all that vast property, which stretches away fifteen miles to Cleveland bank, and seventeen to the East Moors, once passed through the lodge at those *levées*, whether they loved shorthorns or whether they did not, without exchanging a word with "Old Anna."

It is many years since she resigned office as head cow-woman, and her Herd Book memory seemed to have stopped short at that point. She had caught no reflected glory from the Fifth Duke of Oxford and Symphony, and professed we grieve to say, quite a fashionable unconsciousness of their very existence. Her love was irretrievably lost some thirty years before to a "Young Grazier," and her love had known no change. As for Bates and Booth, she "might have heard their names;" but Mr. Colling and Mr. Wiley, they were the men for her. Grazier would be by one of Mr. Wiley's bulls, and he was always buying from Mr. Colling. No wonder there was such a sympathetic chord! What were modern breeders, and their Bates grandeur, and Booth sub-

stance, and Fawsley neatness to her? Give her the cows of her buxom womanhood—"*big roomy yans.*" Then, warming with her subject, after this general sentiment, she ticked her ancient favourites off on her fingers. "*There would be Emperor,*" she said, "*and Baron, and Baroness, all oot of one coo—Wildair;* THEM WERE *just the shorthorns! I could tell my lord, when the gentlemen came, every one of their yayes for fifteen years back, and all aboot them.*" When we saw that fond and yet triumphant leer, we did not wonder (though in stature she was not the woman to wrestle with a bull) at the recital of that mysterious fascination on which she next dwelt, when the mention of Young Grazier touched another and a still tenderer key. Away she went at score, leaving our pencil and note-book staggering hopelessly behind. "*Aye! Young Grazier—you've got that right enough;—he was a savage one, but I could just handle him as I liked. None could lead him out to please my lord, like Old Anna.*" Waxing bolder, we then cross-examined her as to their parting scene. "*Took him away when he was sold? Now who's been telling you that! Of course I did. No one else dar come nigh him. I walked seven miles on end with him, that I did. I had clogs on in those walks, and I could use 'em quick too.*" To a last inquiry as to whether she had not extended her walks in another direction, and driven True Blue's dam to the butcher at Stillington, she gave us to understand that she had a slight weakness for that "coo" as well, and was determined to "*see the far end of her.*" And on we strolled from this old marvel to see the modern herd. We had received a parting assurance that "*they can give a good pedigree of me at the farm up yonder—a five-and-forty year yan,*" which would place the commencement of her premiership back to about 1818. Before that date, the first Lord Feversham, then Mr. Charles Duncombe, had nothing

but Devons, and found them too delicate for the climate, and the Barmpton sale was the beginning of his shorthorn herd.

Duncombe park is bounded on the west by the valley of the Rye. The broken ground across the river, which terminates in one point in the dark green of the Waterloo plantation, which was planted as a wood of victory by the late lordly father, is singularly rugged and beautiful; and a distant peep of the hills of Hambleton may atone, to "a stable mind," for getting none of the ruins of Rivaulx Abbey, a little further down the valley. The Griff Farm, the scene of Old Anna's glories, to which we were bound, lies about a quarter of a-mile from the park, along a field route, lined, at intervals, with those dark-green holly trees peculiar to this Riding, and which catch a stranger's eye at once from their enormous size. Ear, however, came into play before eye, when we at last neared the box of the Fifth Duke of Oxford, and were saluted with a roar, quite worthy, in its depth and tone, of a Libyan King of Beasts. He looked the character to the life, with that shaggy lion-like old head and mane, as he was at last led forth, snorting, in blinkers. The fine length, beautiful touch, and rare union of hip, loin, and rump take the eye as much as ever; but although he had been reduced some twenty stone since he wore the Chester and Northallerton prize ribbons, his day of usefulness, like his temper, was gone. Feeding for shows had done its fatal work. The £5 prize at the Cleveland Show was his maiden one at two years old. In 1856 he took the bronze medal, which is equivalent to an H. C., at Paris; and at Rotherham that year he only bowed to Grand Turk. His son Skyrocket, from Swift, who faced Prince Imperial in the next place, did not serve till he was banished for penance to some poor land at Cockayne, adjoining the moors; and it was his fate to stand at the

head of that splendid class of old bulls, at the Leeds Royal, with Royal Turk as his second. In the winter of that year, he was presented to the poor of that town, and finished his career in the soup caldron.

Lord Feversham was not exactly a sportsman, although he lent a solid support to the Bedale and Sinnington packs. We never remember meeting his lordship on any racecourse but Doncaster, and then he would generally see the St. Leger from about the centre of the "Badsworth Gallery." He was not demonstrative on such occasions but no one seemed to take more interest in Johnny Osborne's and Lord Clifden's memorable "game of patience." Still, after all, "shorthorn racing" suited him best, and it was at Doncaster, two years later, that he won the head prize in the milch cow class with Pride of Southwicke, which never looked more blooming. His lordship gave 100 gs. for her at Lady Pigot's sale, where he arrived after the good old fashion from Newmarket in a chaise-and-four—a sight which created quite a healthy stir. When he came back to Duncombe Park after the session he would as often as not step off to the stedding to see the new calf arrivals before he entered the house. A good hack was also one of his fancies, and he generally ran his eye over Mr. Milward's lot and sometimes made a purchase. Be it where it might, he always liked to bid for himself. In his manner his lordship was reserved but always courteous and chatty upon shorthorns, especially when he was in his favourite bidding spot, a little behind Mr. Strafford's waggon with his umbrella under his arm. On the Willis's Rooms day he took the chair at the sale luncheon and declared his Kirklevington faith in such an unwavering fashion, that the Booth men said with justice that he rather ignored Bridecake's share in the Grand Duchesses. Whether in Hanover Square or at the Smithfield Club (where he was second with a good

heifer the year before his death) he was alike zealous, and pleasant to work with, and he was sorely missed from his accustomed spot on those May mornings in '67, when Kent and Essex raised the standard of Bates.*

A ride of twelve miles further up the fertile Vale of Rydal lands us at the station for Barton-le-Street, the home of the Yorkshire champion of the Leicesters, Mr. John Borton. He learnt his lesson as flockmaster in a good school under his grandfather, Mr. William Key, at Northolme and Musley Bank near Malton. The old gentleman, who died in 1832, and whose portrait is preserved to us on the canvas of Jackson, with his hand on the head of one of his greyhounds, was along with Mr. Marshall of East Newton, Mr. Dowker of Salton, Mr. Kendall of Ness, and Mr. Richardson of Lund Cote, a leading Leicester breeder in the Malton district. On his grandfather's death, Mr. Borton's uncle, who succeeded to the property, presented him with ten ewes out of the hundred which composed the ram breeding portion of the flock. These he took to Habton, where he commenced in 1833, to "paddle his own canoe," and eventually settled at Barton-le-Street, five miles from Malton.†

* After his lordship's death in 1867, a draft sale of shorthorns took place, and an average of £33 19s. 2d. was made for 38. Two of the females of each tribe were retained by the present Earl, and Orestes (22413) of the Knightley blood was used. At the Milcote sale in 1869, Hospitality who combines Princess and Bates blood with that of the old Fawsley Cyrilla or Cold Cream, was bought for 50 gs.

† In 1834 Mr. Borton bought a score of ewes at Mr. Dowker's sale, and began as a ram-breeder at once, while his father pursued the same business at Kirby Misperton. His fourth year of farm life found our young flockmaster in the show-field; and the two firsts and a second for shearling rams at Hackness and Thirsk were the best proof that he had not reckoned prematurely on his strength. When the Yorkshire Agricultural Show met at York in 1839, the hero of these two firsts was beaten by a sheep which Mr. Wetherell bought at Mr. Edwardes's sale; but the much coveted head prize for shearlings was won at Leeds the following year. In 1842-46 he showed very little,

The present farm which belongs to Mr. Meynell Ingram consists of 460 acres of limestone rock. It is mostly arable and there is very little old grass. It suits swedes, greystone, and whitestone turnips very well, but no mangel is grown, as Mr. Borton does not admire it for sheep food. The little show meadow is just behind the house, but it looked

but brought up his reserves in full strength when the Royal came to York, and he had £75 of cash to receive from the secretary, as first with the shearlings and aged sheep, and first for the local prize. Since then his entries have seldom been lacking at the Royal, or the Yorkshire; and with Sanday, Creswell, Inge, Wiley, Jordan, Turner, Pawlett (whose Chester ram he bought), and "all the swells" in the field, he has never shrunk from battle, and has seen the winning rosettes over his pen nearly two hundred times. At Doncaster, in 1865, he had two firsts and two seconds for rams, and a first for gimmers, and his **winnings in one year reached £170.**

As time went on he kept reinforcing his ewe flock from Mr. Allen's of Malton, and bought a score of gimmers from Sir Tatton and Mr. Sanday. For five seasons old Sledmere was his mainstay, and before he purchased him (for 25 gs.) he had sent ewes to him. The blood was partly his own, as he gave 28 gs. for his grandsire, then a shearling, at the sale of Mr. Owston's, of Thorpe Bassett, who not unfrequently accompanied Sir Tatton on his rides to Leicestershire. The old baronet attended the sale of his dead friend, and liked this shearling so much that he sent ten ewes to him. There were only two tup lambs among the produce, and Sir Tatton never parted with one, which was the sire of Sledmere. Mr. Borton bid 60 gs. for it when the Sledmere flock was sold, but Mr. Hall, who has (as might have been expected of so keen a judge) been very often after the same numbers, got him for half-a-guinea more. Hence, Mr. Borton had to be content with the son, instead of the sire, and "by Sledmere" is in the pedigree of Blair Athol, Sir Tatton Sykes, and in fact, most of his best prize sheep for four or five years back. The old ram only died this year, and was honourably buried in his skin. His son Sir Tatton Sykes, from an Eddlethorpe ewe, won at Worcester Royal in '63, and upwards of thirty times as well. He formed part of a trio which won Lord Londesborough's Cup, at Market Weighton, which Mr. Borton has carried off twice; in fact on the only occasions that he tried for it. Mr. Jordan took this ram twice at 30 gs. and 40 gs., then he stayed two seasons in Cornwall with Mr. Tremayne, at £40, and Mr. Hendey at 35 gs., and has been used at home for two seasons. His own brother, Blair Athol, began well by beating forty-two shearlings at Plymouth Royal, and since then he has been principally let, and won his prizes in Mr. Hutchinson of Catterick's, hands. Mr. Borton may well say, that the fusion of Sledmere and

dreary to what it did when we visited it the year before and found the hirers round the pens, the union-jack flying on the refreshment-booth, and Mr. I'Anson in his green-and-yellow cravat, and with "a correct card" of the sheep to be let in his hand, gravely examining Blair Athol. The old ram, however, was here again by the side of Sir Tatton Sykes, and so were the Royal and the Yorkshire sheep, with the twins Blue Cap and Blue Face, the first and second at Scarboro', while Bridlington was on the broken-down list. The fifteen-year-old ewe which we had seen such a perfect skeleton, and taking her grass on her knees, had joined old Sledmere in the Happy Pastures, and the capital second pen of Royal gimmers will be lucky if they can earn such a character as this "Belgravian mother of the flock."

Owston blood on Dowker, has been his mainstay. His Sir Tatton by Sledmere, from an Eddlethorpe ewe, and bred by the late Sir Tatton Sykes, was also a good sheep, and won at the Yorkshire Show at York in '66; and Black Eye by Ebor (another York winner), from a Sanday ewe was his champion at the Newcastle Royal. So far Mr. Borton has sold and let rams as high as 40 gs., and given Mr. Sanday 60 gs. for a hire. The ewe flock generally ranges from 150 to 170 in number, and upwards of 50 rams are let annually, at an average of 12 to 15 gs. In some years it has been as high as £16. Customers come principally from Yorkshire, Notts, Devonshire, and Ireland. Mr. Foljambe hired rams from him in 1866-67, and the first Yorkshire shearling was to have gone to Osberton in 1868, but he unfortunately died when he was being prepared for the Scarborough Show, and Mr. Borton stood first and second in the class without him. His death was quite unaccountable, except it was from high feeding, as he was found to weigh 42lbs. per quarter. Mr. Borton has also a good selling trade, and sent four rams in 1868 to Prussia. At the Manchester Royal meeting in 1869, he won a first, second, and third for rams, and a third for gimmers; and at the Yorkshire (Beverley) two firsts, two seconds, and a third for rams, and a first for gimmers.

CHAPTER IX.

"I would only advise you, Mr. Spectator," applying himself to me, "to take care how you meddle with country Squires. They are the ornaments of the English nation, men of good heads and sound bodies, and, let me tell you, some of them take it ill of you that you mention foxhunters with so little respect."—*Spectator.*

The late Sir Tatton Sykes—Life at Sledmere—Old Bob Ramsden—Market Weighton Trotters—A visit to Givendale—The late Mr. Etty, R.A.—A Morning on Langton Wold—Blair Athol.

"Two hands across the breast, and labour is done," was a thought which Yorkshire seemed to put far from it in connection with Sir Tatton. "Grandfather Whitehead" vowed that his heart was as young and his step as firm as when he was twenty-five; and when a third generation beheld his vigorous old age, they were half tempted to believe that his rapier had done good service for the cavaliers at Marston Moor, and that the oak tree for his coffin was a sapling yet. The reverence felt for him in Yorkshire was akin to idolatry. To see him riding out of the Eddlethorpe paddock after a September ram-letting on his Colwick black, which then numbered with its rider 108 years, accompanied by the clergyman of Sledmere, and returning the greetings of friends and tenants, and to hear the half-whispered *"God bless him! how hearty he is—he'll put in for a hundred,"* read to us like a chapter out of *The Spectator.*

"How's Sir Tatton looking?" was one of the first questions asked as each York and Doncaster meeting

came round. Strangers might well descend from the Grand Stand as soon as he had been pointed out to them at his wonted place by the rails, and make a series of mysterious gyrations round him, in order to do full justice to the assurance, "*You'll never see such a man again.*" Then they would hear the regular string of anecdotes which have long been told of him by the woldsmen's firesides—how he had seen every St. Leger but Charles XII.'s since he was fourteen—how he nearly missed Blacklock's by riding 720 miles to "cannie Aberdeen" for a mount on Kutusoff, with only a clean shirt and a razor for his baggage—how he rose with the lark and slashed his own hedges, and how bluff Jack Shirley, the huntsman, complimented him upon the excellence of his work, near the Eddlethorpe kennels, before he guessed who "my old gentleman" was—how he helped to dig the big pond in his park—how deftly he could rebuke forwardness in the field or on the carpet, or give the retort courteous to a bizarre politician—how he often walked by the side of his young horses to and from the Marshes, and drove his first lot of Leicester ewes a three days' journey from Lincoln to Barton Ferry—how "Gentleman Jackson" and Jem Belcher had taught him their best hits, and to "clear a lane of such men," as once chose to measure the gentleness of his fist by his voice, and insult him at a wayside inn—and how he had consistently nurtured himself for these deeds of daring on ale and apple-pie.

Time had taken off nearly all his old acquaintances, except Mr. Bethell of Rise, who was three months older; but it never made him faithless to the old garb of Yorkshire—the long straight-cut black coat, the ample frill, the beaver gloves, the expansive umbrella, the drab breeches, and the mahogany tops, which were quite as much part and parcel of the constitution as "Old Glory's." Both in dress

and manner he was one of those few men, who, like Charles Davis and Tom Sebright, had such a stamped individuality that you feel that the mould must have been broken. He had been fashioned in stirring times, and there was not the faintest analogy to him in life or book. He could almost recollect the Declaration of Independence, and he had got one glimpse of Doctor Johnson, after much judicious perseverance, with his brothers Mark and Christopher, the latter of whom bred Fleur de Lis.

He first longed to "take silk" himself after watching the Knavesmire running from a stile with his brothers, when they were all three under a tutor at Bishopthorpe. When he had risen to the dignity of an "Old Westminster," he spent some terms at Brazenose, and then, during a short clerkship with Messrs. Atkinson and Farrer, he listened to the awful accents of Lord Thurlow in the Chancery Courts, or haunted Westminster Hall when Erskine was in his zenith, and the four judges who were destined for "the golden time" of the King's Bench were still at the outer bar. These days must have been very happy ones, varied as they were by a couple of Derbies (a race which he never saw after '92), and visits to Ranelagh and the Fives Court. His recollections of them lent a strong tincture to his conversation with those who cared more for the ermined Daniels of the past than the dark chesnut ones of the present, and invariably led on over a bottle of claret to the "Chameleon coach," the "Delpini colt," of the Grand Jury, and his other assize tales of York.*

His banking probation at Hull dwelt less by him, except in connection with his first essays at sheep-breeding, but a tradition still lingers there as to how he astonished his townsmen by leaving his lodgings in Dagger-lane on a Saturday afternoon, walk-

* See "Scott and Sebright," p.p. 10-14 and 134-145.

ing the 32 miles to Sledmere to spend the Sunday, and appearing by the same conveyance all fresh for the bank business on Monday morning. He was well built for the task, as five feet eleven by eleven stone five "would about fetch him." His forty seasons as master of foxhounds began some years before he succeeded to the baronetcy, and from 1823, the year after his marriage, his Sledmere life had flowed on in one almost unvaried round. "Statesmen might howl, and patriots bray," but *he* did not care to be one of "the faithful Commons" for the privilege of hearing them. His friend, Sir George, could tell him all about them when he came down in August; and, as for eloquence, his quotation from Mr. Jorrocks of "*Muck's your man,*" could bring down far heartier cheers at a Malton or Driffield agricultural dinner than any which were echoed back from the pannels of St. Stephen's. His honest old Church and King creed found its best public vent in building and endowing schools and churches. Peel, Derby, and Palmerston might go out, but Snarry's Cabinet, with the tally-board of the yearling marks for its portfolio, and Cragg's Flat as its Downing Street, was perfectly immortal. Besides occasional fairs and horse-shows, there was the annual ride with Tom Carter his huntsman* to the Leicestershire ram-lettings; the three visits to York and Doncaster races; and then, at the fall of the leaf, his friends in Holderness knew that he would be there to an hour to sell his bullocks, and marshal his young horses on the marshes, and meet the old party once more. Her ladyship might go to London for the season, but he was not to be tempted away from Sledmere when the spring grass was bringing out "the Buckley legs of mutton" in the lambs, and the yearlings were fast coming to hand for York.

* See "Scott and Sebright," p. 332.

There was no spot more fitted by Nature for this pleasant pastoral of the Wolds. The inscription on the pillared fountain by the road-side bore testimony to what his father Sir Christopher had done in reclaiming those primitive hunting-grounds of Squire Draper of Beswick and his daughter Di; and for forty years Sir Tatton had followed steadily in his track, with his hedges, farm-buildings, ponds, and planting. Now, not one stone is left upon another of Falconer's Hall, and if Sans Quartier—that Nana Sahib of falcons—could be unhooded among the partridges, he would not know his old haunts again, and career over the enclosures far away from his lure. You wend your four miles from Fimber station to Sledmere, past rich wheat or turnip crops, or down an ever-winding ashen glade. The gallop at Marramat, over which "the long, thin, and lazy lad" from Newmarket—*alias* the redoubtable Sam Chifney—used to give Sir Mark's horses their breathers in Scarle's day, is quite hid; and it takes all Snarry's eloquence to convince you, as you look from the Castle Field, that Tibthorpe Farm was once only a breezy wold, and "a good bit of Boddle a rabbit-warren." Sledmere lies deeply embosomed in woods, with its church scarcely a bow-shot from the house. No frowning fence severs the living from the dead:—

> "Where holy ground begins, unhallowed ends,
> Is marked by no distinguishable line,"

and the lawn seems gradually to ripple off into grassy hillocks, 'neath the yew and the silver fir. Many a stone can tell of family-servants grown hoary, and gone to their rest. A simple cross is there, not to mark a sleeper, but "to preserve in his native village" the memory of a Sledmere soldier-lad who fell in the Crimea; and among them, on the north side of the chancel—shared with one

who spent nearly forty years in works of good at his side—is the grave of Sir Tatton.

The park vista, from the front door away to the Castle Field woods, presented an ever-varying group of mares and foals; but among them, day after day as two o'clock draws near, there is no longer the well-known figure on the black, and latterly the dark chesnut, and Snarry, in his snow-white jacket, as interpreter to a small troop of friends on foot or horseback, who have "come to look round." Now they would be scanning a short-legged chesnut Hampton, or a bigger, white-legged one by Pyrrhus, such as only the King of Italy could tempt from those pastures; then a brown, thick-set Caster; a smart chesnut, whose dark mahogany hue and tail-crest "testify of Daniel;" and bays and browns by Sleight-of-Hand, of which Snarry observes, in an almost defiant tone, "*We can challenge any stud in England with our Sleight-of-Hand mares. Bring what they like, we'll meet them!*" There, too, "giving colour" to the landscape, are a few white Stumps mares, the last of their clan, and emblems of a time when Delpini and Sir Mark's Camillus made the Yorkshire greys such effective place-getters. Still, of all his greys, Sir Tatton liked a Smolensko mare best—the Stumps necks did not quite please him, as "they are like the old horse's, a trifle the wrong way up."

Nearly every great sire of England has left some mark by proxy at Sledmere, on a Comus or Camillus foundation. Whalebone made his with Stumps, the first that Sir Tatton ever bought, Sultan with Hampton, Pantaloon with Sleight-of-Hand and The Libel, Defence with Pyrrhus, Touchstone with Rifleman, Bay Middleton with Andover, Venison with Fernhill, Emilius with Mathematician, Birdcatcher with Daniel and Womersley, Lanercost with Colsterdale, and Blacklock, whose sire Whitelock

was owned by Sir Mark, with his great-grandson Fandango. Sir Tatton sold a few draft mares, with Wicket among them, to the Rawcliffe stud, when it began operations, and it was well for it that he did not like Newminster's slow paces, and declined him; though he did homage to his after-prowess by going out of his course to buy one of his fillies. There were, we believe, about 120 brood mares, but several were not put to, and what with other casualties, about 66 foals was the largest return to Weatherby. How Snarry knew them all so accurately, and talked like a book of their breed (and always in italics when they were of "the Darling or Daniel sort"), puzzled wiser heads than ours. Amati's dam was the queen in point of success, cross her as you might, as Gorsehill and Elcho followed "the fiddle-maker;" and she had a chesnut, Marquis of Bowmont by "Daniel," almost as elegant a little fellow as Elcho, whose skeleton has been preserved as a model by the Royal Veterinary College. In fact, we scarcely remember an odd-looking horse at Sledmere, except one of the 170 Daniels, and he seemed to have strained back to a Flemish stock. It was a puzzle why The Libel (the maternal grandsire of St. Albans) should ever have been there, as he was so far above the fifteen-two standard, but he was bought without being seen, and then scarcely used. Mathematician was not long in residence, and then only because Mr. Drinkald, a great customer for yearlings, to the extent of five or six at a time, begged so hard. He had only two or three mares, but he begot the dam of Lecturer. Cervantes always got a good word, as it was from a mare by him that the brothers Grey Momus and Grey Milton, the 500-guinea yearling and foal, sprang; and it was his great-grandson which called forth Sir Tatton's reply to congratulations after his win at Doncaster, "*Well*,

sir, it is worth one's while to breed an honest Lawyer." Old Comus filled the paddocks with white-legged chesnuts, which the cross with Camillus changed to grey; and, like Hampton and Womersley, his blood nicked right well with Sleight-of-Hand. Daniel suited the Hampton mares, but a "Sleight" cross put more substance on his foals.

It was something for one man to have bred Grey Momus, The Lawyer, St. Giles, Gaspard, Elcho, Dalby, and Lecturer, to say nothing of several smaller winners; and he used to observe that if he could never breed a St. Leger winner, he got nearer the Derby each time, with Grey Momus and Black Tommy. His best sale was in 1861, when Brother to Gaspard headed the poll at 500 gs., and five by Rifleman and Daniel averaged 386 gs. Some of his sires he bought beyond their market-price, but he invariably sold them and all his horse-flesh remarkably well. He would only part with the "thin end of the yearling fillies," and thus the sires had little more than half a chance. We often thought, as we looked at those mares, which had never heard the roar of the Stand, or done a day's work in their lives, that perchance a Queen of Trumps or an Ellerdale might be blushing unseen, and wasting her sweetness in merely throwing fillies to wander on seeds, till they were at matron's estate in their turn. Ellerdale was a mare to whom Sir Tatton always hung, as she seldom failed to run well over York and Doncaster, and hence he did not grudge thirteen hundred for her own brother, Colsterdale. His original intention was to buy her half-brother, Loup-Garou, and he went to Cawston paddocks to look at him, but thought him too light below the knee. In his judgment of horses Sir Tatton was very much what Jem Hills was in hounds—he did not want them large and showy, but they must be thoroughly active and workmanlike. He was asked

to form one of the bench at Middlesboro', but he declined on account of his failing sight, and speaking from what he remembered of the horses from time to time, we gleaned that Saunterer, although rather light-boned, was more after his own heart than any of the cracks in that ring. For Kingston he had a great fancy, and if Mr. Blenkiron had not got the first refusal, he would have given £3,000 for him.

His opinions were invariably given in the most gentle way, and prefaced with "*I may be wrong, sir,*" Unlike Mr. Bates, he was a listener rather than an expounder in his pastures. He loved to get the best judges in Yorkshire and the racing world there, and to hear their judgments (which he never forgot) on the yearlings, as they were brought out one by one, and perhaps called for again, and compared in couples, Snarry always putting in a good word for a Daniel, more especially when Fandango began to "starve" him. Sometimes Sir Tatton would move an adjournment of "the taste committee" to the road, and the wayfarer, who had doubtless just passed some four-year-olds in the breaking bits, under Grayson's charge, would suddenly find himself pulling up close to a laurel hedge, to let a couple of young rivals, Rifleman and Daniel, swing past him at full trot. Perhaps Ben Morgan (a great favourite with the Baronet) and the hounds would call at this juncture, and hound shows would be talked over while the ale was sent for to the court-yard, and Ben would call up Warrener and his lovely Languish to give an account of themselves, and the way they had dropped on to Tom Sebright at The Cleveland Hound Show.

Then, if the party were so inclined, the grand circuit of the mares began—Diall's Field, Swale's Wold, Cottage Pasture, Cherry Wood End, Cragg's Flat, Castle Field, King's Field, and so home by the Park, to Daniel's Paddock. One canter round it,

with his flag flying, just to show his muscle, was a ceremony the chesnut never omitted; and after that he stood nibbling at his old master's stick, or letting him pass his hand admiringly down his back, which was "cloven like a ram's." Rifleman omitted the gallop, and was quiet as a sheep throughout, but Snarry had some sharp admonitions for Colsterdale (who was always tearing at his irritable silky skin), when his half-playful, half-mischievous "dot and go one" began, and there was never any love lost between them from the first. Fandango we never saw in a paddock; but we remember well Dick Stockdale's beaming face, when he begged Sir Tatton to send him to Driffield Show, and how with that point of the right forefinger, which he often adopted when he was making a jocular hit, while his face mantled with a hearty but noiseless laugh, the baronet slyly intimated that he dare not meet Maroon. Then Dick, who hadn't cared much for shows since his horse was "put aside" at Lincoln, said that he wouldn't send Maroon, and offered to lead Fandango with his own fair hands into the ring, and Sir Tatton rejoined that it "certainly was a temptation," and so they had their laugh out.* Mr. Blenkiron intended

* Dick Stockdale met with his death by a fall from his pony (which brought on apoplexy), within 100 yards of his own stable at Skerne. He was, in fact, just concluding his last round of the season with Walkington. His stallion and colt lore was immense, beginning generally with Tramp, and so through Brutandorf, Melbourne, St. Bennett, and Robinson, down to Maroon. He began life with Mr. Whiting of Leven, near Beverley, who had the first two horses, and he once acted as his foreman on the farm as well. As a stacker and thatcher he could give weight to most of them. Brutandorf filled the country with hunters, many of which were esteemed quite Gaylads if they had been trained, but still he was not *the* horse of Dick's heart. Dick's stories had invariably a Maroon moral, and were full of deep warning about men who had spoken lightly of him or his stock, and endured unspeakable anguish and loss of fortune in consequence. When the praises of some of Maroon's rivals were often slyly uttered in his guardian's presence—say, on the Driffield platform, to which his portly frame was quite an appendage, he never would stand it,

at one time to bid for Fandango, but he saw that Sir Tatton was set upon the bay, and he did not open his mouth. Such was the old baronet's desire to have him, that he bid 3,100, and forgot, till Mr. Richard Tattersall reminded him, that he had made the last bid as well, at 3,000. On receiving this hint, he merely pulled out his watch: "*Well, sir, it's nearly time for the first race, you'd better knock him down;*" and a very dear bargain he proved.

He was perhaps never in higher spirits than when he had "Mr. William" from Woodyeates as the companion of his paddock strolls, as that "young man from the country" always meant business, and generally arrived on the quiet after a good trial to

and his standing retort was that "*They had brok two men, and made another hang hisself.*" He was in a strange state of delight when Mr. Philipps gave him the horse, and he gave himself seisin with a most affectionate dig in the crimson bay's ribs and a second corn supper. In that moment of triumph he quite forgot all the bitter associations of the Lincoln Royal, when he was tempted across the Humber to be told that he might go back to his shed, and retired not with "a conquering hero step," but in a walking swoon, only to see the card of victory over "*that thing Loutherbourg.*" He seemed to be ever on the move after a foal or a trotting horse, or doing something in obedience to "a letter from the Captain," and we liked well to see him come bustling down Beverley to keep an early appointment at the Rose and Crown, looking like a jolly Triton just emerged from Spurn Head. An "At Home" with Dick at Skerne was also a marvellous sight—out-of-doors when he had Maroon up for a lecture on the knoll; inside when he was helping with the frying-pan, and beaming over our recital of Sir Tatton's prophecy, "*Mr. Stockdale will give you some excellent ham for breakfast to-morrow.*"

When the news did come that some of the Maroon colts had been sold into the Royal stables, one might have supposed that he expected a summons to court, and a knighthood when he got there. August and September were very happy months to him among the horse and foal shows; but he was not thought a particularly good judge of horses. Foals were more his forte, and he read their horoscopes well. The judges often went to have a little chaff with him, and ask him what the people were saying, and of course Dick laid bare his own feelings in the matter, and fathered them most liberally on to "They say." At Northallerton, where he led General Williams into the ring, "by special request," he informed them that he "*heard a man say, and a varra good judge too, that you ought all to be hung.*" Latterly,

look for some more of the sort. It was he who made the great hit for Womersley, when in 1855, the first year that Sir Tatton sold his yearlings at York, four, with St. Giles among them, returned without a bid, and he took them at sixty all round. He then tried some Womersley fillies; but they did no good, and were sent back to Sledmere.

Lord George Bentinck was once at Sledmere, but his lordship did nothing particular but pursue his pet system of rattling his hat to make the yearlings gallop in the paddocks, so as to find out whether they were roarers. "*Send me all the Grey Momus family, Sir Tatton.*" were his words when the grey turned out so well, but he tired of them when Grey Milton disappointed him so sorely. While the grey was in his zenith his lordship extended his love to every-

he was more of a spectator, except at foal shows. He got stout, and he couldn't run much, and he didn't care to strip off his coat and go at it like "Franky" (though he was quite open to a running match with him) for the special amusement of the outsiders. He loitered about generally at one corner of the ring, putting his lip down (which he always did, like Tom Sebright, when he was going to have a sly dig), wagging his head slightly, and giving his friends such a grip of the hand when he met them. When he was chaffed about his picture in "Silk and Scarlet," he always said that Mr. and Mrs. Scott had got him in at Whitewall specially to compare its lineaments with the original, and that "*they didn't think it half handsome enough.*"

A day at Sir Tatton's once a year, if he could manage it, was a great point with him. Dick at lunch with Sir Tatton in the dining-room at Sledmere, with one glass of ale in him, was a sight for men and gods, as his host kept poking him up about Maroon and divers incidents in his travels. Every little shot told, as Sir Tatton knew everything going; but Dick only replied, with a most jolly continuous grin, and went on to glass No. 2, to show Sir Tatton that he did not acquiesce in his remark, "*You live so well at Driffield you all get the gout.*" The bye-play between them was quite a bit of rich genuine Yorkshire comedy. Dick's retort that Maroon had only one fault, being "*a little ower-big for Sir Tatton Sykes,*" delighted the old baronet amazingly by its felicity and neatness; but, generally, it was more the way he said things than the things he said which distinguished him as a character. Nothing but the East Riding country could have produced two men so different, and yet so united in their horse-love.

thing of Comus blood, and gave Sir Tatton 750 gs. for three young hunters unbroken. Of Grey Momus he was wont to say that "nothing put him amiss; he was equally fit for a harness horse, hunter, or racer—his only fault was not winning the Derby." The Sledmere mares did not average above fifteen-one-and-a-half, and many of them looked mere ponies in the stable. They had been so little handled that they were very nervous about having their heads touched, and several, we are told, died from their own violence in the stable, when they left Sledmere. They were in fact pure children of the prairie.

There were too many of them and hence no stud lived so hard out of doors. When grass was very scarce they had hay, varied at times by oats and chopped straw. Only two sets of twins were reared, and yet the Sir Hercules mare, which suckled her own, was not allowed any corn, and was put in Mr. Hill's field that they might not favour her. Instead of reducing, Sir Tatton kept increasing his stock of brood mares; and unaccountable as it might seem, while he had some 320 head of horse stock, including hacks, in his stables and his paddocks, he would never keep a pair of carriage horses, but hired post-horses from Malton, and latterly the Sledmere Inn. At first he did not give a long price for his stallions, and Hampton and Sleight-of-Hand only cost him about £300 each. Hampton, after whom the Home Paddock was called "Hampton Court," left something more than his name on the shed. He was rather undersized, but he got his stock full of quality. The paddock, into which you might see Snarry and his assistants drive a herd of twenty or thirty mares to be tried on a spring morning, by Colsterdale or Fandango, might well bear his name as "he was the first one to call our own," as Snarry

has it. Stumps was also one of its tenants, and so were Spotted Boy, Comus ("a great horse with us once on a time"), Spencer own-brother to Green Mantle, Rifleman, and lastly Colsterdale. Sir Tatton delighted in Andover, whose walk and trot were as taking as his gallop, but he never "let down" or furnished, and he was also a little too near of kin to the Hampton mares. He was bought for £1,450 and sold for £2,000, while Rifleman came at the latter sum and departed after two years of good service at a £500 advance. "A good joke was Daniel—what a flying leap he took in Hampton Paddock" is a great saying of Snarry's, who never had so much sympathy with, or talked so confidentially to any one of the sires as he did to him. His price was £800 and he made it over again at the end of seven seasons. Sir Tatton's last yearling average was 131 gs. for thirteen, none of which fetched more than 350 gs., and the 310 lots at the sale made (58 foals inclusive) 24,571 gs.* Among the latter was Lecturer at the foot of Algebra, and the pair fell to the Hon. C. W. Fitzwilliam for 70 gs. A Fandango yearling from Monge's dam developed most remarkable trotting power one morning in the paddocks when he got separated from his mate. The late Mr. Crisp must have got the office from some one, as he bought him for 140 gs., and he beat the Norfolk trotters at the County Show of '68. Cousin Bet with her Blair Athol colt, Glenalmond, at her foot made 1,000 gs. at York, and the colt as a yearling cleared the purchase money at Doncaster, and Mr. Blenkiron averaged in 1866-67, exactly 1,312½ gs. for yearlings from Gaspard's and Elcho's dams. People said that the old blood would come out, and Lord Berners and Mr. Borton have won with a strong stain of it at the Royal, the Yorkshire, and the Smithfield Club.

* The highest priced brood mare (Sister to The Lawyer), yearling, two-year-old, three-year-old, and four-year-old made 260 gs., 165 gs., 135 gs., 135 gs., and 150 gs. respectively.

In his dining room, his own presentation picture by Sir Francis Grant had the post of honour; and it often elicited the story of how he rode the little chesnut to London, and how Sir Francis shared a bottle of pale ale with him by way of "improving my complexion" for the picture. Mr. Morrell rested on the floor below, with Mr. R. Duckfield Astley and his harriers. King Cob the greyhound, Grey Momus, Bay Middleton, and Pyrrhus the First formed the rest of this curious collection, along with a hunting print, in which old Will Carter, who never would wear a hat or carry a horn, is getting away from cover on the blood chesnut Anna Maria. Yorkshiremen sometimes wondered that Lottery had not found admission, but Sir Tatton gave a very good reason for it, that he had sent eleven mares to him one season and only had one foal.

The picture of the two Sir Tatton Sykes's, horse and man, which hung on the staircase gallery, would lead on to the tale of his visit to Mr. Herring, and his grotesque reception. The servant-girl could not speak when she opened the door, but shrieked with laughter for a minute or two, and then ran to her master's studio. There she did no better, and could only sit in a chair and gasp out, "*The old gentleman with the stick,*" and then "off again" like a woman bewitched, till Mr. Herring, finding that she would not "rise to explain," went to the door himself. The girl had evidently paused amid her sweeping labours, and conned over the likeness of "the old gentleman" at the head of the horse Sir Tatton Sykes, and the seeing it suddenly embodied in flesh and blood had quite overcome her. Sir Tatton was peculiarly tenacious of old friendships, and kept them in constant repair, and he would just as soon have thought of omitting this Camberwell visit to the great "Master of the Horse," or his Christmas present of game to Sam

Day and other old racing friends, as he would have left York races without calling on Mr. Kirby, when he saw him under the portico of the Stand no more. He often reminded Mr. Gully that they were born on the same day, "but eleven years apart, Sir Tatton," as "King John" used to reply; and as for Mr. Joe Whittaker's buff-waistcoat, he thought that he had known it at Doncaster as long as the Stand itself. Since his eyesight became worse, he did not photograph so well, and his face seemed to fall away.

The last he sat, or rather stood for, was that small group of himself, Sir George Cholmley, and Snarry looking at Fandango, in "Scott and Sebright." The sight of one eye was quite gone for some years before his death; but impaired as the other was, it grew no worse. Mr. Phillips thought it too acute on that memorable day of '62, when he arrived with Prince Carignan and Count Cigala (who bore the King of Italy's likeness as a present from His Majesty), and found himself dropped upon in the treasonable act of slipping a little water into the ale, in which the health of the king's second batch of purchases were to be drunk. The King got six Pyrrhus mares among his eight, and a hamper of that Sledmere ale, whose potency his London commissioner had so much dreaded, accompanied the second lot.

It was Sir Tatton's habit to get up at half-past five in the winter, shave himself in cold water, and wash his head. He would then go into the library, on the side of the house looking out into the park, and walk in his dressing-gown, slippers, and breeches. The library is ninety feet in length, and he used to calculate how many miles he walked by filling his pocket with silver, and depositing a piece of it on a table at one end every time he had finished the return journey. Sometimes the ultimate array of

monitors would speak to a strong four-mile exercise before breakfast. For three years previous to his death he was seldom up before six, and latterly seven o'clock, and ere he was eighty he gave up his early rides to Garton, Kirby, and Wetwang. When he took them he was always back to an eight-o'clock breakfast, and a bason of milk with apple or gooseberry tart was his delight. Bread he rarely touched, and he took tea occasionally, but the only meat he really cared for was a very fat shoulder of mutton. He always ate a great deal of fat, but he and it did not "assimilate," as Liebig could have wished, and he never grew fat, and at no time of his life could he do more than just turn the beam at 12st. Vegetables he cared very little for, and eggs and puddings were equally in the cold shade with him. For many years he only ate breakfast and dinner, and although he had friends almost every day to luncheon, he seldom took anything up to his six o'clock dinner except a glass of wine. The greater part of his days were spent with Snarry in the paddock or with his shepherd. He sat reading in his private room, which had pictures of almost every Yorkshire and world-wide sporting celebrity on its walls, while three photographs of Tom Sayers in fighting costume hung in his dressing room. He had been introduced to Tom and shaken hands with him most cordially at Doncaster. Nat Langham saw the ring which the spectators formed, and subsequently seeking out Sir Tatton at his wonted place near the judge's chair, he informed him that he was the only man that ever beat Tom. "*Well then, sir,*" said Sir Tatton, putting out his hand instantly "*I shall have the honour of shaking hands with two brave men.*" It was quite a point with him to see the champion of the year, and Jem Mace came in for a congratulation, but he only looked at "The Staleybridge Infant." We, however, never remember him asking us so

earnestly to try and point any one out to him as Sir Joseph Hawley, whom he looked upon as quite the Turf hero of the day.

He prided himself not a little on his field ponds, at which he often laboured hard with his coat off. Their formation was on this wise. A thin half-inch layer of lime was laid down to prevent the worm from getting through, and upon this was put a four-inch layer of clay puddled to the consistency of paste. This was limed again and the whole formed a surface as impervious as pot. A thin covering of straw was then put to prevent the stones, which he would often break himself, from perforating the clay, and upon that a layer of three-inch stones to prevent the beasts from slipping when they came to the water. When there was no vein of clay on the farm, supplies had to be sought from some of those dun and drab egg-shaped pockets of Kimmeridge, which crop out among the chalk strata. Sir Tatton was also fond of road-making, and he would take a turn with the turnip hoers if there was nothing special going on at the paddocks that morning.

Of the weight of a beast he was an excellent judge, but, unlike the present baronet, he took no interest in pedigreed stock. It was his invariable custom to attend Malton Michaelmas Fair and buy twenty or thirty West Highland stirks for the park, where they ran their first winter and were finished off in the smaller pastures. Agricultural shows were not much in his way, but he never missed going to see the hunter show at Driffield, where he stood in the centre of the ring with the judges. The Yorkshire Show very seldom tempted him out for the day, but he could not resist a visit to the York Royal, and dined and spoke at the banquet.

Leicester sheep were his delight, and he would keep at least twenty score of ewes. He let from 100 to 110 rams annually to ram breeders and tenants,

and liked a small, compact sheep as the most thrifty for Wold purposes. Mr. Hall of Scorbro' generally gave the highest price (which never exceeded £30) for a ram at his letting, and took from one to three every year. Fat lambs Sir Tatton never would sell, and latterly he only gave his wethers one winter on turnips. Buckley, Burgess, and Stone had laid the corner stone of his flock, but for nearly twenty years he had used no rams save his own. His sheep had grass, turnips, and hay, but they were as ignorant of cake and peas as the "Welshmen" on Snowdon. For early sheep-feeding, he more especially preferred White Stone Globe, and he finished up with Swedes. It was his rule never to sow mangolds and turnips before the first of June, as he did not consider that the land had absorbed sufficient heat. Cabbage he tried once, but gave it up; he only grew potatoes for home consumption, and oats while he had hunters and hounds to eat it. Bones were a great point with him; he first introduced them at Pockthorpe, and broke them up to half-an-inch with hammers.

The Wolds are essentially a sheep district, and horse-breeding has not been found to answer so well as in Holderness. Hence, Sir Tatton always held thirty-five acres of marsh land at his Ryehill estate, and made a practice of going down there once a-year with his three and four-year-old hunter colts. The yearling and two-year-old colts he put out on seeds along with the fillies which joined the stud at four years old. The tenth of May was "Marsh Morning," and soon after four o'clock Sir Tatton on his hack would head the cavalcade. He had generally three or four men with him to drive and help at the bye-lanes and corners. When he kept hounds, his hunters had three-and-a-half months of this Marsh life, and came back early in September, as soon as the ram-letting was over. Tom Carter looked to

them, but the younger ones were brought back into residence at Sledmere by Sir Tatton himself, when he paid his second visit to Holderness in October, and stayed two or three days with his tenant Mr. Dickenson, of Humbleton Hall.

There were no degrees in his courtesy; and it is rarely that such guileless simplicity of heart is united to such a keen intuitive perception of men, and a power of taking their measure. There was always the right word for them in the right place, to check or encourage; he was quite as patient a listener as he was a race-rider, and liked to answer questions; and if they left him without twenty curious scraps of knowledge, quite unconnected with Kutusoff, "Split Post Douglas," or the Beverley Club, they had only themselves to blame. "Mr. Argus," as he always termed him, when they met, was his great racing writer, and he loved dearly to have his feuilletons read to him, and to see him at Sledmere in person on his last grand field-day there with John Scott. Cows he did not care about, but sheep would soon bring out the story of Ajax, and the day when he would not let Mr. Sanday's father pick his first lot of ewes, and then found his mistake in going for all the most transparent ears. He preferred sheep of a smaller size than the Wold farmers liked, and his belief that they were more thrifty was so rooted, that he would not alter the style, and declared that he could build one of the modern Leicesters out of a fleece and a rail.

Then he would turn to hounds and those "Sykes Goneaway" days, when he hunted all the York country from Spurn point to Coxwold, and when the York Wednesday generally found them leaving off about forty miles from home. As the years of Sir Tatton and Tom lengthened, their hunting days grew shorter, and there was often time left for a little hedge-slashing in the afternoon. Sir Tatton was

always a quiet rider, as some men count riding, and if he liked to see Bill Scott on Ainderby and the rest go along, he never cared more than once to try and follow "that terrible man, Mr. Ridsdale." A few years before his death he appeared at the cover side in a new scarlet coat, and when he was warmly congratulated on the omen, he replied that he was wearing it strictly under protest from her ladyship, who thought him too old to kill foxes.

For hunting he never really cared, and although very cool and a capital judge of pace, he rode too long to finish well on the flat. The "orange body and purple satin sleeves and cap" have been in abeyance since he wore them at Beverley. He liked best schooling a young horse, and never was man more patient and gentle with them. His best young one was generally chosen for the Leicestershire ram journeys, and then most of his day's ride was done, when other people were in their beds. He never failed to get off and lead in his horse for the last mile. A great hunting maxim of his was "give your servants good horses, and they won't abuse them." Eight or nine years before his death, he gave up going to Leicestershire, and in fact he did not care for the journey after his old huntsman Tom Carter died. He really received his own death stroke two years before his death. The road between Sledmere and Fimber was being lowered, and he had worked very hard in his shirt sleeves at breaking stones. "Richard" took him his ale and sandwich for luncheon, and he went out of the sun, and sat down on a tree root in the plantation to eat it, and there fell fast asleep: and the draught brought on a chill which he never got over.

When Tom died, his master was no longer seen coming, all dusty, down Hall Gate on the Doncaster Monday, from a twelve hours' ride by Booth Ferry, but he quietly adopted the rail. In fact, he had no

querulous sighings after old times, and was content to enjoy the good of the present without comparing it with the past. At the death of the cowkeeper, where he put up for forty years, he moved to Bennithorpe, and lodged during the meeting with Sir George Cholmley* and his son. About half-past ten,

* Sir George Cholmley divides his "Cholmley chesnuts" between Boynton, Howsham, and Newton. Hubert's paddocks are at the first-named place, and Angelus is the guardian angel of the last. For many years Sir George did not keep a sire, but used Sir Tatton's. When they were at Doncaster together one year, Sir George recommended Womersley to his old friend, and hence that Irish Birdcatcher chesnut went to Sledmere for a season. Codrington (who got his stock with rare shoulders and pretty little heads) was by him, and was one of those which William Day passed over, when he had his choice of "all the sort." Sir George declared that he had passed the best, and offered 40 gs. to have his pick of the draft. Codrington lamed himself off a mare, and was ultimately sold to Vienna. Record by Emilius was another purchase; and Orpheus, who is still on the Wolds at Kilham, cost 40 gs. at Tattersall's. Angelus was by him from Nutmeg, a Nassau Stakes winner of Lord Exeter's which was purchased at Doncaster. He ran five times as a two-year-old, and was second to Little Stag at Beverley. At one time he was rather talked of for the St. Leger, but he was a large, fat colt, and therefore excessively difficult to prepare. Sir George has about twenty thorough-bred and ten half-bred mares; and winners of the Great National Steeplechase and Hunters Stakes are his speciality. The park seems full of matrons with chesnut Angelus and brown Hubert foals. Among the mares we note Barnacles, the dam of High-flyer the steeplechaser; Whitefeet of the Hexgrave family; Miss Taylor by Orpheus, the dam of Belinda; and Hexgrave's dam, a Sleight-of-Hand mare, with white spots round the eyes. There are three cups at Newton, won respectively by Adonis, The Don, and Peep o' Day Boy; and Mr. Thompson, Mr. Boynton, and Mr. Spence have been in the "black-yellow sleeves and black cap."

Angelus has won three Yorkshire prizes in succession, and during 1868 with the Royal in aid, he made 140 gs. in the show yards. Bob Brignall was in great force as he opened door after door, and told his chesnuts' story. There stood the five-year-old Julius, who never ran, but won in shows; and Belinda, a small Orpheus hack which has won as a lady's horse both at Wetherby and Scarborough and London; but Don Juan was the crack of the stable. His head is a little plain, but his quarters are beautiful, and taking him throughout, we have seen few three-year-old hunters like him. As a four-year-old, he beat the almost invincible Topstall and all the hunters in the yard for the Royal Gold Medal at Manchester. He is by Angelus, from Whitefeet by Codrington. Emperor's dam

the three would be seen coming over the Hall Cross hill to the sale-rings; and there Sir Tatton stood on Mr. Tattersall's left, with his faithful "Richard" at hand to note the prices for him. The crack men would always have a word and a joke with him: he said that Captain White's cheery laugh did him as much good as anything in the whole year; and Mr. Greville and all of them drew up, when it oozed out that he might, perhaps, go to the three thousand reserve for Fandango. With an endurance absolutely miraculous for a man of his years, he used to stand each day at the sales and races for nearly seven hours on a stretch, and shook hands with scores of people who claimed acquaintance, and whom, he said, he had never seen to his knowledge. However, he had a good-humoured word for each; and no one was more ready. The card and list women always lay in wait for him; and the colloquies between them, all claiming a vested interest in his custom, and appealing to him if it was'nt so, must have cost him many an extra shilling to settle amicably when "*you ladies are so very quarrelsome!*" Still he seemed a most willing annual victim, and

was purchased from Mr. Anne without a pedigree. Emperor IV. by Angelus, now a four-year-old, is at Howsham, and is a chestnut, like nearly all his kinsfolk, and fully sixteen hands high. Emperor I. was a bay, and was sold to Mr. Little Gilmour for three hundred guineas. He was hunted at Melton for eight seasons, and was shot last spring. He was by Record, the sire of many good hunters, and Sir George's eldest son rode him for some time, before he (Mr. Gilmour) had him. Emperor II. was a bay by Orpheus; Mr. James Hall bought him from Sir George for 300 gs., and he was put up for sale at York, and Mr. Chaplin gave 400 gs. for him. He won his first race for the "all rose," to wit, the National Steeplechase at Wetherby, whose fine scope of course and large fences suited him to a nicety. Emperor III. was by Cock Robin, a horse of Mr. George Payne's, by Chanticleer dam by Charles XII. Mr. Chaplin gave 400 gs. for him, and he won the same race at Bedford. Sir George also bred Rosamond, the ten-year-old mare which was sold at the late Sir Charles Slingsby's sale for 430 gs. Caradon I. by Orpheus is a crack hunter of Mr. Hall's, and the hero of a very great day; and Caradon II. is full of promise, and has taken a head prize at the Yorkshire Show.

"parted" so well, that, if he got value received, he must have consumed nearly a ream of return-lists. He first became such an especial character at Doncaster when he led back his namesake to scale. He was only seventy-four then; but, ever after, the St. Leger jockeys looked for his hand-shake as the seal of victory when they passed through the little white gate of Fame. After Bill Scott died, he seemed to have a great partiality for Nat. The last winning horse he ever went to meet was The Lawyer, but he did not lead him in. The trainers of the cracks generally made a point of sending him word when they would strip their horses for him to look over, and he made a special point of visiting Old Calabar.

He was very fond of a morning at Whitewall, and till within a fortnight of his death he often said, "I shall be able to go and see Mr. Scott again," and, in fact, he quite built on that visit, which was never to be. There was a langour and general failing about him at Doncaster in "The Marquis's" year, and when his friends noted that he gladly sat down between the races, and came to the course in a carriage on the Friday, they might well feel a foreboding that he had paid his last visit to the "Moor." The real truth was that he had rather martyred himself with a new pair of top-boots (which he always had made at Doncaster), and would not send home for a pair of easy ones; but still the decline had begun.

A little quiet after Doncaster revived him, and he was once more away by the early train to Holderness. The late Mr. Leonard, of Hull, to whom he had sold his beasts for many years, was too ill to meet him, as of yore, and he did business with his son, and calculated the weight and value as closely as ever. He talked with apparent zest of old friends and times in Hull, but there were not lacking symptoms that his hour was nigh. An attack of bronchitis in November shook him still more, and it was aggravated

by his dislike to doctoring and his forgetfulness of age. During the winter, he liked to sit by the fire and be read to, and scarcely cared to go near his mares and foals, which those about him felt to be the strongest, involuntary confession of growing weakness, more especially in a man, who was always thought to have a strong secret wish of living to be a hundred. Early in March he had an attack of gout, which rather amused him than otherwise, seeing that his family had been subject to it, and here he was the premier sportsman of England, in immediate succession to "Old Kit Wilson," only caught by it at ninety-and-a-half. When it quitted him eight days before his death, dropsy rapidly set in, and the sad whisper, scarcely believed at first, went over Yorkshire, that "Sir Tatton is dying." Some hoped he might rally as he had done before, but the once iron frame had found its conqueror. He lay almost insensible, but breathing very heavily, from Tuesday to Saturday, and then his brave old heart went out with the dawn.*

The chesnut Wensleydale is the only one of the old blood that the present baronet retains, and he chose her out of a lot of eighteen three-year-old fillies. She is by Colsterdale and strains back to the dam of Grey Momus, that fountain head of Sledmere stud honour. Miss Agnes by Birdcatcher and her daughter Little Agnes by The Cure were then

* The funeral took place on Friday, 27th March, 1863, and was attended by nearly three thousand of all classes from the East and North Ridings. At half-past twelve the coffin was placed on a rest at the west front of the house, before which the tenantry were arranged, in pairs, and the procession was then formed to the church. Lord Hotham, Lord Middleton, Sir F. Legard, Admiral Duncombe, Mr. L. Thompson, Mr. R. Bower, Mr. James Hall, and Mr. Hill were the pall bearers. The day was clear but cold, and Sledmere, with the troops of deer moving in the distance, and the brood mares and foals throwing up their heads and trotting round the park, and then stopping to gaze at the multitude which had invaded their solitudes, never looked more beautiful.

purchased from the late John Osborne, who would not part with Agnes by Clarion, the foundress of the tribe. Bernice by Stockwell had a short sojourn of a year, and left Sophie by Lord Clifden behind her, and the speedy lop-eared Marigold by Teddington is one of the four perpetually in residence. It is a strange contrast to old times, when three or four stacks with eight or nine foals haltered to each, so that they might learn to lead, were the object of a morning's walk. The new order of things, limited as it is, has so far borne better fruits than the old. The Agneses arrived in foal with Bismark (500 gs.) and Tibthorpe, both of them winners, and the latter a cracker if his pipes had been as good as his pace. A Little Agnes filly has also won in a small way, and so has Amendment, the daughter of Wensleydale, and when we were in "Hampton Court" paddock one September we found Snarry lunging Frivolity, a pretty chesnut daughter of Macaroni and Miss Agnes and expressing pretty confident hopes that "my beauty" would let him read something to her advantage ere long in his Manchester paper. She did not belie his hopes with 500 gs. at the hammer, and she won the Althorp Stakes by a neck, with six or seven future winners behind her, the very first time she was stripped. Her dam had no foal at her foot in the paddocks, where three chesnuts, two Stockwells and a Thormanby, which averaged 400 gs. at Doncaster,

"Were glad, nosing the mother's udder,"

and playing havoc with the countless mushrooms in their gambols. Morphia, her half-brother from Wensleydale came in for a smaller share of Snarry's heart, but leggy and unlikely to "come to hand early" as he then seemed, he won the Goodwood Nursery on a Friday, and on the Monday he was giving a stone and finishing level with Catalonia for the Nursery at Ripon. Six winners out of four mares in three seasons is no small allowance.

Pedigreed shorthorn cows with rich-haired Duke of Townley calves are also to be found in the spots once specially dedicated to blood stock, and two drape cows were laying on Christmas beef in the well walled acres of "Daniel's own." *Coates's Herd Book* is at last having its claim allowed by the side of *Wetherby's Calendar*, and the red Duke of Townley, with a man on each side of that handsome but treacherous forehand, is ushered into the yard, and walks snorting down the high road.

The mares are always taken up when the hounds come. In old Sir Tatton's time Lord Middleton never drew the Sledmere covers (which are full of foxes and require an enormous amount of routing), but whipped off, as the troops of mares would have taken to galloping half the day and have probably cast their foals. The litters were, of course, carefully looked after, and carried off to another part of the country. However, when the railroad was made, the whips could very seldom stop them, and they ran to Sledmere oftener during the first three years after the line was opened than they had done in the previous twenty. Pry Whin is a beautiful cover for cubs, with that grand pear-shaped bit of whin, gorse and briars in its centre, from which we have seen a brace of old foxes leisurely cross the riding on a summer afternoon. Beyond it at the end of this line of woodland is the Gothic tower, which has been erected to Sir Tatton's memory on Garton Hill. A laboured inscription would have only mocked a memory, so rich in grand simplicity. Few words were needed, and none are there save "The memory of the just is blessed." A hot haze denied us a distant view as we scaled the winding stair, and stood at last in the little guest chamber near the top. On one side were the deep green woods of Sledmere; to the seaward the "waves of wheat which ripple round the

lonely Grange," (where Mr. Major had just shown us the paces of his first-prize hackney mare Polly) and down the Crussdale Valley. Driffield church stood out in the distance among those vast ash-tree hedge rows, which have been recently thinned out with Dutch regularity to one in fifteen yards, and the sky-line on the south stretches over many a rich arable farm, to the country of Philip Ramsden, once the patron saint of roadsters "by Huggate and Pocklington way."

Old Bob Ramsden of Market Weighton had Pretender and Reformer (both trotting sires) from Norfolk. At eighty he dressed the character to the life, in white stockings and shoes, long black coat, low broad hat, and kerseymere breeches. Even at that age he could show a trotter's paces with any man at Market Weighton each market Wednesday in May. He was never in a hurry about it, but sat in his chimney corner, and let the others trot on till his pipe was finished. Then he would reach down his spurs, buckle them on to his shoes, and mount his galloway to show off his stallion. Performer was his delight; he would gallop his galloway by his side on the turnpike, and then shift the saddle on to the horse, and, as he was wont to say, "*Trot over their backs.*" No horse could trot with Performer, and he trotted faster than he could gallop. Old Bob was six feet high when in his prime, and game to the back-bone. He was considerably above seventy when he fetched the cap and jacket of other days out of a drawer, and it was all his friends could do to prevent him coming up to London then and there to ride a friend's horse for a ten miles' trotting match. His son Philip, who died a few years since, did a great deal towards improving the size of Yorkshire roadsters, by introducing Roan Phenomenon.*

* The following is a specimen of a Yorkshire trotting conversation which we had with a noted Market Weighton character: "Our

We are now in the great Vale of York, to which Mr. Bancroft could find no parallel, save the plain of Lombardy. It comprises every kind of soil, from stiff clay to sand, and has grown all produce, from white wheat to chicory. The pleasant little town of Pocklington had just been making merry with a

auld black horse was first horse we had—our auld bay mare was dam of her as bred Merrylegs, and all of them good'uns. That first chesnut horse we selt him to Catlin. That Howden Show-week he trotted two miles in 5 min. 20 sec. on York and Hull Road. That was bay hoss as Duke of Gordon got, as had the match—he trots his first eight miles in 33 minutes. They said 'he'll loss the match.' I says '*he weant touch him over shoolder, Bill.*' Little Bill they called him rode black mare the hundred miles in 11h. 48 min. She had 13h. 15 min. to do it in. She was only three that spring—if we had only roped her in that hundred miles we'd have brokken all Weighton. The bay horse I sold to the Duke of Gordon was the worst horse to get up a hill—he didn't pull, he met the hill. I never tell noe man in England yet what the Duke of Gordon gave me, and I never will. Creeper was migl ty fast, but an uneven tempered horse, nae style aboot him. T'auld mare was tremendous fast; some days beat owt in the world—some days we could mak' nowt of her. When she was 22 years old, she carried little Bill 2 miles 200 yards in 5 min. 16 secs., with a flying start. I knew when I went into the stable i t morning whether she meant trotting or not. If she was in one of her tantrums she would rear up, and squat on the ground. She had a way of whisking her tail round if she didn't want to act.

"I once ploughed a yacre of ground with her, and then trotted 16 miles to Beverley races and back. T'auld bay meer come of a black meer by Harrison's Sportsman, gitten with syke a horse as come of Jerry Boughton—little bit of fash down the legs, but go for yae summer day after another. They lived like racehorses—there never were noe mair syke. We had Merrylegs, and good job if we'd never had him. We selt him for £630 to Squire Dennison. Black Fireaway he was half-bred—black and blood. Old Pretender, a black, he was very bloodlike—I doubt if there was a better—fine legs and short fetlocks. He got Performer, a dark brown; and Merrylegs, a dark chesnut, was gitten with Performer. He had a queer white mark on foot that all the Performers had. It was white round the coronet, and down the front of the hoof. Merrylegs was about the last, and got bad ones. They tried to cross the blood, and stronger animals didn't do.

"The Norfolk Phenomenon did no great good. Philip Ramsden and Kirby bought them. There was a Fireaway and a Shales. The Prickwillows were rum'uns to trot. I've seen such goes from Hull to Hayton. The fellows used to pull up, '———, *I'll have nowt to do wi' you—you come from Market Weighton.*'"

flower-show, and a banner flapped lazily in its honour from the old church-tower. We paused at Theresa Cottage, where Neville the racehorse was foaled, and Dalton the greyhound was buried, and then set our face steadily towards Givendale, on the Wolds. It lies about four miles away, on the high road to Malton. Everingham Park, where Tom Hodgson's old black horse of Holderness and Quorn fame lies buried, was deep in woods on our right. The country was once all open from Warter Wood to Mount Farrow, and for sixteen or seventeen miles there was no shelter for a travelling fox. Everything is changed now, and old Singleton, the celebrated jockey and grandsire of the brothers John and James, would look in vain for the springy turf, along which he could canter his horses gently for miles up the valley, before they put on the sweaters at Thixendale.

> "The sylvan slopes with corn-clad fields
> Are hung, as if with golden shields,
> Bright trophies of the sun;"

and both plains and wolds seemed white unto the harvest. A band of women on Grimthorpe were picking a crop of teasels, which are sown after bare fallow or green crop, and require at least two years to come to perfection, for the Leeds cloth-makers. Owsethorpe is the last farm on the road before we leave the level and climb the wolds; and our companions did not fail to tell us how a Lincolnshire man had moralised over Cousin Bet and her foal, which were "gnawing the pasture," and advised bullocks in their stead, and how the laugh was against him after Doncaster.

But the eyebrow of the hill is reached at last, and we find ourselves on a sort of table-land, with a lake, on which a widowed swan is sailing, in the glen below, hard by a little church. A turn to the left brings us to the hamlet of Givendale, which lies

among snug gardens and garths, on a great natural platform overlooking the Vale of York and its distant Minster towers. Mr. Singleton's holding comprises 640 acres, all on the wold, and belonging to his mother and himself. It lies from 500 to 800 feet above the sea level, and on the range of the chalk hills, which extend to Langton Wold, and straight across the East Riding to Filey. Oats, barley, and turnips all flourish well, but mangolds are rarely tried. The Lincolns do nicely enough in Holderness, but they fail on the chalk of the wolds, which is not strong enough feeding for them. There is no mistaking Mr. Singleton's homestead. To the left is the letting yard, where Mr. Boulton's voice is heard in the land as each first Wednesday after the 20th of August comes round, and the Leicester rams, and red and red-flecked shorthorns, headed by old Graceful, in the home garth make assurance doubly sure. We thought of poor John Thompson of Anlaby, and his remark on his last visit, "That's the right sort of flesh," as that wealthy troop of Lady Waterloos, Miss Waterloos, Ruths, and Floras, with their wondrous family likeness and "warm Christmas colours," grazed right up to the garden rails. Thousands have been thrown away on scores of pedigreed herds, and no such really solid and useful result has been attained.*

* Their owner was entered to Shorthorns, like many other good men, at the Kirklevington sale in '50, where he bought Waterloo 4th by Cleveland Lad (3407), in calf to Third Duke of Oxford. The produce was Lady Waterloo, which she supplemented with Miss Waterloo by Surplice (10901). Lady Waterloo bred in her turn Lady Waterloo 2nd, which broke its neck as a calf, and Lady Waterloo 3rd, both of them by Mr. Wiley's George (12941). Lady Waterloo 4th and Count Waterloo were her calves by Mr. Sanday's Ferdinand (12871)—a Royal H. C. at Lincoln, and a 100-guinea purchase by auction—but her finest calf, both in point of substance, size, and hair, was Lady Waterloo 6th, by her own son Count Waterloo—another fact for those who won't hear of in-and-in breeding. The latter unfortunately bred nothing but bulls. Vesta's dam was bought about

After these home studies, we had quite an excursion among the ewes—a wide, short-legged lot full of Buckley and Sir Tatton's blood—and the drinking-ponds, which are made much after the Sledmere fashion. There were some Masham sheep lacking the horns, seventeen Galloway heifers with Bridegroom (23453) as their esquire, and a very neat filly foal by The Cure from a Cawston mare, and one of the last he ever got. With these "musings by the way," we reached the far gallop in the plantations. It has been a time-honoured axiom that for every ten acres of wold one should be planted for shelter. The belief has obtained to the full at

this time, in-calf of Bullion (15706), who nicked well with Lady Waterloo 3rd in Lord of Waterloo, whose hocks went from long confinement during a snowstorm, when there was some idea of "going on with him" for shows. Bullion had two crosses of Booth blood in him, and Patriot from Jacinthe by Leonidas (10414) (a purchase as a cow at the Panton sale) two or three more crosses. From the very first Mr. Singleton joined in with neither of the "great Herd-Book factions." He once stood upon four tribes—the Waterloos; the Floras, from Watson of Wauldby's; the Ruths, from Emmerson's of Eryholm; and the Medoras, which go back, through the Rev. Thos. Cator's Hecuba and Mr. Fawkes's Fair Maid of Athens, to Booth's Medora. He rears his bull-calves for sale, and shows very little, and has, in fact, only come out five times at the Yorkshire, but always been placed or thereabouts. Alice was highly commended in the calf class, which Booth's Queen of the Isles headed at York in '57, and was sold after winning at Driffield to Mr. Emmerson for 70 gs. Prince Tom of the Flora tribe earned the same honour that day behind Lord of the Valley and Great Mogul. Miss Waterloo 4th separated Second Queen of May and Rosedale, and took the second prize; Mirth was second to a cow of Mr. Radcliffe's of Brandsby when Pride of Southwicke was disqualified; and Fourth Squire of Waterloo was third yearling at Beverley. Mirth was by Ferdinand, dam by Surplice, grandam Doris by Belshazzar (1703). She "died well" at Liverpool in '64, after winning the £10 prize in her class, and the special cup as the best beast in the fat yard. The whole of the Waterloo females have since been sold at a high price to Mr. Cheney, and replaced by cows from Mr. Angus of Broomley.

Mr. Singleton began with Leicesters in 1844, by hiring a ram from Sir Tatton, and was pretty constant in his visits to the old baronet at the Eddlethorpe lettings, where he once gave 60½ gs., after a sharp contest with Mr. John Simpson. In 1845 he went to Mr. Wiley for the first time, and for fourteen years never missed drawing on his

Givendale, where the firs have been planted with no sparing hand, and a training gallop of nearly two miles cut through them. It was used for some years after the old man's death by the present Mr. John Singleton and his father; but the ruts have become deep, and no work is done, and "no questions asked" there now. From thence the transition was easy to Etty's favourite walk twice a day by the church. For many years this great Yorkshire painter spent much of his summer here, under the roof of Mr. Singleton's father. No spot pleased him so well, when he could escape from his easel and the olive-tinted haze of London. "I often in fancy," he wrote, "fly away to Givendale, as the most rural and quietest country retreat I know, like

beloved "union of Buckley and Burgess, with a dash of Stone." He has also visited the last-named breeder at Barrow, on his own account. His first Sanday essay was in 1854, with a two-shear, which took a first prize in Mr. Sanday's hands at the Royal Carlisle Show, and in one of his many hirings from Holmpierrepont, he took the shearling which Mr. Creswell bought at the sale. Mr. Edwards, of Market Weighton's draft ewes of Sledmere-Burgess blood, started him in 1840, and he continued to get a few each year through a friend. In 1854 he bought ten ewes and a ram from Mr. Buckley, and as many more at Mr. Hewitt's second sale, in the same year, and half-a-dozen at Mr. Sanday's first sale in 1860. He generally lambs about 180, and lets from 50 to 60 tups. This year and last they averaged about £10, but none of them have quite touched the Sanday and Wiley Tibthorpe, who was let to Mr. Stavely of Tibthorpe for £37 10s. as a two-shear, and for £30 10s. the next year. Firm mutton, thick wool, and purity of blood have been all Mr. Singleton's aim, and, unlike many flockmasters on the Wolds, he never would have a dash of Lincoln. His first public auction was in 1855, and his customers are almost entirely Yorkshire men, and include six or seven ram-breeders. "Sim" Templeman is a regular customer, and he is pretty generally brought in for a speech when "The Turf" is drunk with all the honours, as is only fitting in a Yorkshire congress. In 1867, Commander-in-Chief, so called after the celebrated Warlaby bull, stood at the head of the list, and there was no mistaking, when you glanced at his fleece, "the reason why" Mr. George Lane Fox's agent had given £28 5s. for him. Young Commander-in-Chief was hired by Sir Tatton Sykes in 1869 for £41. The best shearling at that letting made £35 10s., and the best two-shear £37 10s., for Ireland.

the bird that flees to the hill to be at rest." He would saunter for hours down that glen to his wonted bench beneath the elm near the cottages. There he would sit and sketch, as his fancy took him, the elm, ash, larch, beech, willow, elderberry, or Lombardy poplar in Pit's planting, or Beck's, just across the little brook. His walk seldom extended beyond a mile, to the common below Riding's Plantation, which Lord Middleton's know so well. He mourned over the pulling down of the old church—a very favourite subject, as he did whenever any ancient houses were cleared away in York, and he lost another bit of colour in the tiles. Sometimes he would gather flowers to copy indoors after tea, which, with all the eccentricity of genius, he would insist upon making for himself, putting cold water in to preserve the aroma. There are many proud family relics of the past in that parlour—the silver cup with "Success to Fox-hunting" on it, the goldsmith's racing cups in their quaint leather cases, and the goblet with horses' heads for handles which the Marquis of Rockingham gave his jockey Singleton for his riding of Bay Malton—and among them, Etty's painting of a pheasant, and some equally-vigorous heads will always be ranked as a memento of a very happy friendship, which only ended with his life.

A cry went forth some years since, that Langton Wold was doomed, and that Whitewall and the other training stables would shortly be desolate. Old Maltonians might well say that the site of their pleasant little town might be ploughed over and sown with salt, if their four trainers were to be thus driven into exile. Things at one time seemed gloomy enough; but happily a compromise was effected. The racecourse, over which the Brothers Scott tried many a winner, is now in turnips or white crops; the little stand is transmuted

into a farm building, and, 420 acres have been taken at one slice out of the Wold. Still there is a large portion left, a sort of mixture of hill and valley, with abundance of thorn trees and Leicester sheep. The tan gallop is laid out in the most intricate fashion, along the bottom of the valley, in order to eke out distance; but when some critical curves have been slipped round, there is a long striding reach up-hill of fully a mile. The farming man, who harrows over the tan every morning, had just unyoked his horses when we arrived, and the Whitewall lot were to be seen quietly walking over the brow of the hill, with Jem Perren on his bay pony in attendance. Mr. Scott soon arrived in his fly, which the old grey, that Doncaster knows well, draws no longer.

Not long before this Mr. Bowes was by his trainer's side on two successive mornings, and the veteran may well be proud, in these petty days of chop and change, to think that he has now trained for that "approved good master" for nearly forty seasons, and that they have never had the shadow of a misunderstanding. Four Derbies, a couple of Two Thousands, and one St. Leger, with Mundig, Meteor, Cotherstone, Daniel O'Rourke, and West Australian, have formed but a small portion of their spoils, and yet Isaac Walker, the Streatlam Castle stud-groom, has seldom arrived each September with more than four yearlings "for school." Mr. Bowes very rarely goes to a race, and we believe that Fordham, who has so often worn his black and gold of late years, does not even know him by sight.

Before work begins another fly drives up, and a well-favoured "special commissioner," in a grey coat and crush hat, steps forth on to the sward, and goes to pay his respects to Mr. Scott. He is here

en route from Middleham, where Pretender has had his best attention, and he brings a glowing account of the chances of "Johnny" and the blue and silver braid. There is but doubtful news of Martyrdom, and Pero Gomez is mentioned with as much respect as if he were Mr. Peabody himself. The other spectators are few. The three "Jacks," Robson, Holmes, Charlton, whom we have seen on this spot so often, are all in their graves, and now that he has no Blair Athol in hand, Mr. I'Anson does not even spare an hour from his farming. It hardly seems like the Saturday before the St. Leger. Yorkshire is busy among her partridges and her sheaves, and cannot compass the idea that even John Scott, great as his triumphs have been, can descend on the cracks, and wrest his seventeenth St. Leger from them with a dark and an untried horse. As a general thing they have more belief round Malton in George Osbaldeston, but still there are plenty to shake their heads, and ask if the Belshazzar and Barbatus blood is the thing to bring a horse home in a St. Leger.

"George" has a small party of his own to look on, and three "literary touts," two of them regularly attached to the London sporting papers, note him and the rest of the lots as they do their work. Reports from training quarters have now become a sort of necessity, and as long as these writers keep their distance, and do not tamper with the boys, trainers and owners do not resent their presence. In fact, many of them rather like the reports, as they can hear what horses are doing elsewhere, and thus know better what they are likely to meet. There was a time, "long, long ago," when there were only two touts at Newmarket—the portly York, who could pull down eighteen stone on the scales, and a little ex-jockey called Garratt. The latter wore a smock

when he was professionally engaged—that is to say, when he "roamed through the dew;" and when Lord Foley once dropped across him before a trial, lying as snug as a hare behind a roller on the Heath, and asked him who he was, he promptly replied, that he was "a shepherd." "Are you, indeed?" rejoined his lordship; "I don't think you look after your flock much."

But a truce to these Scottiana. As ten o'clock approaches the schooling on the tan begins in earnest. Shepherd's, Peck's, and a couple of I'Anson's come striding along by twos and threes, and then Perren takes the Whitewall lot into the bottom. The Spy, with his plainish head and long legs, is not out, and Viscount is also taking it easy at home. Goldsboro' is reported coughing; and Westwick, that good-looking half-brother to West Australian, has never run since the Alexandra Plate of last year. Nobleman goes merrily through his work, and Toison d'Or toils away with a fair chance of Park Hill honours before her eyes. Old War, the King of the Slows, seems very much fined down, and in great heart, as if he knew that the wet which he loves so well has descended on the three Ridings in earnest at last. Five or six more, Silver Band, Tarna, Viscountess, &c. flash past in succession, and Mr. Scott calls out of his brougham to a lad to "keep your hands down." Then the straight-backed Taraban is seen creeping up the hill with his head well down, and H. Robertson in the saddle. The pretty little Royal Oak, a lighter chesnut with a white face and white on the off fore foot, comes "fighting," hard held by Grimshaw, and looking as if he were ready at any moment to go up and settle him. There was a time when Taraban was obliged to "liquor up" before every great race. Whisky did not stay long with him, and he in-

finitely preferred old port of a good vintage, but he is said now to be quite a reformed character, and no horse can play the schoolmaster more patiently. The funny man of the piece is a Malton publican on a roan racing pony. She has been winning at Margate in the early part of the week, but she is back again at her old quarters, looking as hard as nails. Still her owner is anxious to put on a little more "polish," and he rattles up the tan twice or thrice in the course of the morning, going like great guns, with his coat tails flying in the breeze. After their first gallop the Whitewall team walked across the top of the Wold, and when Mr. Scott has followed and had them on parade for some twenty minutes, they are sent up the gallop again. Taraban takes his pupil three times up it, and then the morning's work is ended. All looked serene, and in our mind's-eye we saw the chesnut running home fourth or fifth; but the morning brought bronchitis, and his leg began to fill, and the Johnsonian pen went through his name.

Blair Athol, the last St. Leger winner that was prepared on the Wold, was "a perfect glutton," and Mr. I'Anson says of him that he did more work in the three weeks between York and Doncaster, and ate more corn than Lanercost, Vestment, or Inheritor, who once seemed almost invincible in this respect. His first Malton trial was at even weights with Borealis, after she had run in the Cambridgeshire Stakes, and he beat her by two lengths. Mr. I'Anson then asked him to give her 7lbs., but he rather ran out at the turn, and Challoner on the mare beat him by a head. Ten weeks before the Derby he was found to be very much injured in the muscles of the thigh, and his boy was discharged, and it was fully five weeks ere he was allowed to go out of a walk. At Paris he ran big, as it was im-

possible to gallop him, and yet, then sore as he was with the hard ground, he came back across the Channel to Ascot, and cut down Ely on the Friday over the New Mile. He was not intended for York, as, in consequence of his shoe coming off half as he walked and half in the Rubbing House, he had missed a sweat. Borealis and Caller Ou generally led him in his work, and a hard time they had of it. Mr. I'Anson never knew how good he was, and thinks that he never had a horse with such true action, as even in distress he never rolled or rocked.

CHAPTER X.

"A trainer on a lonely hill
Will do a deed of mystery,
And 'scribes' will several columns fill,
With that trial and all its history.
The trainer will be all surprise
At the facts they have collected,
And the owner when they meet his eyes
Will be equally affected."

Sporting Life.

A word on Knavesmire—Sir William Milner—The Hunting Tragedy on the Ure—Drax Abbey—Warping—Harrogate—Yorkshire Stock and Hound Show at Wetherby—Captain Gunter's Herd—Farnley Hall.

AMID the whirl and rattle of the present turf times, when the secrets of a man's stable are proclaimed on the house-top almost before he knows them himself, and touts send off telegrams far and wide the instant a trial is won, it is a treat to hear a Yorkshire elder have his say. Once set him going, with the full consciousness that he has a sympathetic listener, and he soon pierces into the bowels of the past, and recounts each loved recollection of "the horse and his rider." He will tell you how a great jockey "got into money," and rather let the cat out of the bag by offering a £1,000 note instead of a £100 one in change to the horse's owner on settling day; how Bob Ridsdale, who began as body footman to Lady Lambton, made £30,000 only to lose every half-penny of it again in the ring; of Colonel Cradock saying to Sam Chifney in amaze-

ment as they gazed on the saddle contortions of little Johnny Gray at a finish, "*Is he pricking, Sam, or is he pulling?*" of a noble duke only giving his jockey "a pony," when he had won the Oaks, and thinking he had done the correct thing; of Old Forth having his weighing beam in two rooms, so that his jockeys might not see what weight they carried in a trial; of Lord Suffield and his confederate taking their Bamboo revenge with Newlight to the tune of £12,000 on Lord George Bentinck, when his lordship managed the green and gold interest for Mr. Houldsworth, and had such a fancy for Destiny; and of Bill Scott making the judge and jury laugh when he was a witness, about the "three clean, Bank of England notes, clean notes for a £1,000 each, my lord," which he got for his horse Sir Tatton Sykes.

We have always had a great fondness for Orton's Turf Annals of York and Doncaster. We remember the poor fellow—before he fell, no one exactly knew why, under the ban of Lord George—who always left his mark on a man—as keeper of the match-box, and clerk of the course at York, as well as judge there, and at Preston Guild, and several other northern meetings. He was also, the "Alfred Highflyer" of the *Sporting Magazine*, a third of a century ago, and his descriptions of York and Catterick Bridge Meetings had a freshness and an interest, we shall never know again. In his introduction to his work he does not fail to do justice to the horse-loving tendencies of each county family. As the Dutchman of Communipaw, men fabled to have sprung from oysters, and each clad in ten pair of linsey wolsey breeches, marched to a bloodless battle under the banner of an oyster *recumbent* upon a sea green field, so, according to our historian, the Darleys of Aldby should have a Childers, and the Huttons of Marske an Eclipse on their family quarterings, as having imported the Arab, or reared

the sire to which the renowned bay and chesnut owe their descent.

One of the very finest races ever run at York was that Subscription Purse in which Actæon, with Harry Edwards up, defeated Memnon and Sam Chifney, at York, and a painting of the finish, by Herring, hung in the dining-room at Hawkhead. We have looked over many hundreds of Mr. Herring's portfolio horse sketches, and we still think Actæon the most beautiful. The chesnut's great peculiarity was that he would never leave his horses. He once had a race with Florismart, at York, when the latter broke down at the Bishopthorpe turn. Clift scrambled along as he could to the finish, and Actæon stuck resolutely to him in a slow trot, and it was all his jockey could do by clapping and encouraging him to get him to win by a neck. In the great race for the Purse, Harry Edward made his effort, about a hundred yards from home, and got a neck in front, but the chesnut put his toes into the ground and "retracted" so terribly in the last three strides, that when Sam Chifney "collected" Memnon and came with one of his rushes, victory was only cut out of the chesnut by a head. Edwards struck him three times, and, as they say, "with a will."

The race in which Newminster was defeated by Calculator, was the most sensational we ever witnessed at York,* but we have heard that it was

* Weights, which began at a thumping twelve stone early in the eighteenth century at York, gradually slid down to 9st. in 1751. By 1756 the 8st. 7lbs., which held its own for a century, had appeared at Doncaster; and in 1760 the York Subscription Purses were at 8st. 3lbs. Six years later, matches at four miles were made at 7st.; and, in 1786, three-year-olds were carrying 5st. 7lbs. and a feather. Of course, in Give and take Plates the weights had been very low for many years before that, and were even calculated by ounces. They had been given up and quite forgotten until some clerk of the course or other, in 1839, introduced one into Scotland, without having duly mastered the proper distance between the fore and hind feet when the horse is measured. Accordingly, the old

nothing to the scene when The Miner seemed suddenly to start up at Blair Athol's side, and beat him. It was on Knavesmire also that we remember poor Bill Scott having his last mount, a second on Snowball to Alfred Day on Tuscan. It is only twenty-two years ago, and yet seven out of the nine jockeys who rode in that race are dead.

In his way there were few more genuine Yorkshire lovers of racing than the late Sir William Milner. We seem to see him still, with his tall, light figure, his aquiline nose, his rather lank, black hair, and his glass in his eye, following a winner out of the York enclosure to have another peep at him before he was sheeted up, or on the pavement (or rather the horse-block) at the Salutation, getting a good "oversight" of a yearling, which old Mr. Tattersall or his son were knocking down. Lord Strathmore was just coming into notice then, and a good-looking young fellow he was, with that curious way of toeing the ground in his walk, and that off-hand devil-me-care toss of the head, as he seized the passing hour, and little thought that Sweetmeat would beget Saccharometer to his sorrow.

Racing was in the Milner family, as turf chronicles knew well, and gradually came out in the Oxonian.

stone was disinterred from one of the York rubbing houses; and it was ascertained that 5ft. was the distance, and that 2ft. was allowed between each of the hind as well as the fore feet. Under the system, horses of thirteen hands carried 7st., and 14oz. were put on for every eighth of an inch; so that horses of fourteen hands carried 9st., and of fifteen hands 11st.

Two-year-old racing had its origin in a match between Mr. Hutchinson—the genius of Langton Wold in his day, as well as the breeder of Hambletonian and trainer of Beningborough—and a Rev. Mr. Goodricke. In 1799 the first race of the kind was run at York, and won by Mr. Robinson's Belle Fillie, the first favourite, Allspice, running last; and in the following year Lord Darlington won the maiden race of the kind at Doncaster with the first of his two Muley Molochs. It was not until eleven years later that Oiseau, by running away, at weights for age over a mile and a half at Doncaster, from a four-year-old and a five-year-old St. Leger winner, provided what good two-year-olds really can do in the autumn.

"Mr. Milner" was christened after him. He had a few race-horses in his time, along with the Aske string, of which Grapeshot was much the best though he required a fortune in whalebone. Sir William followed the Voltigeur fortunes like a man, and then, without telling the stable, laid heavily against Lightfoot (whom Bobby Hill believed to be a clinker) for the next year's Derby. Most probably Voltigeur was quite out of form, or else Lightfoot would never have won the trial as he did.* However, it seemed high enough to put Sir William in a sad pucker how to shape his course and get out; but Chester showed the horse eventually in his real colours. As a politician, Sir William promised well, and took a good part in the conferences of the Orange party, to whom an Upper Room at Normanton was generally the Woburn Abbey. York had in him a painstaking member, and he quite astonished Mr. Leeman by the verve with which he spoke on one occasion; but his health began gradually to fail from that point.

It has been well said that—

> "The image of a man who died
> In his heyday of renown,
> Has a fearful power, unto which the pride
> Of fiery life bows down.

England has had many such lessons. London remembers yet the painful thrill when Lord Cantelupe lay dead in the very height of the season. Lord George Bentinck was found in his father's flood meadow, with the hoar-frost of an autumn morning on that finely-cut face, which had been so often turned defiantly on his foes in the House. The Duke of Dorset, one of the best sportmen of his day, died jumping a small fence with his harriers; and the Marquis of Waterford, who had come off scatheless

* "Scott and Sebright," p.p. 211-215.

among the "oxers" of Northamptonshire and the doubles of the Vale, met his doom at a little stone wall into a road. Death is more fearful when it is in direct contrast with pleasure, and the little ferry on the Ure will be remembered, so long as that river rolls its dark waters from the moors to the Ouse, as the scene of the most fearful tragedy in hunting history.

Yorkshire could hardly believe the sad tidings. The cathedral city was in the very height of her hunting term. There were visitors in plenty, and the Club was full of the doings of Sir Charles on Saltfish or Rosamond, and of news of good sport with Mr. Hall and the Holderness. Four familiar faces were suddenly lacking, and three of them were the very life-blood of the hunt—master, crack rider, and first whip. The meet on that fatal day (February 4th) was Stainley, upwards of twenty miles from York, but accessible by rail, and a special train was run on the occasion. Sir Charles soon found a fox which took them straight for Newby Park, where it crossed the river. He had found, as he thought, the same fox twice before that season, and it had baffled him by the same trick. It was no doubt this double beating which made him rather more keen and less sensible of his danger than usual, for both he and Mr. Lloyd and Mr. Robinson were generally timid and careful in a boat, though hard, and fearless riders as could be across country.*

* The boat was managed by a cog-wheel, which takes hold of a chain stretched across the river, and it is worked over by hand. This chain, which is of some weight, lies in ordinary times on the bottom of the river, and is picked up by the boat as it goes along, but when the river is full of water the weight of the chain is off the ground and upon the boat. It is usual in a fresh (*i. e.*, when the water is very high, but within its bounds) to cast the chain adrift, and ferry the boat over in the usual manner, but on this occasion the plan was not resorted to. The chain is on the down-stream side, and the weight of it naturally keeps that side of the boat a little down in the water, and therefore when any extra weight, like a horse, is added on that side

"Bill" or rather Powter, the first whip, (for whom an equally sad fate was in store), went round by Borough Bridge and stopped the hounds, which lost

the up-stream side of the boat rises and the stream rushing down underneath it sends it right over on the chain side. So it happened on this sad day.

There was a scrimmage and an "exchange" or two among the horses, and Sir Charles's "Saltfish," an old and a very good one, jumped out, and getting entangled fast in the chain added to the weight on that side of the boat, and upset it. Sir Charles had, we believe, his reins twisted round his wrist. At first, he struck out for the boat, and when he saw it go over he swam away and was within a stroke or two of the opposite shore, where there was no one to fling him the end of a hunting-whip, when he threw up his arms, and went down. It is thought that he took the cramp as his legs were very much drawn up. This is not improbable, as he was somewhat heated with a fast run. Mr. Lloyd must at first have been under the boat with the rest of the men and horses. He was the champion swimmer of his day at Eton, and he struck out manfully for the nearest shore, but the weight of his boots and hunting clothes in the rapid stream was too much for him. Captain Robert Vyner and Mr. William Ingleby jumped in and got hold of him, and for some time sustained him, but he was a very heavy man, and soon overpowered them. In his last extremity, he never lost his presence of mind. There was a total abnegation of self; he did as they directed him, putting his hands on their shoulders, and when he found they were exhausted, he calmly removed them like the noble fellow that he was, rather than imperil their lives as well as his own. No three men could have behaved more gallantly.

Of Mr. Robinson no one seems to know anything for certain, as he disappeared almost immediately. His usual custom was never to get off his horse in a boat, but whether he was off or on that morning no one seems to remember. Some say he was, some say he was not. One man states that he saw him rise in the water on his horse, but this looks like a mistake, for if he had been mounted in the boat, he and his horse must have parted company when the boat upset sideways. Orveys the huntsman can never have made an effort to swim, as he was found next day with his hunting-whip still tightly clutched in his hand. Thus he died as he lived, true to his duty. The poor ferrymen, two good and valued servants, were no doubt struck by the horses, rendered insensible, and sank at once. Of the others in the boat Mr. Clare Vyner was the first to come up, and scramble on to the boat, which was then bottom upwards, and he assisted first Mr. White, then Sir G. Wombwell, then Captain Molyneux and Major Mussinden on to the same place. Captain Molyneux, R.N., was a good swimmer, and reached the shore as did Captain Key, who, seeing the water coming into the boat, jumped out at once before she went over, and went back along the chain.

their fox in the Newby covers, and he had the sad mission of taking home the news to Mrs. Orveys.

Sir Charles, Mr. Lloyd, and Mr. Robinson were the very cream of the hunt, and it is a remarkable thing that they were the only three regular attendants of it who habitually wore caps. Orveys of course wore one. Sir Charles had shown rare sport when all the packs round, with the exception of the Holderness, had been doing very little. He was only forty-five—that year of fruition as it is called, when the harvest of a man's experience is gathered in—and ever since '38 he had been at the head of of either harriers or foxhounds. His lady pack, among which were prize ones of the Nelson and Comedy litter, was about perfection at all points, cover drawing, nose, and speed. For talent, and certainly for perseverance no gentleman huntsman, and probably no professional huntsman could have beaten him. Perhaps he was a little too silent in cover and chopped foxes occasionally that way. He did so on his very last morning, but the fox was so fast asleep, that, to use his own words, "I had to crack my whip twice over him to wake him." His casts were most extraordinary; when his hounds threw up, he never dwelt very long on the spot, but would lay hold of them and cast half a mile forward or back with almost invariable success. The number of foxes (50 brace) accounted for in little over four months, in a country which does not do much cub-hunting, fully attests his prowess. He was the nicest fellow in the field, never by any chance losing his his temper or saying a nasty word to any one. The consequence was, that his field, though comprising an immense number of hard-riding men, was perhaps the best behaved in England, and so many strangers have allowed. If men got into a wrong place (and no one saw it quicker than he did) he would never say anything, but they were wont to say in all verity,

that they felt more rebuked by his quiet look and his silence than if a master had been swearing at them all day. In fact, no one more truly united the charming companion and finished sportsman, and he also rode some fine winning finishes on Eggsauce, &c., over York and Thirsk. One of his ancestors was drowned in the Nidd, and another forfeited his head in the Royalist cause. He disliked politics (although he did not care to be on the losing side in Knaresborough); but during the Epsom and Ascot weeks, when he had his very brief season in London, the Carlton Club was his great resort. Still he did not care much for London, and his great enjoyment lay in natural history and general country pursuits.

Mr. Lloyd was also as genial a man as ever lived, but he had the misfortune to be deaf. This made it rather difficult to talk with him, but he was full of fun, and never out of humour. He was a very fine rider for a heavy man, and a most enthusiastic fox-hunter, never missing a day by any chance except for shooting. All through his last winter, although he lived four miles away, he was in York for the seven o'clock train on a Thursday, when the hounds (and nearly always the lady pack) met on the side of the country where the accident took place.

Mr. Robinson was quite a character. It is a big word to say, but many thought him the finest rider to hounds in England. The Rev. John Bower, who had perhaps not a peer in his day (Earl Jersey's was over) except it might be Lord Clanricarde, was the man, from whom he was proud to say he learnt all he knew in the saddle, and, like that great Holderness hero, on all kinds of horses. He took them as they came, and he was one of the cleverest judges of them in Yorkshire. He seemed to know every horse in it, its powers and its failings. No one ever saw him in difficulties, but always the first man in a run; no

matter what cut-me-down stranger (of which the York and Ainsty sees a great many during the season) might arrive, they never got any change out of him. Unlike most fine riders, he had not a particle of jealousy, but if he thought that he knew the way through a cover better, or had any advantage, he would look round for a pal to give him the office and share it. Not a few profited by his kindness in this way. He was the most good natured fellow in the world, the first to assist any one in difficulties, and he would get off his horse and wade through dirt to put a curb-chain right, or adjust any tackle that was out of place. Nay more. He had always a second horse out, and if a friend's nag was dead beat and his own was still fresh, he was quite ready to lend. The hunt might well be proud of their crack rider. Many will sadly remember how, when a few seasons since, he was borne away from the field with a broken leg on a hurdle, he raised himself on his elbow and cheered the pack as they crossed the road in full cry before him. Three such men could hardly be found in a hunt, and yet they are all taken at one stroke. It may be said, as a testimony to the sterling worth of those who are gone, that in a country where a good deal of that sort of thing prevails, they never belonged to any of the cliques; they were free and independent members of the hunt; their example prevented the field from being cut up into factions, and made a day with the York and Ainsty one of cheery, social enjoyment. Mr. Robinson's Brunow, which ran in the French Derby, was a very remarkable one; and he went so lame, off and on, that he was given to a farmer friend near York, who put him in the harrows. Here he kicked so violently and injured himself so much, that if the stable had not been nearer than the kennels, he would have been led off to the latter. He was sent back, and became so sound that

Mr. Robinson rode him all his last season, and he fetched 280 gs. at the sale. Mr. Robinson had nine hunters up latterly, and among them The Arrow and Traveller, a vicious horse in the stable.

Orveys was a ripe, good servant, and quite a right arm to his master, as first whip and kennel huntsman. He once suffered a good deal with rheumatism in "the round bone," but he had latterly hit on a wonderful cure for it, and no man was more thankful for the hint. His hounds—which went to Scriven Park in the summer—were always brought out in prime condition. The way he would get them out of cover to Sir Charles was perfectly marvellous. He was a bold rider, and as hard as pinwire, and had excellent nerves for a man of his age, nearly sixty. Added to this, he had a deal of quiet fun, which was heightened by a squeaky voice, and a most pleasant twinkle of the eye. He married the house-maid at Scriven Park for his second wife about five years before his death, and Sir Charles's way of repeating the annual report made to him from the kennels, of "another whip, Sir Charles, last night" was very droll. Like Mr. Robinson and Mr. Lloyd, he seems to have died quite easily, as his features were calm and unchanged. When his body was taken out of the river, the searchers leant it against the trunk of a tree in order to let the water flow away. As this fine old servant stood there a few minutes, with his hunting-whip still in his hand, those who saw him said they could hardly persuade themselves, that he was not still alive.

Drax Abbey was granted by Henry VIII. to the Constables of Everingham for their valour at Flodden Field, and Lord Herries sold it in 1849 to Colonel or "Hamlet" Thompson. The Abbey has gone, but the old sites still live in name. A chesnut pony

and a few shorthorn calves were ruminating on the herbage of Ave Maria Lane, and wandering at intervals down Paternoster Row. The Abbey Oak, out of which many an old fox has been flogged, when the Bramham Moor or the Badsworth drew the neutral cover of Barlow Hag, had still some sap in its branches, and a coffin lid, a bracket, or a boss-stone half hid among lobelias and fuschias in season are now the sole antiquities.

A view from the Abbey garth that morning was full of sea-faring and country life. The ashes were just beginning to change in Barlow Hag, which made up a dark green-and-yellow background for the Daisies and the red Captain Shaftoes. Across the embankment of the sluggish Ouse, where the eel-catchers are ever bobbing, the tall spire of Hemingbrough stands out against the sky, and we note the progress of a barge, as it runs slowly up with the tide towards Selby. A billy-boy, which turns out on further inspection to be the "Elizabeth and Anne," is busy, not bringing gravel from Spurn Point this tide, but delivering its tons of linseed-cake from Hull, while carts keep steadily arriving with their loads at the potatoe "pies," which are being gradually built up on the river side, ready for shipment to London. Two troops of English and Irish females in every guise, from sun hats to guano-bag skirts, take their allotted furrows (which have been turned-up by a plough without the coulter), working so jealously against each other, and so ready to raise the Sassenach and the "St. George to the rescue" war cries, on the smallest provocation, that we secretly admire the bailiff for keeping resolutely, pitchfork in hand, between them.

A reedy swamp, half under water, with snipes skimming about it, showed the raw material from which that preserve of Flukes and Princes had been formed. It is only at the changes of the moon

that the sluice watcher can report that the fertilizing muddy swell, full of clay, sand, and vegetable matter, has come at last, and, with a ripple sometimes nearly four feet high, has—

> "— like an eagre rode
> In triumph o'er the tide."

In rivers like the Thames, the Severn, and the Mersey, the force of the stream prevents the tide from rolling the warp back. The sluggishness of its current, and the width of its estuary, make the Humber the only warping river in England, and thus the deposit which the Trent and the Ouse leave at its mouth are not carried out to sea, but can warp the lands for sixty miles along its banks. It has been stated, but of course, equally stoutly disputed, that the fertilizing sediment is composed of the concussion of the fresh water with the salt water animalcules, and that death thus contributes that life to plants on which insects in their turn take such a terrible revenge. It requires a very strong current to keep up a proper species of alligation between the sand and clay; and the constant alteration of sluices and inlets, in order to make the warping level, quite rises into the dignity of a science, and is as difficult a problem as can be set in hydrostatics. Certain places can with prosperous tides acquire four or five feet of warp in three years, and years after, when the ground is examined, each tide is found to have left the record of its presence in a layer of about the thickness of a sixpence. A block of such formation is a veritable "black-letter volume," of which every leaf betokens a day or night of silent and solitary toil. Coltsfoot, willow weed, and docks infest the warp the first year, and the feathered and the Whittlesea Mere weed have gradually given place to "the American," whose roots can strike five yards deep. Four feet under-draining at 10 yards apart,

with 1¾-inch pipes joined with anti-sand-collars, was Mr. Henry Smith's next process, and the plough was taken over it as soon as it could bear horses, and then it was sown with oats and red clover. The latter was mown for fodder, and the newly-warped land has been known to require the scythe three times in a season.*

It is quite a "popular error," that a Yorkshireman cares about no live stock save horses. "Give her the glory of going on, and still to be," from Tennyson's "Wages," would certainly suggest to him an epitaph for a mare that could stay a distance, and his only doubt would be about adding "there or thereabouts" to his author, but still sheep, pigs, and shorthorns have a strong grip of his affections. The agricultural year always seems to lack one of its pleasantest elements if we have missed the Yorkshire meeting. Some linger in the county six weeks from its date,

* The Drax Abbey herd began with Daisy, a cow by Northumberland (466), dam by son of Twin Brother to Ben, and Mr. Smith always hired bulls from Warlaby. From Daisy there came in succession Daisy 7th, the "best cow or heifer" in the yard at Birmingham in 1858. Five years after, Mr. Smith took the gold medal at Smithfield, but with a cow bred by his brother Mr. William Smith, of West Razen. The purchase of Captain Shaftoe (6833) at one of his brother's sales for 40 gs. was a great hit, and the sole drawback about him was his aversion not to a red but to a black coat, a whim which nearly proved fatal to Mr. Parkinson at the Leyfields sale. "The Captain" had then seen twelve summers and he left seventeen heifer calves behind him. One of their daughters, Helen from Annie, was sold to Mr. Majoribanks at ten months for 80 gs., and proved the sire of Harkaway the first Royal prize bull-calf at Canterbury. The meadows were full of reds, or rich red roans whose compact frames, level tops, and good deep middles, told of the gay little Captain's handiwork, which Booth's Bridesman (12493), War Eagle, The Monk, and Prince of Warlaby followed up.

The name and pedigree of each shorthorn was hung above it in the byre, a process the necessity of which was enforced on Mr. Smith by finding that an Irish herdsman in his absence had become puzzled, and had not only given a wrong and a most tremendously high pedigree to an intending purchaser, but maintained that—"*Sure, sor, and I was right to put in the best word I could for the puir beast.*"

and what with Doncaster, York, and Ripon races, visits to herds, racing-stables, studs, agricultural shows, foal shows and ram lettings, a gentle St. Leger excitement, more especially if John Scott has a favourite, as in "the brave days of old," with a dash of Harrogate and Scarborough thrown in for flavour, those pilgrims may well call their sojourn the very "sweet o' the year."

Leeds looked more dreary than ever, as we passed it on our way to Wetherby, and we esteemed the vicar happy who had just escaped from it, mitre in hand, to the green orchard alleys of Herefordshire. On we go, past the meadow where the Royal encamped in '61. It was there that the Wetherby Duchesses, with Duchess 77th at their head, won a treble victory and retired on their laurels, that young Nutbourne vanquished old Sir John Barleycorn, as teetotallers never did, that Adam Bede and Overplus were dons in the hunter classes, and that Wainman's Silver-hair was such a dainty quene amongst sows.

We hardly know Harrogate again, and try in vain to recognize the traces of what it was, when we first saw it in '34, or Touchstone's year. "Old Johnny's Well," or the strong chalybeate, has received the cupola from the Old Sulphur Well; the Tewit, or Iron-water Well, is roofed in at last; the Tewit, or Iron-water Well, on the Moor, seems unchanged; and the cupola of the Old Sulphur Well, whose waters savour of the scourings of a gun-barrel, has been replaced by one thrice as large. It was the practice in those days of expensive travelling to meet the fashions half way, and therefore the moment the London season closed the Bond Street dealers detached a foreman, with a large amount of unsold goods in a van, to spread his nets in High Harrogate, before the "mothers and daughters" of the North. To some extent they do so still, but the things do not find such favour, now that the metropolis can be

reached by rail. The Dragon, the Granby, and the Crown were, at the time we are noting, the only great hotels, and the peerage, the "M.P."s, and the Lancashire visitors, were supposed to be their patrons respectively. Admission to the Dragon's balls was the object of countless hopes and fears. It seemed to be for the summer months a very Almacks of Yorkshire. We have heard a Crown president speaking as mysteriously of his diplomacy in a ball-room "difficulty," between the inns, as if he had been negociating a triple alliance. Being president was esteemed such an honour that, as it went by seniority; and one eccentric man was said to arrive in March, and possess his soul in patience and the solitude of the big room for months, in order that he might be in office all the season round. Bachelors gathered round him in plenty, quite

> "ready to take their stand
> Upon a widow's jointure land,"

if a likely chance turned-up.

The Queen's holds the lead now, and in the warm twilight the company linger on the garden terrace, and peer through the panes at the dancers within; and give little biographies of each of them. By day it is the old story, Knaresborough Dripping Well, Fountain's Abbey, Plumpton, Hack-fall, &c., and Brimham Rocks, where Bill Scott, the winner of four Derbies, three Oaks, and nine St. Legers, once rode in a donkey carriage in state, with two donkey boys as outriders. It needs some excitement to keep the casual visitor in spirits on a dull summer's evening, and we sought for it in vain before the sun went down. There was not a soul in the room at the old Sulphur Spa. Those who were not at dinner had gone to hear the band play at a shilling a head to non-subscribers, in Montpelier Gardens, or to attend the readings of Mr.

Bellew. Punch and Judy occupied the green in front of the White Hart, and had many grey-haired sages in their audience; and if you did gaze carefully into the windows of the front shops, you only withdrew perplexed as to which was really "the last photo. ever taken" of a local physician recently deceased, and which he had most honoured with his approbation.

Early next morning there was quite an agricultural gathering on the railway platform for Wetherby. It is a very small place, but its National Steeple-chace ground, which Jacob Faithful, Israelite, and Emperor II., knew well, is, according to many, "the best in Britain, bar none." The town bade its visitors welcome with a few flags and a flower arch, but everything seemed very quiet, and the fear of sun-strokes kept some thousands away. Half-a-hundred goats of many colours formed an army of occupation at the bridge end. One word was enough to set off the loquacious Irishman who led them, and he soon priced us a kid at seven-and-sixpence, and a nanny, equal to a fabulous number of quarts per day, "Cheap, yer honner, at twenty-five." There was not the wonted waterfall to drown his chaffer, as the Wharfe had collapsed into a bed of shingle, and the whole stream might have gone through an eight-inch pipe. Two men and a woman, the usual company, were singing the song of "The Greet Agricultural Show" as we crossed the bridge, and rousing the local spirit by stating that its author is "a young *muck*-chanic in Wetherby." It was really an old halfpenny friend, and not with a new face either, but simply the well-known blanks, to be filled up by fact or fancy. Micklethwaite is the township over the bridge. It has evidently no church, as the overseer's list of men claiming to vote is hung at an inn door. There are only three claimants, and it is signed, "*W. Burley, Overseer.*"

Some one, with a sad lack of reverence, has drawn a fancy portrait of "ye overseer" close by his signature, in a Spanish hat and beard, and put "W. B." beneath it, so that all men may know.

Captain Gunter's farm is on the opposite side of the road to this work of art, and his herdsman, Taylor, looks over the wall with rather a sorrowful face. He remembers the days when he took Mr. Eastwood's white bull, Hero, to the Worcester Royal, and brought home the first prize ribbons. Hence he is pugnacious in the highest sense of the word, but the captain has retired from the show lists. Taylor's regrets are not lessened as the day proceeds. Two of the judges visit his "American heifer," and tell him that the roan calf Wharfedale Rose which has been sold at £100, to go along with her, would have won to a certainty if she had been entered. The pangs which he suffers in consequence must be untold. Mr. Cochrane's pair have a levee in their barn all day, and devotees go wandering off through the hot haze into the park to gaze on Duchess 86th, 87th, 88th, and 91st, as well as Mild Eyes and her daughter Bright Eyes, and a very fine Waterloo heifer.*

* When we first saw the herd in '59, not long after its removal from Earl's Court, we began with the earliest purchase Duchess 67th, and her daughter 72nd, the first calf that Captain Gunter ever bred. Her next daughter the white 75th was third in the array, and the handsomest of the three, and then came "the twins" 78th and 79th which ran such a splendid career in the show yard. We see the little roan and white through the mist of years once more struggling with the herd boys, and thought the roan rather nicer in her coat, but the white neater, and in after years the bench hardly knew which to take. Having thus exhausted the fruits of the first Tortworth bid, Duchess 70th bore her witness to the second with her calves 73rd and 77th, and we look back to our comment that "the former had more substance and the latter more elegance of the twain" and that she was the best, but no one dare predict such a future for her. She rose the Royal ranks step-by-step, third as a yearling at Warwick, second at Canterbury, and first at Leeds. Duchess 69th had only calved that morning, and though we could not rouse her after the labours of

The Grange Park was placed by Captain Gunter entirely at the disposal of the Yorkshire Society. It was once the property of "Kit Wilson," the Father of the Turf, who owned Comus, the blind chesnut, which did such good to Sledmere in the days of the first Sir Tatton. The whole of the arrangements, thanks to Mr. Parrington, to whom the general improvement as regards the accommodation of horses in the show-yards of England may primarily be said to be due, were admirable, down to the cloak-room, with cloak pegs innumerable, and "the jewel room," where a silversmith sets his wares

the day we could judge of her fine scale and enjoy the gentle grandeur of the head, which had been specially modelled for Mr. Brandreth Gibbs's testimonial. Sixth Duke of Oxford was waiting outside to receive us; he was a perfect Esau at his birth, and there could be no doubt whence his stock derived their rich hair.

["A period of nine years must be supposed to elapse," as the play-bills have it.]

The old cows were in the bottom of the Park, and took a good deal of finding in the heat. There was the roan Duchess 86th, with the old-fashioned wide-spreading horn; the 87th, of a lighter roan and with a rare loin; the white 88th, which had been amiss; and 91st, one of the same colour and rare substance. The twins and the 77th had died or been slaughtered, and 96th and 94th were in the home field, and Taylor tells us how once they thought 94th the best, and that the former is the only Duchess which lacks the Usurer cross. The numbers 100th, 99th, 98th, and 97th once roamed together in the home pasture unbroken, but Mr. Cochrane had taken his choice and borne off the last to Canada at 100 gs. She is from 92nd a daughter of 84th, "which broke down on us as a calf for Leeds." Her once constant companion 98th from 88th was a white with roan ears, and Taylor again calls to mind how she was "once held like a kitten to the teat." Writers who have to encounter there night-mare numbers may well be among those

> "Who dread to speak of '98,
> Who tremble at the name."

The wished for 100th was reached at last in the shape of a red roan, but a two-days-old roan, half-sister to "the American lady," was the latest arrival, and Duchess 103rd had been the Captain's private herd book entry. Fourth Duke of Thorndale was the monarch of the yard, and Grand Duchess 8th, from Penrhyn Castle was there to share his smiles. Mild Eyes 3rd (by 4th Duke of Thorndale from Mild Eyes)

in array, and fits up winners with cups. The police bivouack, thirty strong, in the same "Wood Street." They have plenty of night work, as the men, more especially the grooms, get very drunk, and make night hideous with their hullabaloo. They cannot sleep for the heat, and therefore they will, to use their own phrase, "still be lapping," which means that they are always at the canteen for soda-water, or something a little stronger. Under its influence they run foot races with nothing on but their shirts, and it is daylight before those gentlemen in white finish their revels and return to their straw wisps.

and a heifer by 5th Duke of Wharfedale from "the Waterloo heifer," have since then arrived; and Duchess 84th has lost the red Duchess 104th. It was jumping about its box when two months old, and burst a blood-vessel in the heart. Duchess 94th has had twins—a bull and a red heifer, the latter taking rank as Duchess 105th. Third Duke of Wharfedale (sire of Mr. Cochrane's heifer) from Duchess 86th now reigns at Wetherby (after two seasons at Penrhyn), *vice* Fourth Duke of Thorndale, who was found dead in his box last spring; and 2nd Duke of Wetherby from Duchess 77th, and 2nd Duke of Claro from Duchess 79th are both let. The 3rd Duke of Wetherby by 4th Duke of Thorndale from Duchess 32nd is coming on for home use. The 2nd Duke of Collingham, Duke of Tregunter (a name taken from an old family estate in Wales) 3rd Duke of Claro, 5th Duke of Wharfedale, and 2nd Duke of Tregunter have all been sold to English purchasers for 500 gs. each.

During the cattle-plague Captain Gunter's farm was in a deeply-infected parish, and cattle were dying or being slaughtered almost daily, close up to the park gates, for months. Chloride of lime was used liberally, but the Captain's main reliance was on the very strictest observance of the isolation principle. The Duchesses and the rest of the cattle were divided into several lots of two each, and placed in small sheds all over the six hundred acre occupation; the yards attached to these sheds were netted round the bottom, so as to keep out dogs, hares, rabbits, and other "travellers." The herdsman and his assistants never went near any other cattle or person engaged about cattle on any pretence whatever; and if the Captain had been out hunting, or anywhere else in the country, he never entered the sheds until he had changed his clothes. Second Duke of Wharfedale was slaughtered after a slight accident, rather than run the risk of bringing a veterinary-surgeon to attend upon him; and when the butcher came for fat sheep they were driven out of the field for him while he waited with his dog on the road.

There are some quaint characters among the grooms. One of them was attacked last year by five men in a garden at Scarborough. "If it had been nobbut one or two, I could have *warmed* him," was his version of the combat, "but five's owre mony; so I just put my hand in my pocket, and kep shooting till somebody came. I let 'em just batter away at my head; I can stan' a deal of rough wark that way, if I nobbut hod to the brass."

But we have to deal with day, and not with night scenes; and we first make our way, in obedience to old instincts, to the shorthorn ring. Three good judges are inside it—Jamie Douglas, who once could beat on "the grand tour" the heifers of the three kingdoms with his Rose of Summer and his Second Queen of Trumps; Charles Howard, of Oxford Down fame, who won his first royal prize at Leeds with one of twin bulls; and Stephenson, of Fourstones, a "well kent" man on the border. There is quite an excited buzz of conversation, as Booth's roan bull, Commander-in-Chief, has just been led out of the ring with only the second prize ribbons, while Knight of Knowlmere, who was second to him at Leicester, takes the first. The decision falls upon the shorthorn men like a rocket upon the Life Guards of King Theodore, and they know not what to make of it. It goes round that Jamie "shot him down" the moment the roan entered the ring, and went stoutly for the white. You hear the decision hotly discussed, not only at the ring side, but by lovers of shorthorns of both sexes, who sit hard by on inverted pails and bundles of hay.

If Mr. Booth loses with Commander-in-Chief, there is balm in Gilead with Lady Fragrant, a sweet cow with a "picture head," as they phrase it, and his two heifers, Lady Gaiety and Patricia, head the yearling class. Neither of the pair

had a chance with Lady Fragrant for the Female Winner's Cup, and one walk round the ring decides that Mr. Foljambe's bull-calf, Knight of the Crescent, beats Knight of Knowlmere and all his seniors when the males are on their trial. The proud little red is hardly in the ring an instant, and *Veni, vidi, vici* is the word to-day. The last decision is in the Extra Stock Classes, where a three-year-old shorthorn ox has nothing to meet but Zelika, a little half Brahmin cow. The first ribbons are handed to the leader of the latter by mistake, but Mr. Charles Howard dashes forward, with quite a melodramatic start, and rescues them from such profanation.

Mr. Borton has it all his own way in Leicesters. For more than twenty years he has held his place as the Yorkshire champion, and true to the county nomenclature, Blair Athol is his great ram. Southdowns do not take in Yorkshire, and as there was no entry, the Society saved their £55. Lincolns and Cotswolds came, and among the latter "Mr. Tombs's big sheep," but the Ridings have no solid resting-place for the sole of their feet. They have used the former on the Wolds, but they did not thrive, and one Leicester patriarch had a flying sarcasm at their expense, that if three came in a cart, and all stood with their heads on one side, they would infallibly upset it. The sheep rival to the half Brahmin was one from the coasts of Galilee, with a tail of 12lbs. weight, and described on its card as "a combination of fat and marrow."

Duckering, Sagar, Dyson, Eden, and all the familiar names are to be found among the pig-winners, but the judges complain of a lack of hair. It is a more popular part of the show than the sheep, but still it is at the horse-ring that the most earnest gazers are found. Mr. Burbidge, "Jack Skipworth," and Mr. Garfit from Cheshire, make up the bench. The blood sires come in first,

and for the third year in succession the big-boned Angelus takes the first rosette. He is the property of Sir George Cholmley, the oldest horse breeder in Yorkshire, and from a Nutwith dam of Lord Exeter's, which was purchased as a draft-mare at Doncaster. King Brian is second, and the neat, compact Wyndham, from Rawcliffe paddocks, to whom not a few, who remember how he "came to the rescue" in his racing days, hold most tenaciously, gets no mention among the ten. Among the coachers we look in vain for the old Cleveland bays, such as Howdenshire loved, and which once drew the heavy family chariots at six miles an hour. They have been gradually crossed up with blood sires, so that if any foal from a Cleveland mare falls smarter than usual, the breeder can cut its tail, and call it a hunter. In fact, a horse which a few years since was almost the champion of the hunting classes all over England, began his show life in a class for young coach horses. The winner on this day looked as if he had an extra cross of blood in him, and won easily enough. Two blacks, sire and son, the latter rejoicing in the name of Sir Edwin Landseer, headed the roadster class. There was only three years between them, and the sire had lost an eye, but still the six-year-old was fairly beaten. Trotting sires' conductors are generally "a set of wild Indians," and show their horses' paces with remarkably jealous zest. They trot them with a long rein, and use words in an almost unknown tongue, and they will watch half a market-day for a rival, whose owner has been "bouncing" in his advertisement, so as to lay their horse alongside of his pet, when he is giving him a sly trot, and thus make him eat or prove his words. Each medal recording a fresh victory is attached to a conqueror's neck collar, and one horse which came to Wetherby, and "took nothing by his motion," wore a breeching of medals as well, and

looked more like a charger of the middle ages than a trotter of the nineteenth century.

The young hunters had not many among them which would "pass the college." One class was so afflicted with curbs and bog spavins, that when at last three were left in, it was proposed to set them aside, and go on with the next class, while Professor Spooner decided which was least unsound. One of the judges said, with quite an injured air, "I like one of the five we've put aside best, but then his bog spavins aren't of a size." Sir George Cholmley and his chesnuts have a rare time of it, and Bob Brignall, the "first cross-country jock" to the stable, shows them capitally in "black waistcoats and pants." Many look at the grand chesnut three-year-old, Don Juan, and talk of cups in store. The riders are a study of themselves. One of them wears a black and yellow jockey cup, and is saluted with, "*Now, Fordham, wake her up!*" as he tears round on his pony. Another in a grey cap looks so stolid over it, and sits so artistically (in his own eyes), that the judges cannot resist sending him a strong gallop three times round, for the pure enjoyment of the thing. He is so dreadfully in earnest during the performance, that he does not see them laughing, and his look of disgust when he is put among the knock-outs at its conclusion, is like the mien of the warrior in the song, at once "stern and high." Bob Mulcaster is a great *artiste* both with the leading rein and in the saddle, and there is quite a buzz of delight when he leads out old Crafty, "the heroine of a hundred fights," as the local papers delight to call her, and sends her along with her thin tail extended, like the old beauty that she is. We have seen fat men of eighteen stone strip to their work in obedience to the call all round the ring: "*Now, Franky, man, it's thy turn. Thoo'se a bit too fat for't job. Now, mettle up!*" And away went Franky, top

heavy, and "*bad on thy pins,*" only to receive the consolation "*thoo maks a varra poor tew of it.*" There was a man of Mr. George Holmes's who had the knee in curb-chain action to such perfection, that he could teach his master's horses to be steppers. He did it in the ring with a face as calm as if he were carved from stone, while the laughter rung as it did in the Adelphi when Wright's voice was heard at the right or left wing. The boys made quite a Sir Roger de Coverley gallop of it on their ponies, before their ponies were settled; and a grey trotted in such style, that a hunting baronet declared that at last he had found the cover hack he had been seeking all his life.

The hunters from three year old and upwards are, after all, the cream of the thing. Lady Derwent, the queen of the season, had a long contest with Borderer and another, and once more the white rosette was pinned on to her bridle. She is a beautiful mare with a dish head, which she owes to her sire Codrington, a son of Womersley, whom Sir Tatton Sykes had for a season. He had given her so much quality that scarcely any one suspected that she had only one cross of blood in her. Sprig of Shillelah, Iris, Mountain Dew, and Cavendish, two bays, and two dark browns are in the ring nearly three-quarters of an hour before the judges can make up their minds. At last the battle waxed hot between Mountain Dew and Iris, and the saddles were ordered off. Then they were re-saddled, and the judges mounted them for some scenes in the circus, and Iris, a horse of tremendous power, and the one upon which Mr. Thomson is painted by Sir Francis Grant, gained the day. The hunter first prize winners are put together for the cup, and Lady Derwent has no chance with Iris, who seems to gallop everything down, and is ridden specially by the head groom, John Pye, who "sends him out" to perfection. Mr. Thomson looks on at the side

of the rails, and adjourns in due time to the Jewel House, to take his choice of a cup.

The hound show was held in a quiet spot in the park, just under the chain of woodlands which flank the grange. "The Bramham Moor and two-and-twenty couple" is the hunting toast in these parts, and their name is one of the thirteen above the hound cages. Sixteen or seventeen huntsmen and whips from England and Scotland are there in scarlet, awaiting their turn to bring their lots on to the flags. Only one wears a cap, and hats and "pudding basons" are all the go. There was an old Yorkshire huntsman, Will Carter, who never could be persuaded into anything but a felt wide awake even in the field, and placed a horn under the same ban. "Hard-riding Ben" from Lord Middleton's is there, but we miss old Tom Sebright, who fought many a good round with him at Redcar, Yarm, and Guisborough, in those pleasant summer days when the Cleveland Society held the lead, and gave such an impetus to agricultural meetings. John Walker, Harry Ayris, Charles Payne, Jack Goddard, Jack Morgan, and other celebrities do not show; but Peter Collisson, a worthy successor to Joe Maiden over Cheshire, looks on from the stand benches. Old Will Danby is the patriarch of the day, and wears his 75 summers as lightly as a flower. Will was at hunting for just fifty seasons, and then, in his expressive words, "he lapped it up." He is great in dates, and if you ask him the cause of his vigorous old age, you hear that he has tasted nothing stronger than raspberry vinegar for seven-and-forty years. He "goes into less room" than he did, and in his neat black coat and waistcoat, white cravat, and drab breeches and gaiters, he looks his profession to the life. "I can sleep like a man, and eat any mortal thing," and "I never wore troosers in my life, and I never will," is his general sketch

of himself. In this respect he differs from his successor in the York and Ainsty, who comes to the *fête* in grey trousers, and gets well joked about them, as he thrice walks up for a prize.

Thirteen kennels contend, but the prizes fall to the lot of four, and every county save Yorkshire and Lincolnshire is out of it. Lord Kesteven may well be in a high flow of spirits, and people may well wonder how he has achieved in six seasons what others cannot in a lifetime. There, too, on the front bench sit a bevy of fox-hunting peers—Hawke, Macclesfield, Middleton, and Wenlock. Sir Charles Slingsby watches the brilliant fortunes of the Nelson and Comedy litter, and Mr. Thomson of "the Pitchley," as Mr. Bright once called it in the House, to the inextinguishable merriment of the landed interest, vibrates between the front benches and the horse ring. Mr. Hall of the Holderness rides up with a geranium in his button-hole, and "looking as hard as stub nails," on Captain Gunter's grey Crimean Arab, takes his part in the fun. The hunting-field has no gamer or more battered hero, but he jests at his scars; and if his horse does roll over him and squeeze the breath out, his first impulse, when the lungs fill, is to ask to be helped on again. "John o' the Bedale," and nearly every other Yorkshire master, are on the back benches; but we miss the form of Mr. Foljambe, in his green coat, leaning on Mr. Parry of the Puckeridge, and of Captain Percy Williams. Jack Parker of the Sinnington, the very Zekiel Homespun of huntsmen, is not there to tell of the feats of his trencher-fed dogs; and that Tommiad of fox-hunting centaurs, Tom Smith, Tom Hodgson—with his big white hat and bigger white cravat—and Tom Sebright, are all in their graves. There are twenty-six couple in the entered hound classes, and Lord Kesteven wins them both. His lordship's have quality for ever;

but they are too full of flesh. Still, with Foreman and Primate to help in one class, and Artful, Rally, and Stately in the other, they have it *una voce*. Four of Stately's stock come with her, and one of them, Seaman, who won at Thirsk the year before, is among the winning lot. Yarborough Nelson—a useful, bony dog, but rather lacking fashion in his neck and colour, and still holding the line as well as ever in his ninth season—wins the Stallion Hound Prize.

The rain, which has prophesied of itself through divers thunderpeals, comes at last, rolling up the valley of the Wharfe before we are half done; and the huntsmen cage themselves up with their hounds till this happy harbinger of cub-hunting and drought-deliverance passes briskly by. There is a tent spread with dinner for the huntsmen when all is over, but nothing can tempt old Will Danby under canvas; either he thinks that he will be required to make an oration or to drink something, so he stoutly refuses to enter, and marches about in front of the cages, with a first-whip's wife, keeping the hounds in order. They are quiet enough till the Tallyhos begin in the tent after Mr. Fox's speech, and then they send up an answering cheer. Some simple-minded visitors don't understand these sounds. At York, we met two women running violently towards the spot from whence they proceeded—"Dearie me! Mary Ann, let's gan and see. Somebody's murdering somebody. Come along, lass!" Jack Backhouse's speech has accompaniments which may well make the fox cubs tremble in their pads. The toast was the "Unsuccessful Candidates," and Jack announces himself as "Yorkshire Jack." First he tells how, when he and his friend Ben Morgan are "ligging a long way fra yam," they don't "lap it up," but they draw for a second fox. Leaving the past, he dashes boldly into the future; and referring to the contests of

the day, he says, "I'll get a prize ye now—I've been what they call 'recommended.'"* It was a great speech. Mr. Hall can hardly believe in such eloquence on the part of Jack, when it reaches his ears later in the day, but he asks a huntsman or two, and they are unanimous in their testimony. The scarlets linger near the hunters for the rest of the afternoon, but by the morrow's morn they are far away. On Friday, the sixpenny crowd are in at one o'clock, and by four, man and beast are on the move homeward. Some lead the foal and dam, or ride the stallions, with the carpet-bag and sheets folded up in front of them. The owner of Lady Derwent is of this mind. The mare is in a white hood and sheet, and wears a collar studded with pieces of round pasteboard on her neck, each containing the printed record of a victory. He rides her through Wetherby in state, and we leave her standing in her groom's hands waiting to be trucked, with a bunch of white ribbons flying from her head, big enough for an army of brides.

"The Vale of the Wharfe is adorned with elegant mansions, and the views obtained from neighbouring

* No one knows that Jack was "recommended," as he states; but at Beverley, in 1869, he fulfilled his prophecy, and took a £5 prize and a £2 gratuity for being second in the dog puppy class with Leader. The Bishop of Oxford, who was staying with Mr. Sykes, M.P., and took his seat with his peers on the M. F. H. bench, could not resist the beaming looks of his brother Yorkshireman; and the oration which Jack delivered in honour of Leader, first holding him by the head, and then by the stern, when the dog tried to cut it, was one which the eloquent prelate will not forget. Soon after this, Jack was so struck with the tie of one of his brother-huntsmen, that he insisted that it was starched and ironed on him, and wouldn't believe in "one effort"—"*Nowt of the sort.*" Old Will Danby came over once more to the county where he and Mr. Tom Hodgson performed such prodigies among the foxes; and when a photographer placed the huntsmen and judges in a group, Mr. Tom Parrington took the modest old fellow by the collar, and compelled him "by gentle violence" to come on to the flags. Mr. Hall was reminding him of the Lammas Stream business when Will got over on a £15 grey, and he himself got "stabled between banks" on a 400-guinea brown.

elevations are at once noble and commanding." So says a Yorkshire Directory, and so old Coates must have thought from his heart, as laden with weighty calf-records, and still weightier bull data, beginning from Abelard, that descendant of "Booth's lame" and "Booth's old white" bulls, he gained the top of the wooded ridge of Sheven. Then patting his white mare's neck, he descended on his winding road to the homestead at Greenholme, which lay stretched, westward of the little market town of Otley, like a land of shorthorn promise beneath. It was here that "The Improved Durham Breed" found a home in those dreary, hopeless times which followed upon the Comet mania and the war, when 30 gs. a season was a great bull hire, and 80 gs. a marvellous purchase.

Mr. Whitaker never bated one jot of heart or hope, and "the quiet afternoons at Greenholme" have borne their rich fruit for shorthorn breeders at last. Without his earnest aid, Coates would never have ventured to bring out the first volume of the Herd-Book in 1822, when nothing but "Corn and Currency" was on every English tongue, and agrarian outrage and hunger were raging across the channel. It was "printed by W. Walker, at the Wharfdale Stanhope Press, top of the market-place, Otley;" and a manuscript copy of it is still preserved, written out in Mr. Whitaker's own neat hand, and with his red-ink annotations, which now almost need a microscope to decipher. It would seem as if he had walked about for years with the images of every great cow or bull firmly fixed in his retina. Of Duchess First he merely says "fair;" of Duchess Second "droops;" while Hubback comes in among other criticisms for "*flank and twist wonderful, shoulders rather upright.*" Three-fourths of the original list of subscribers have gone to their rest; and so too, within the last twelve years has the

patriarchal James Ward, R.A., who condescended to draw Maria and Miranda on stone for the work, and speculated on the coming fortunes of a certain young self-taught mail-driver, Herring of Doncaster, who had also borne a hand and sketched the heifer "Daffodil in two positions." A few years later, the present editor of the Herd-Book, then a mere lad of fifteen, fresh from his school studies of the Durham Ox and Coates's Driffield Cow, was sent over to paint Charles (878) for the second volume, and, like Culshaw, whose boyish embassy to the same spot has still to be told, he dates his chief shorthorn impressions from that weary journey, two-thirds on foot, and a third in the carrier's cart. In 1844, after the death of Coates junior, he took up the Herd Book with Volume 6th, and has now brought it up to the 18th, besides revising and reprinting the first five volumes of the series. No man ever threw more energy into a great task, or made such a succession of brilliant sale averages as he is done for twenty years past. Tim Metcalfe, the herdsman, was also a remarkable character in the Greenholme drama. He "*knew 'em when he saw 'em*" as well as any man, but as he never knew his alphabet, he invariably clenched the matter with, "*Give me t'pedigree, and I'll tak it home t'it maister.*" No wonder then that the taste for shorthorns should have gradually spread along the Wharfe, and not only brought new tenants to browse in the pastures of Farnley, Broughton, and Denton Park, but tempted the Duchess tribe to renew their strength in later years near Wetherby.*

* Mr. Fawkes's career as a breeder of shorthorns may be said to have begun in earnest with Mr. Whitaker's stock. His first purchase was Norfolk (2377), a grand roan bull by Second Hubback, and then such a favourite of Mr. Bates's, that he sent six heifers from Kirklevington expressly to be served by him. One of them was "*my best Duchess*" 33rd, the great grand-dam of Grand Duke; another, Blanche by Belvedere, from whom Roan Duchess 2nd is in direct

Farnley Hall, which was originally built in the time of Elizabeth, was added on to about a hundred years ago, and stands on a rising ground, a mile and a-half to the north-east of Otley. The road winds up through the well-wooded park, of a hundred and forty acres, and so along an avenue thickly lined with laurels, among which "the merry brown hares come leaping," and the pheasants feed in troops, as if the crack of a Manton was a sound unknown in Wharfdale. A road to the right, just before we

descent; and a third founded the Waterloo's of Aylesby and Springfield fame. Norfolk himself was from Nonpareil by Magnet, rather a gaudy cow, from Mr. Barker of East Layton's sale, where Sir Charles Knightley purchased Rosy and Primrose, which, along with Rufus and Little John of Mr. Arbuthnot's breeding, virtually founded the Fawsley herd. In 1834, Mr. Whitaker bought Verbena (45 gs.) and the grand Medora (40 gs.), both as heifer calves, at Mr. Richard Booth's Studley sale, and bred nine calves from the latter. In the previous year Mr. Whitaker sold off his herd, and again bought about three dozen well-bred cows, for the use of his work-people at the Burley mills. Mr. Fawkes was so much struck with the looks of some of them, that he arranged with his neighbour to allow him to select twenty for service principally by Norfolk. The compact was to be in force for three years, and 10 gs. was to be paid for each of them, doublets or not, at the expiration of a week, provided it was not a black-nose, and had no symptoms of unsoundness. Hence, sixty were transferred during that period from Greenholme to Farnley, and the first ten bull-calves by Norfolk averaged 100 gs. each. The very first bull-calf that was dropped received the title of Sir Thomas Fairfax (who won at the Bristol Royal, and twice at the Yorkshire Society); and the Ohio Company offered 400 gs. for Norfolk in vain on that trip, when, but for Mr. Whitaker's faint praise, they would have carried off Duchess 34th in-calf with the Duke of Northumberland. However, they took away the Duke of York (1941) for 150 gs., who had been sold as a calf for 14 gs. at Mr. Whitaker's sale the year before, and bought some lots at the Studley sale as well. When he was rising four, 250 gs. was accepted for Sir Thomas Fairfax, and he departed to Brawith, leaving eight-and-twenty "Fair"-named calves behind. Old Fairy Tale long remained to testify to this beautiful favourite, and she bravely supported his line with fourteen calves since 1842. Medora had been helping meanwhile to carry on the Norfolks, thrice from the old bull direct, and thrice from Sir Thomas Fairfax, and when the three years' lease of Mr. Whitaker's cows had expired, the Farnley herd mainly consisted of some thirty two-year-old heifers.

reach the quaint old iron gates, leads across a bridge, and past the aviary to the farmyard buildings, part of which once composed the ancient kennels, from which Mr. Fawkes in his younger days was wont to ride forth at the head of his harriers. All the cattle stand on wood spars in old-fashioned comfortable boxes. Robinson Crusoe, a bull on the shortest leg, and with the deepest bosom we ever saw, was then the principal tenant of the bull paddock, but we heard of Milton and his sire Rockingham, who owned no master but a certain dog after his ring had been torn out of his nose. Laudable was a good bull, and Bridegroom's three sons, Sir Edmund Lyons, John O'Groat, and General Bosquet were all Royal winners like himself. "The General" was not so neat, but more massive and mossy-haired than Sir Edmund Lyons, and his son Bon Garçon also kept up the Farnley charter, and beat Royal Butterfly as a calf at Chester. Mr. Fawkes was very unlucky with three, but sold the fourth, John O'Groat, for a good sum. Bull-breeding has always been his forte, and since those days he has won first prizes with Friar Tuck and his own brother Friar Bacon at Plymouth Royal in '65. At Newcastle Royal he also took a first with Marquis, and at Manchester Royal the same honours with Lord Isabeau. It is his rule only to show young bulls. He has always tried for roans, and it is his experience that white upon red is more likely to produce them than red upon white.

It was not, after all, an unnatural transition from calves with the martial and political names without, to the suits of ancient armour and the old rallying room of the great Yorkshire Orange party. Sir Thomas Fairfax, too, was reflected through his sword and his candlesticks, which hung, with Oliver Cromwell's hat, in the rich oak-panelled entrance. There, however, the chain of connection with the

herd ceased. Not one bull stirred up the remembrance of its Royal triumphs on canvas; and we felt as one green silk curtain after another was drawn aside by the hand of our host, that there must be a deep truth in the words of the author of *Horæ Subsecivæ* when he spoke of the six great sights of his life, and classed the Pyrenees, the Venus of Melos, Titian's Entombment, and Paul Veronese's Cain, with his wife and child, and The Rhine under a Midnight Thunderstorm at Coblentz, with the wondrous Turners at Farnley Hall.

CHAPTER XI.

"Mrs. Marcet admired his hams. 'Oh!' said he, 'our hams are the only true hams; your's are only Shems or Japhets.'"

Sydney Smith's Life.

The Pig Show at Keighley—Celebrating a Victory—Mr. Wainman's Pigs—Pig Scenes Abroad—Mr. Waterton at Home—Mr. Gully, "The Squire," and Mr. Tom Hodgson—Doncaster Moor—Purity's Five Heats—"Martingale."

"A BIT of good Pig-Racing," said a country philosopher to us, "is worth all yon horse-running business. It's twice the fun sure-ly, and nobbut one hundredth part of the expense. It taks up a yale afternoon, and t'Leger don't tak four minnits." It would have been hopeless to meet such an argument, especially when propounded by a brawny mason in his Sunday best, with unkempt hair, and collars up to his cheek-bones, and a visage absolutely beaming with the proud recollection of how "old sow wan." The turfite, who feebly suggested that he didn't see the great difference, as an owner could now eat his horse if he didn't run well, was at once suspected of "chaffing" (which countrymen hate of all things), and received a broadside in unshackled Doric, such as our "steel pen"—whatever Colonel Penn's might do—would despair of reproducing. The fact is, that pig racing, *alias* pig showing, is a very solemn British institution. Go into a local agricultural show in Lancashire and the West Riding of Yorkshire, and the vast

majority of the rustics never get beyond the pigs, the poultry, and the washing machines. Booth and Bates cows are wholly lost on them, and the hunters are a drug in their eyes, except when they are "asked a question" over the hurdles.

No town in those vast hives of industry is more devoted to its agricultural show than Keighley. It is the high festival of the year, and on one occasion every window was illuminated. Choice quintets from the Branches, Towneley, and Warlaby herds have met for the cup in its ring. Sheep-dogs and rabbits are not kept back from honour, and the owner of the donkey in the best condition is rewarded with a sovereign. The "neddies" step out very differently since this stimulus was applied, when they

"Gang for the coals i' the morning,"

and "prods" will soon be a thing of the past. Still, Keighley reserves its highest sympathies for the pig, and £30 is given in "labouring men's classes" alone. For this, forty to fifty pigs of about £300 value, and nearly all of the middle breed, compete. The pig is the very Apis of the locality. At dinner-time the men devote half-an-hour rigidly to the stye. They sit and scratch their grunting idols if it is wet; they walk them out if it is fine; and they seldom throw away the soap-suds on Saturday night, till they have been put to do double duty. The Society keeps a special van, which it lets out at a shilling a ride for conveyance to and from the show-ground, &c., and the best rug or blanket in the house is freely given up for the candidate pig, if the day happens to be cold. A Court of Error, quite as learned as the bench in swine points, watch all round the ring; and it is a fearful moment when the cup entries have been called out, and all save two or three "toppers" are put back. The white, blue, pink, or

green (for "extra") rosettes are placed that night with as much pride over the mantel-piece, as a Knight of the Garter's banner above his Windsor stall.

"Drunken Barnaby," in his Northern Tour, spoke of the inhabitants of Keighley, as

> "Jovial, jocund, jolly bowlers,
> As if they were the world's controllers;"

and they certainly keep up the character right royally on their August show-day. There are two grand stands, and three thousand people in them, or looking on below, when the pigs come out for the Challenge Cup, and £500 has been taken at the gates. Carriage loads of visitors are driven off to lunch in the town, like tallies of voters going up to poll. There is venison from Bolton Park, ling-fed Lonk nearly equal to it in shade and flavour, and grouse from every moor in the West Riding. Regalias serve as toothpicks, and Roëderer and Clicquot don't spoil in ice. The volunteer tent was used on one occasion for a bazaar, and, as a wind-up, pug-dogs and "chintz-cats" were raffled for. Among the most curious components of that throng are the "Cowan Headers," who for many years bore the name of "the moon-rakers," owing to a rooted belief that one of them mistook the moon's reflection for a cheese, and tried to rake it out of a mill-dam. They are rather shy; and at their feasts lads dance with lads and lasses with lasses during the early part of the evening. Later on, however, Mr. Spurgeon, who so much approves of the other arrangement, would decline to be M.C. The Haworth and Wath Valley one-tram line puzzled them sorely. At last one of their philosophers gave the company his mind pretty sharply upon the point: "Did they think he was syke a fule as pay to gan and hev to walk back—you've nobbut line one way."

Mr. Tuley, a Keighley weaver, first inoculated the locality with high art pig-feeding. He showed at The Royal, and called his cottage "Matchless House," after his pet prize sow of the large breed. No small portion of the eighteen shillings a week which he and his wife earned at the loom was spent in oatmeal for his pigs; and Mrs. Tuley once "shaved a pig for our maister," when the judges preferred them without hair. He was a great man for pig pedigrees, and he could generally get £5 for the large sort at two months.

The enthusiasm for pig-showing also rages at Leeds, but does not take quite such a legitimate form. The Leeds system is in fact rather pig-buying than pig-breeding. Some of the owners keep public-houses, where people meet, not to troll (as we have known rustics do for nearly an hour over their ale) that dreary Wiltshire ditty:—

"Heigho! my dinner, oh!
Bacon and potatoes, oh!"

but to hear at the bar the result of the summer "pig races" by telegram, and to make sows and boars the theme of their discourse. Professor Simonds and his tooth-screw are names of dread, and when friends do begin to let out confidentially over the ale, there are some very awkward stories of pigs borrowed and rules defied. One of their great legitimate victories was when they "walked into Wainman" and Carhead Duchess, with Lady Havelock at Chester. The news was telegraphed to Leeds, and the whole of the owner's family circle arrived on the Roodee next day. The gude-wife was especially communicative, and said that there was "some sense in those judges," and that "Tom would niver have sent her but for me." They must have pretty well spent the £10 prize over the trip, and at night we met them in an inn drinking ginger-

beer and giving away oranges in the gladness of their hearts. "The missus" had a large basket of them on her knee, and pressed them after her hearty Yorkshire way on everyone, in honour of the event. "There, maister, you're welcome if you'll ha' yen—old sow's wan." The pair were pretty equal, but Mr. Fisher had four more shyes at her, and won the odd trick.

The conductress of Lady Kate was quite as enthusiastic as the Leeds dame. She rode up and down the country in the railway truck with "the lady" and her litter (exciting thereby the deepest devotion on the part of the porters), and sold her infant charges at £5 apiece. That summer she and her Lady Kate gathered many a rosette in Yorkshire and Lancashire; and she delighted to sit by her sow, and to reckon up on her fingers its thirteen crosses from the Chineze. This was the poor girl's only summer in the show-yards. The trip had been undertaken to divert her mind from her fate, as she died soon after from cancer of the breast.

Some of the rich Manchester men are also rather fond of the sport, and do not scruple to play off practical jokes on each other. One of them, who was not very sure that his pigs would win, overtook his friend's lot on the road. "You may turn back," he said to the swineherd; "your master's dead." He had therefore the show pretty well to himself. His friend did not upbraid him when they met on 'Change, but he bided his time. As Mr. Disraeli observes, "the opportunity came at last, as everything does in this world, if men are firm and calm." Finding his friend's pigs in their crates at a station, bound to a local show, and no one with them, the "dead" man changed the directions and despatched them to York; and the owner soon guessed the reason of their non-appearance.

Mr. Wainman of Carhead, in the Keighley district, had the most remarkable career as a breeder and shower of pigs during the twelve years he was at it. He took very little interest in the pursuit himself; and the whole management devolved on his steward, Mr. John Fisher, as great a genius among pigs as Mr. Culshaw, the Towneley "Talleyrand of trainers" is among Shorthorns, or the late George Newton, of Mr. Sanday's showing-days, amongst Leicesters. No pigs to speak of were kept at Carhead until 1853, when Mr. Fisher bought some of the Tuley sort, and crossed them with another purchase, Mr. Swan's Midas. It is not, however, our intention to go into particulars of crosses, or to tell how Miss Emily, the first high purchase, was the principal mould in which the middle breed were cast and quickened. The composition succeeded best by the union of a large sow and a small boar; and the Carhead average has generally been about 34 stone of 14lbs. at twelve months for the large breed, 30 stone for the middle, and 25 stone for the small. Midas was more adapted for store purposes than the show-yard. Still, at Ripon, Mr. "Val Barford" fought hard to place him first, and kept on saying to his brother judges, "Look at his gammons, gentlemen!" However, if they did look, they "didn't see it," and he got the blue instead of the white rosette. A cottier bought him at last, and sold one of his flitches to a Bradford provision merchant. Part of it found its way to the kitchen of a municipal dignitary; but the fumes were all over the house when the cook tried to toast a rasher for the parlour. The dealer being sarcastically apprised of its strength under fire, gave away the rest of the flitch to the children on "Collop Monday;" and thus freed himself for life from all "Pray ye a collop" levies, as even those strong-stomached innocents would "have no more of that old horse." The cottier kept very

dark as to what he did with the other flitch and the hams. All he would say was, that he "had fettled somebody with them," and that he "had made mony a waur bargain than that." In truth, an aged boar should be buried with all the honours, and turn, like "Imperial Cæsar," to clay, and not to bacon.

The first large-breed sow at Carhead was bought by mere chance in Lancashire. A working-man turned her out of a stye for her midday run into a croft near Colne, and Mr. Fisher (who won the Beverley Cup on Falcon as a boy, and was second horseman for ten seasons to Mr. Hall of the Holderness) chancing to ride past, was so delighted with her symmetry and action, that he drew rein, and bought her for £8 2s. 6d. The "uncontrollable impulse" was a correct one, as she became the dam of Chelmsford Duchess, the first Carhead winner at the Royal, as well as the Salisbury Boar and Carhead Duchess. Chelmsford Duchess was sold for £40 to the French Government, and Yorkshire Prioress went to Salisbury the next July. She turned 11 cwt. 2 qrs. 27lbs. at Kildwick station, when she was put on the rail in Yorkshire. During the journey water was thrown upon her, and she would stand up and drink, whereas Lady Airedale never drank on her travels in the hottest weather and seemed to sulk at the sight of water, although she would eat for ever. The Salisbury clock struck ten when the London cattle special cleared the great chalk cutting, and arrived at the station, where a goodly multitude awaited it. "Dick" and "Kit," who were then Mr. Fisher's gentlemen-at-arms, drew the crate, with Yorkshire Prioress in it, off the truck, and distinctly remembered hearing the sow rise on to her feet. She was only left for eight or ten minutes while the other pigs and the luggage were looked up, but she was never seen alive again. One

theory was that she had been suffocated by the crowd but Mr. Fisher considered that it had been done purposely with a little chloroform, which would tell almost instantaneously on so fat a subject. Almost before he could believe she was dead, a lot of rough fellows showed an immense anxiety to purchase the carcase. Her throat was cut, and, after a good deal of chaffering, a bargain was struck at £7. In the course of the week he espied some of the most talkative vendees presiding over a bread and fat bacon counter in a tent, and felt more sure than ever that he had a key to the sow's mysterious fate. "Dick" was inconsolable, and wished to return at once to his native vale, but the sale of the Carhead Duchess litter insensibly revived him, and enabled him to bear up under the dispensation. And well it might, as they were going off by 10 gs. and 12 gs. a-piece. One noble lord stood cheapening a pair, while the agent of another kept stirring the pets of his fancy on to their legs. They were pigged on April 12th, and the eleven which went to Salisbury cleared £116 10s.

The best of them, Sir Roger de Coverley, to whom the Carhead large breed owed so much, both for good and very large litters, was kept at home, and after winning sixteen prizes, was sold to the Russian Government at three years old for £20, and got suffocated on the road. The Golden Dream strain was not so big as the Chelmsford Duchess one, but the old sow was a wonder of fertility, and had 153 pigs at thirteen litters; while her daughter, Golden Days, had three litters of eleven each, and won nine prizes before she touched twenty-two months. Lord of the Wassail, the first middle breed boar that ever took a Royal prize, had a coat of hair 8½ inches long, and Mr. Wainman, who is a very keen fisher both on the Wharfe and the Spey, was wont to dress his flies with it. He was so proud of it, that he kept a

perpetual sample of this porcine Esau in his pocket-book. If "Wassail's" hair was the best, Fresh Hope beat everything for bulk; as when she was sold for 20 guineas and yielded up her hams to the slaughter, they weighed 94lbs. each. Those who descended to view these salted remains in the cellar, declared that but for their being "nearly all real sandwich meat," they might have pertained to a hippopotamus. For thickness of hide, no pig came up to Carhead Duke. It was found that it would only do for blacksmiths's aprons; but as it would not make three, and only cut up to waste for two, it was converted into a partition wall for a tap-room at Keighley. In that position it is made the text of much sound pig doctrine, and is always alluded to with the deepest respect.

Arch Trespasser was only beaten once, and appeared at the Royal in three different characters. At one year he was the small breed; at two years old, the middle, and at three years old, the large: and no general or special demurrer was lodged. He died at last of tumour in the chest, and was buried six feet deep in the Carhead stack garth, with a silver "perfect cure" ring in his nose. It has no legitimate hall mark, seeing that Mr. Fisher invented it, and it will give the Yorkshire archæologists some trouble as to its date and use, if a century hence they hold a picnic in Airedale with their pick-axes, and invade this good boar's barrow. One of his journeys was to the Royal Irish show at Clonmel, where he took the gold medal as the best boar in all the classes. The Earl of Kimberley, the then Lord-Lieutenant, was looking at him with his suite, when an outraged Paddy planted himself at his lordship's elbow, and said, "And sure if I had been a judge, I'd not have given that pig a prize at all, at all." "Don't bother yourself," retorted Mr. Fisher, "you never will be a judge at all, at all:"

and the critic retired without having the best of it. Irish pig-leaders are most unremitting in their blundering efforts to square the judges. "Give us a prize!" said one, nudging a friend of ours as he entered the yard, "by my sowle, you'll know the pig again, anyhow; he'se got a big scratch with a nail on his back."

The large breed of boars are very difficult to make up for show. Smaller ones sleep more, but their big brothers should live in solitude, as they hear and smell each other, and are always on their legs champing. Silverhair, from Mr. Unthank's (of Cumberland) sort, crossed with King of the West, a Watson boar, began the Carhead small breed, and Silverwing, their beautiful daughter, showed the light offal and short head of that "silver" strain to perfection. She won nearly thirty prizes "off malt dust and turnips;" but she went at last both in the loins and the muscles of her hams, and became lumpy, as pigs will do when they are brought out over and over again. King Cube, her "constant pardner," as Mrs. Gamp observes, was also by King of the West, and Mr. Wainman smoked many a cigar over this beautiful pair, when he did not care to look at anything else. Missing Link, Happy Link, and the rest of the "Links," were of the middle breed, and combined the size of the large breed with the thriftiness and quality of the small, but there was no keeping some of them within growth bounds. At Lincoln, Mr. Torr would not allow that Missing Link was of the small breed, and he placed her second. She was afterwards the best middle-bred sow at Battersea, and finally took the cup at Keighley, when she weighed nearly forty stone.

Mr. Wainman's greatest victory was at the Worcester Royal, where he won eight firsts and a second. In this year (1863), the Carhead pigs attended 33 shows, and won 121 first prizes and

50 seconds (many of them "to their own stable"), making £464 10s. besides one silver cup, six silver medals, and one bronze. Fresh Hope led the way with nineteen firsts and a second, and King Cube backed her up with fifteen and three. The last victory was at Birmingham in 1866, with a pen of five got by Fresh Fire, and then the whole were sold, Mr. Jacob Wilson going in for Dream of Pretence and Golden Link.

Their show-season generally opened, at Accrington, in April, and lasted to the Leeds Fat Show. Big Kit—whose biceps muscle was a marvel to behold—and Little Kit were found everywhere from Edinburgh to Exeter with the precious crates. Their heaviest reverse was at Newport, on which they descended in charge of four clippers, and had to strike their flag without a prize or a mention, before "those Irish-looking blacks and whites." Sometimes the army of Wainman Whites would be off in two divisions commanded by "the Kits," and then Mr. Fisher would meet them with the main body from Carhead, and they would close their ranks for a grand descent on the Yorkshire or the Highland Show. They very seldom went to the Smithfield Club, but at Birmingham, in the halcyon days of pig prices, when a fox-hunter boasted that he got three days a week hunting out of two sows, Mr. Wainman has made £15 each for pigs out of a prize pen, under six months old. The late Lord Berwick was the first to pay it, and 10gs. to 12gs. was by no means unusual. French buyers always fought out the point of "*No ginney! No ginney! Von pound!*" and when the bargain was struck, Mr. Fisher was generally seen sketching in chalks the imperial *fleur-de-lis* of *La Belle France* on his late charge's hams.

Nineteen young pigs, chaperoned by Silver Wing, Silver Beard, Duke of York, Rival Duchess, and Middle Link, went to the Hamburgh show in 1864.

The seniors, as a fitting reward for their excellent sea legs, got pretty nearly all they could from a committee, which attached more importance to gilt cards and waterfalls than prizes; but very few of the nineteen recrossed the German Ocean. At Hamburgh, a crate end came out with one of Mr. Bowly's Berkshires in it, just as it was being hoisted over the side, and the sow sank with a deep, sullen splash into the Elbe. For nearly a quarter-of-an-hour the German sailors stood craning over the side of the vessel in mute expectation that the fresh pork would reappear, but poor Fritz saw nothing but a few bubbles for his pains. Yorkshire and Suffolk worked very amicably together, and especially in one instance. A foreigner came up to Mr. Fisher to buy the last of the Carhead lot. "Ah! I see de beautiful gentleman; vot de prize (price)?" "*Fifteen guineas!*" "Fifteen ginneys. Ah! dat ginney again. Yah! Fifteen pound!" The bargain had reached this stage, when the mistake as to sex was explained. "Ah! de beautiful lady; if I could buy de beautiful gentleman for de beautiful lady, I would buy de beautiful lady." So Mr. Fisher took him round to Mr. Crisp, and for £30 he got "de beautiful" pair. The price was paid in thalers of three shillings each, and the two Kits carried them in a basket slung upon a pole. There was no telling where to keep them all day, so a hole was dug in the pen, and they were buried with a crate above them till the Kits could resume their burden, and convert them into a banker's draft.*

> "Stone walls do not a prison make, nor iron bars a cage;
> Minds innocent and quiet take that for a hermitage."

So sang the poet of the Royalists; and Charles Waterton by that mysterious and solitary worship of

* Yorkshire and Lancashire breeders generally run on the middle or large breed, and fanciers on the small. Scotland and Ireland are all for the large, and so are Australia, America, Prussia, Holland,

animated nature, to which he had dedicated himself from childhood to old age, proved the couplet true. His lot brought with it no obligation to work for his bread, and he became a mighty hunter with the Badsworth, when "Darlington's peer" was in his prime. Sudden remorse seized him one day just before the hunting season began. He felt that scampering after foxes was "not life in earnest," and he longed to exchange the *Tally-ho!* and the *Ware wheat!* for the golden flash of the humming bird, the scream of the parrot, and the deep toll of the campanero in the forests of Brazils. A scarlet tempter, in the person of the Earl himself, met him a few miles from London, and, jumping out of his chaise-and-four, earnestly begged him to change his mind. Still, he was not to be headed back, although,

Spain, and Germany; and the Emperor of the French purchased large and middle for three successive years. At one time Mr. Wainman bred about 220 pigs a year, and sold about £1,000 worth. Until the cattle plague came, there was a brisk trade; but the regulations interfered and closed the English and Irish markets. In England the pigs were perpetually stopped at stations, owing to some informality, real or supposed, and, to save further expense, the butchers got them. Between Carhead and Forfar, five passes were required; and, after such a severe check, high prices became a dream of the past.

Mr. Wiley's small breed are remarkable for neatness and quality, and he has always got very high prices for them. The old gentleman has not been a very extensive shower; but he very seldom missed Birmingham, and won constantly till there were more "black judges" on the bench. Lord Wenlock's pigs are always very fat, and his lordship has never shown finer pens of the small breed than those at Battersea and Leeds, when the young sows were declared by the judges to be "magnificent," as in truth they were. Before Mr. Wainman came out, Mr. Harrison of Stockport, beat every one with small, middle, and big. Carhead caught him up at Canterbury and Leeds, and Mr. Wainman bought his Worcester Duke at Battersea for £23, and won thirteen firsts and four seconds with him. Victor, one of Mr. Harrison's boars, did Mr. Duckering a great deal of good, and corrected the coarseness of the Lincolnshire sort. Mr. Duckering has sows chiefly for the middle breed, but he has shown all three for some years, and beat Mr. Wainman, at Plymouth, with his Dexter Chief, who was beautifully got up. His two sons assist him, and they keep a coal staith at Kirton Lindsey. Mr. Hickman, of Hull,

as he used to say as he stood before the Darlington Hunt picture in his hall, "*those dark eyes fairly looked through you.*" The spirit must have been still strong upon him, as, when no convoy could be got for six weeks, he "stole back" once more, and then, true to time, forsook Womersley and Hemsworth Lane Ends, and dropped down the Channel at last. His life from that point is told in his Wanderings. As Sydney Smith wrote of him, "the sun exhausted him by day, and the mosquitoes bit him by night; but on went Mr. Charles Waterton. * * He rejoices that he is the only man there; that he has left his species far away, and is at last in the midst of his blessed baboons."

It seemed passing strange when, after a walk of three or four miles from Wakefield, with railways to

was once an extensive shower; and for two or three years he was very successful. Among the Leeds pig fanciers, Mr. Gavin held a high place; but Mr. Dyson is quite the emperor of them now, and buys and shows a good one of the large breed whenever he can. Mr. Sagar, of Saltaire, is a great local shower, and once took a second at the Royal, with a sow of Mr. Wainman's breed, beating Golden Link. This sow won the Keighley Challenge Cup, which is decided, not by marching out all the winners, but by special entry before the classes are judged, so that the cup pig is got out of the way, and not allowed to compete in its class. Mr. Mangles is the largest Yorkshire pig breeder. He was a pupil of the late Mr. Watson, of Bolton Park, Cumberland, and got a rare boar, Bendigo, from him, of the small white breed. Latterly he has stood more on the middle breed and always prefers the small boar in the cross. He has won two royal prizes, but Birmingham has been his field of the cloth of gold. He "composed" a nice flecked pig by crossing blacks and whites; but sometimes it only comes out with a little blue on the quarters. Black-eyed Susan was a very nice sow; and she and the celebrated Brutus were both of The Squire, and full of Thormanby blood. Mr. Mangles maintains that bacon should be fed for less than 6d. per lb., and that pigs should pay for all they consume without taxing the manure. New milk, to encourage sleepiness, warmth, cleanliness, and regularity, keeping the styes rather dark, and laying down ashes for the pigs to root over when they are not in the field, are very salient points of the system. Mr. Peter Eden has been very successful lately at the Royal meeting with the blood of King Lear; and he and Mr. Duckering seem to be the great winners of the day. Each took four first prizes at the Manchester Royal.

right of you, railways to left of you, the park gate opened and shut you within leafy solitudes which were surrounded by a nine-foot wall. He had accurately gauged the jumping power of a fox, and we think it was his boast that one, and only one had ever got its pads on the coping, and that it made no second effort. Walton Hall seemed quite a city of refuge, where a man might lay by all care and sorrow for a season; but still, no one without the high spirits of a school-boy or the heart of a naturalist could enjoy it to the full. The birds were to him a living poem all the year round. "The change of seasons was his calendar." Rooks cawed gratefully as they dug up the wire-worm at eve in the old grass, and "the royal birds" built their clumsy nests, and did their fishing in peace. Not a gun or a trap was known about the domain. We ventured to suggest that the water rats must increase terribly under the golden age; and he replied quite angrily: "*Kill the water-rats! they're my greatest comfort—they're the English beaver!*" Still a stewed carp from the lake carried you back to the "good old times," and furnished a dish not soon to be forgotten.

The house was girdled by a moat, and the cross rising above the ivy stood near the draw-bridge entrance, as the earnest and symbol of his faith. Every tree had its story, or was peopled with some mysterious feathered tenant in fee. There was the owl's hole in the oak beyond the bridge; a tower was pierced with "chambers" for the jackdaws' parliament which never "rose for the holidays"; the American haw was there in plenty, for the miseltoe-thrush or the storm-cock; and there too was the shattered elm, from whose shade, as he so often recounted, under a prescience of ill which made him hurry home from the confessional, he warned off two visitors, just before it was struck by lightning.

He delighted to point out the window from which when a child the good Abbé rescued him, as he climbed along the sill to get at a nest in the eaves; but on the point as to whether he had really tied up his arm in a sling and tried to hatch an egg in his armpit, and was within four days of being a mother when a schoolfellow pushed him and broke it, we did not find him decisive. He seemed content to let the story rest in the shape which it then bore. We loved best to see him in his most inspired attitude, watching in the October evenings whether the rooks would take their regular departure for the season after their evening meal for Nostell Wood, or linger one or more days "over the ninth." He would almost drag you out, and stand bare-headed on the lawn long after nightfall, listening to the quack of the mallard, and telling each fresh waterfowl by its note, as it settled on the lake, with all the quickness of Fine Ear.

The late Archbishop of Canterbury, who not unfrequently paid him a visit from Bishopthorpe or the Palace at Ripon, must have smiled, as did many others, when he scaled that wonderful staircase with its pictured walls, and found on the two landings, among cases of humming birds, toucans, and the other results of his Wanderings, the "English Reformation zoologically illustrated." If there was an uglier monkey than usual in the menagerie-offerings which were made to him, he stuffed it to represent Old Nick, or labelled it "John Knox." Titus Oates, Cranmer, and Bishop Burnet each found their equivalent very low down in the scale of reptiles; "Mother Law, Church, and her Dissenting Fry," looked like a group of toad dancers; and as for "Queen Bess at Lunch," it was a perfectly appalling combination of lizards and newts, and other unhallowed things. Beetles and flies, as being a special emblem of Satan, also bore their part in this

strange medley of polemics; but still there was no lack of high-bred courtesy on his part to those of another creed. You thought only of his deep devotion when you saw him bend his shrunken form before the Eucharist, and heard him bear his part at vespers in the hymn of St. Bernard:

> "My comfort in the wilderness;
> But oh! when face to face!"

He slept on the ground, with his head on a hollowed out beech block, in a little room next to the chapel, or in his Brazilian hammock, and always awoke himself at three by Sir Walter Raleigh's clock, which had been removed from the Knight's house at Chelsea, and stood near the staircase entry of his bed-room. The first hour so snatched from sleep he "gave to the health and preservation of the soul." Hermit as he seemed in his habits and guise, he entered keenly into everything in the outer world, and loved dearly to find that he was not forgotten among naturalists. "*Well, Mr. Waterton! The Times has got hold of you to-day,*" we said to him, when the papers came in, and we had to read twice over to him (and a very pleasant task it was) a column letter signed "*An Ape,*" which treated of Professor Huxley and his hippocampus theory, and alluded most affectionately to "*My dear friend Charles Waterton.*" If he was in London, he never omitted to visit the Zoological Gardens, and he went there we believe for the last time to examine the retractile claws of the cheetah. The people stared famously when they saw him enter the cage with the keeper, holding his right hand at a certain conventional distance from the ground. One woman said, "*Law! I'll be bound that's the Doctor.*" "*No, madam,*" he replied, never taking his eye off the beast as it crouched in the corner, "*you're mistaken, it's only the Apothecary;*" an answer which gave him great delight, and

puzzled the old lady still more. He left home very little, but every Christmas he repaired to his old college at Stonyhurst, for a week, to meet his friends and see the boys act Shakespeare.

As a modern medicine man, he believed thoroughly in "the late Dr. Marshall's excellent purgative pills," and many friends have a box of his presenting by them to this day. It was regarded by him as a special mark of consideration when he took out his cherished wourali poison, and told how the Nottingham Corporation had asked him to come and exercise his art on a policeman who died, unluckily for the test, a few hours before the North Mail was due. The cockade, "with which I carried Lord Cochrane's despatches in 1808," was another treasure; and so were the fatal blow-pipe of the Indians, and the hammock which he used when he was a wanderer in the forests from which he drew those inexhaustible chronicles. Still the stuffing of birds was his great forte, and he spoke with too well-merited contempt of many modern professors of the art. "Every feather is poisoned," was his invariable mode of introducing his handiwork. The large picture on the stair-case pourtrayed him a hale young fellow of thirty, bestriding the cayman, while all the forest birds of his acquaintance looked on approvingly from the boughs. Opposite was the cayman himself, which has been the very idol of three generations of boys, stretched out in all its scaly length and furnishing a vivid key to the picture. He scarcely ever quoted any other naturalist, but of Mr. Frank Buckland he expressed a very high opinion. As might have been expected, he was very stiff in his own theories, and did not seem to allow that the world had grown older, and other men as well as himself grey and white with thought. He would lay down the law most positively about stags and foxes, which he had not hunted for fully fifty

years, and the opinion of men like Charles Davis and Harry Ayris on the point did not weigh one ounce with him. Still it was this peculiar tenacity of opinion which gave his character that unique charm when once you got accustomed to him.

While you were looking through the big telescope, at the herons by the lake side in all their fishing attitudes, he would be donning his tattered sailor's jacket and his large leather gloves, and then invite you to stroll round his park. Every incident of that walk lingers with us still. First there was a long dissertation on the rumpless fowl, which seemed to take bed and board with the jackdaws. Then we paused to hear the history of the half-paralyzed vine near the stables, and to handle "the paragon bull," of whose august presence he had forewarned us, and of whose qualities, when sorely pressed, we hardly spoke so reverentially as he wished. We wound our way onward to the grove facing the rock, in one of whose recesses he sat like a prophet of the cave, the live-long summer day, "musing upon many things" in his green chair, and listening to the birds. It was with them far more than insects that he loved to hold communion. A hen-pheasant flew across the drive, and as we heard her mate crow to her in the wood, he recounted to us how that bird is the direct antithesis of the cock, and crows *before* it claps its wings. "*Hark! there's a jay,*" he would suddenly observe, grasping our arm; "*Listen! there's a jenny wren; did you ever hear her sing?*" Had he spoken of Kettledrum and Duchess 77th we might have said something, but this was a poser—only to be made a note of. Then a magpie struck in, and he was quite eloquent again. But there our colloquy was interrupted for a time. He suddenly discovered that some rude visitor on the open days had cut his initials on the bark of a tree, near the swings. Hence we had to seek out the carpenter

together, and get a neat little piece of wood; and ere long he had written, in his fine Roman hand, and nailed up against that tree, his love, in most pungent terms, for all such stupid clowns.

Once more we were on our way, past the spot where the watercress grew, perhaps looking at his peculiar wickets, and hearing of his charm for cattle. Not a hedge was cut within the park, which seemed fully two miles round, or else "there would be no berries for the blackbird or the poor man." Then he paused over the thorn which "bloomed in the winter of its days," like its sister of Glastonbury, and was rich with white honours on Christmas morning. We saw the keepers' huts, and then turned, near the spot he had chosen for his burial—over the little bridge by the cranberry tree, and away to the heron nests. On our left were twelve large willows, one of which had been broken during a thunder-storm, and had been spliced up again with iron. "*There,*" said he, "*are the Twelve Apostles; the broken one is Judas Iscariot; I hear it groaning like a troubled spirit, when the wind is high.*" And so we left him in his lodge in the wilderness, and we saw him again no more.

Like Lord Brougham, his death was forestalled, and he had the rare pleasure of reading during his lifetime a singularly graceful tribute to his memory in the *Daily Telegraph*. It showed him that a host of younger men might rise, but that there was still a grateful thought of one who had been foremost among the best in his day. We look with sadness at the last letter (Jan. 22nd, 1865) we ever had from him, written in a firm hand, which told little of eighty-three, and especially at the characteristic postscript, which contained the gist of the whole: "Walton Hall is twelve miles south of Leeds, and the nightingale breeds here and sings here charmingly.—C.W." The *Telegraph* article was written

in the winter of the previous year, and he saw the seasons round once more, and then sank from the effects of a slight accident, a fall from the rustic bridge near his future grave, when the insect world had burst into life, and all nature was carolling round him, in his favourite month of May. The sympathies of his earliest years were true to him in death. He directed by his will that he should be rowed to his tomb, which had long been erected near the top of the lake under the shade of two venerable oak trees. There he is buried, in a silence broken only by the cry of the heron and the waterfowl, a solitude almost as deep as that in which he had lived so long in the swamps of the Oronoco and the forests of the Amazon. He had written, in Latin, the epitaph meet for a wanderer: "*Pray for the soul of Charles Waterton, whose wearied bones rest here.*"

We pass on to a neighbour of very different mould. It is seldom, indeed, in a lifetime that you meet with one whose self respect and manly bearing entitle him to your prompt fealty as a very "king among men," and yet scarcely a man who knew him if only by sight, would deny that title John Gully. That calm courage and inflexible decision were written on every feature, which stood him in such stead in those slashing Gregsonian contests, which made even Lord George's Doncaster Rooms irony return unto him void. It was, we believe, a remark like the "Napoleon of the Turf's," which first fired Mr. Gully, on the spur of the moment, to beard the Mexborough influence in person at Pontefract; and he had not miscalculated the previous influence of his character even on that mysterious, voter-bottling borough. He did not care for the honour, except so far as asserting a principle, and giving pleasure to his townfolk; and he retired, to their deep regret, when the first purpose was served, from what would have been infallibly a seat for life.

It was a glory to belong to the ring, and to ascend the stage at the Fives' Court, in the days when *he* stripped to the buff, and he had no mawkish scruples about referring to it. No one saluted Tom Sayers more heartily with his "*I wonder, Tom, how ever you did it,*" when the champion met him on the Heath during The Wizard's Two Thousand day; and he only smiled at Doncaster, as Alfred Day cantered Andover down to the starting post for the Eglinton Stakes; and Mr. Padwick prophesied that "*The Chicken beat you once, Gully, and he'll beat you again.*" As a betting man he formed one of the more scientific and daring school, which arose at the Corner, when Gentleman Ogden and his followers dropped off. Jem Bland, Jerry Cloves, his nephews Peter and Davis, Tommy Swan, Highton, Holliday, Crockford, Briscoe, Ridsdale, Bob Steward, "Goose" Davis and Tanfield, Justice and Gully were its great metallic heroes, and Gully outlived them all.

What had once been more of a pastime had now become hard-headed, cautious point dealing, and people learnt to speak of twenty to ten thousand books on the Derby, without any amazement. With the Yorkshiremen, John Gully was always an especial lion, and the young tykes gazed with reverence at the athletic form in the blue tie, and black frock coat, which had stood nearly five-and-forty years before, in swallow-tails, kerseymere breeches and top boots, on a St. Leger eve, in front of the Salutation, and pencil in hand, led many a dashing assault on those Middleham and Malton favourites, for whom their sires and their grandsires fought and *bled*. The literary partnership of Beaumont and Fletcher did not cause one whit more speculation among the men of the day, than the joint-book of Mr. Gully and Will Ridsdale, and it was said that they got £50,000 out of St.

Giles for the Derby, and stood to win £80,000 on little Red Rover, if the dark green of Sam Day, on Priam, had not brought them to grief.

With the 4,000-guinea Mameluke, over whom he stood with a cart whip at the Leger post, he became a man of mark, and desperately jealous, "George Guelph," and of course Jack Ratford, were of him, and his white-faced five-year-old, when they seemed likely to beat The Colonel for the Ascot Cup. In fact, the royal vexation at some strictures which he made about the Ascot arrangements to Lord Maryborough gave birth to an exclusive aristocratic clause in the Cup conditions, which prevented Priam among other cracks from having a shy for it. The coffin-headed Margrave won him his only St. Leger, and Robinson remembers to this day his stentorian roar of "I've won," almost before Jim felt sure on the point himself, as he stood on the rails near the Red House; while Mendicant, after a kick, which might have been heard to Leatherhead, and made Sam Day think that all was over, managed to win the Oaks, fetch 4,000 guineas, and breed a winner of the Derby. It was with Virago's sire that he led the forlorn hope for Danebury in '46; and with his Bay Middleton colts, Andover and Hermit, that he regularly circumvented King Tom, after winning a Two Thousand, on which he hardly felt sure he was right to risk even an extra fifty to make stakes. Such double luck at 71 was not to be improved; and after that he became a mere fancy bettor. He was especially proud of alone holding the triple honours in his hand; but his dream of supremacy was dispelled, when on passing through Doncaster in his invalid days, the news reached him that Caller Ou had at last brought P'Anson level with him.

In his conversation, "every word weighed a pound," and we never remember getting so much solid guidance from any one about old times, as we

did in a short chat with him when a Heath afternoon was over. No one could sketch old chums more deftly. One audience which he gave at his Newmarket lodgings was of a less satisfactory character to the person concerned. A most audacious young tout was standing near him as he sat on horseback, cigar in mouth, and book and card in hand at the cords, and hearing him offer odds against a horse, shouted to him "*I'll take you.*" He, of course, took no notice of the impertinence, and booked the bet with some one else, and lost it. To his surprise the tout came up, and claimed the money, and not satisfied with the curt disclaimer, kept dunning "Old England," at intervals, during the meeting. At last, Mr. Gully told him to come to his rooms after the races, and he would settle with him; and taking him by the collar when he arrived, he used his dog-whip with such stinging effect on his shoulders that he howled out promises of the most hearty repentance, and went to another bet-market in future. However, the story got wind, and the tout finding that he was universally called "Young Gully," put a good face on his chastening, and ever after reverentially alluded to the great book-maker, as "*my father.*" Once, in the May of '50 he wandered down to Danebury, where there was a solemn Derby council of war, to tout the horses at exercise; and poor Walter Day remembered how he roared to him, "*Go and tell my father there, that he need'nt keep looking at Pitsford with Mr. Hill; Voltigeur will be first, and the chesnut will beat the rest.*"

Hunting always had a charm for him, and during "The Squire's" mastership, he spent a great deal of time with him at Quorn. His observation of everything, Furrier and Vanquisher included, in the field or on the flags, was so keen, that if he had been obliged to take the horn for a season, he would

have given a very good account of his foxes. He was only four or five years older, but a great Mentor, to "the Squire" on the subject of condition, and he was so vexed at seeing "The Little Wonder" insist upon riding back into the town after his Newmarket match against time, that he told him he deserved a whip across his back, for trifling with his constitution in that way. "That 'ere friendly expression," as a jack-tar would have termed it, proved their intimacy; but a St. Leger shadow came the very next year between this Robin Hood and Little John, of the Charnwood Forest. At no time of his life was he a hard rider, and he had once a narrow escape from being drowned when with the Badsworth, from his horse falling on to him in a deep pond, in a farm-yard, whose surface was covered with chaff. Some years before he had very severe jaundice; but it was only within the last two of his life that he failed so decidedly, and latterly his surgeon had to be in attendance on him three times a day. The strong man was bowed at last; his strength, at four score years, had indeed become labour and sorrow, and he might well long to be at rest near his old Ackworth home. Jealousy he had long lived down, and in the years to come he will still continue to point a moral in Englishmen's hearts, as the especial type of one—

> "Who through the moil and dust of life
> Went forward undefiled."

When shall we again see such a man as Mr. Osbaldeston, on such a horse as Assheton, with three such hounds as Tarquin, Furrier, and Vaulter at his side, and two such whips as Tom Sebright and Dick Burton? It was a rare combination of human and brute talent. The ambition of "The Squire" from his earliest to his latest day was to be talked about. Modern men have the same aspiration, but the

means are very easy and Sybaritic in comparison. They don't care what prices they give for a hunter, a racehorse, a hack, or a yacht, provided it is duly chronicled. "The Squire," on the contrary, trusted not to pocket, but to hand and eye for his fame. He never rested till he was at the head of the hunting, the pigeon shooting, the steeple-chasing, the cricket, and the billiard world. Now it is enough for a man to be prominent in one branch of sporting science, but Mr. Osbaldeston aspired to nearly all, and not a soul breathing could touch him all round. Cue, bridle, trigger, bat, oar, and boxing gloves came alike easy to him. When the poets had called him the "very worst huntsman that ever was born," they had said their worst, and perhaps they were not very far wrong. Among gentlemen he was never popular. The Meltonians could not outride him, and they crabbed him to make up for it. For society he cared little, and the saddle was the easy-chair he loved. When he got home after a short day he was quite ready to have a second pack out if the humour suited him, and when he got home after a long one, he liked his chop and a pint of port, a chat with his friend Gully, and so to bed. Sport was, in fact, his business, and when he was fifty-four, and generally content to ride 10st. 9lbs., he wasted to ride his King Charles at 8st. 7lbs. in the Two Thousand. A keen limner describes him even at that age, as "short and aukward, shrivelled and shrunk, with round shoulders and a limping walk, ill-clothed in a brown frock coat with velvet collar, loose grey trousers, and cloth boots." Throughout his life he was singularly light of tongue, and the last time we ever saw him, when he was drawn about in a Bath chair, on the beach at Brighton, the unruly member was going with its pristine vigour.

Unlike

> "The shy-fed soda-watering youths
> Who now o'er a country sail,"

and will not be troubled with kennel cares, Mr. Tom Hodgson succeeded to the Badsworth at twenty-four, when Sir Bellingham Graham resigned, and found, as he expressed it, "twelve couple of hounds, and three hacks, as a nest egg." Three seasons there, sixteen in Holderness, two with the Quorn, and about one and half in part of Mr. Foljambe's country, gave him plenty to do till he was about fifty, when the cry of "*Foljambe and Fox-hunting*," and his own worth, placed him at the head of the poll by 32 for the West Riding Registrarship of Deeds, after a tremendous contest (in which 3,393 polled) with one of the Lascelles family.

It was a lucky day for him when Jack Richards of the Badsworth bethought him of Will Danby as his first lieutenant in Holderness, and Will left his harriers and walked forty-four miles through the night in his top boots to strike the bargain at a guinea a week. No Crusoe could have had a Man Friday more to his mind. For two seasons there was barely £800 for four days a week, and once only two horses between them. Still with thirty-six couple they killed their thirty-seven brace, and their spirits never flagged. Between them they claimed the honour of having entered Mr. Percy Williams, and it was Mr. Hodgson's boast that he had built six kennels and sold twenty couple of bitches for a thousand guineas. The Meltonians made merry with his plain attire, and his gaunt lath-like figure in the brown coat, leggings, and knee-caps; as well as his gloveless hands. Still they had no small respect for him as a thorough sportsman—rather out of his element on Comical in such a flying country, but possessed of a lady pack whose Billesdon Coplow of Jan. 20, 1840, and Thorp Trussel's run in the same December, were enough to set the seal on any season.

The West Riding appointment gave him that competence which he so well deserved. He married

and settled down after his toils at Snydale Hall, and to the last he might be seen occasionally at the cover side on his pony or in a four-wheel. He did not forget the scarlet interest, and many a huntsman's son served a clerkship in the Registrar's office. His friends might well joke him and ask him whether he merely looked to their back ribs and good legs and feet. Woe be to them if they had presented themselves for his inspection with a beard or moustache! There was much to see at Snydale, both inside and outside of the house. The old grey mare Twilight wandered near the old hovel on the left of the drive, where the thousand guinea pack were housed a whole season, and where Ecologue foaled her Prologue, Catalogue, and Virgilius. He maintained that "hunting is the sport for young men and racing for old," and this mare and her foals were a great delight to him. Will Danby's portrait from the *Sporting Magazine* was installed above the chimney-piece of his little *sanctum*, which he seldom allowed you to leave without bringing down the mysterious case, which was forwarded to him anonymously, with a hunting whip, in his bachelor days, and giving you a hint as to his after discoveries on the point.

It was delightful to see him after dinner—while the fire lighted up Comical, Ned Oxtoby and other hunting comrades on the oak pannels—settle himself into his great easy chair, dive into his capacious side pockets, and produce a large packet of hunting letters. In this respect he was quite a Registrar of Deeds, as several masters, Lord Middleton among them, made a point of writing to him when they had a great thing. We were in for the record of the Christmas Eve when his lordship's had run over nineteen parishes, and swum three rivers, and our host's recital and comments, given in his dry solemn way, were as long and thrice as amusing as an in-

augural address. He sometimes went to the hound shows, and his sinewy six-foot-two form, in black, with a white hat, worn rather on the back of his head, and a light linen cravat, was always to be seen on the Doncaster balcony, or on some hunting friend's drag opposite the stand at York. Virgilius was his delight, and he made very sure of the Flying Dutchman Handicap in '62, but he did not care much to back his opinion, and defeat never depressed him. We never thought him looking better than he did at Doncaster in The Marquis's year. We had a word with him on the grand stand stairs, and he told us of the death of Ecologue, and added "*it's an omen for me.*" The foreboding was too true, as his hour had come before the next May morning, and three veterans in Yorkshire history, Sir Tatton, John Gully, and Tom Hodgson—ninety, eighty, and seventy—lay dead, in the same county, almost within a month of each other.*

Each man sees and puts things from his own point of view. The Learned Blacksmith merely esteemed Melton Mowbray as a veritable Goshen of pork-pies. The Scotch Minister wrote of his spouse that "she was taken by a bilious attack from my bosom to Abraham's;" and Drunken Barnaby "saw nothing on the banks of the Don save a lively Levite," and sang not of racers and horse-copers, but—

> "As all things come by natur,
> Concerning looms from Doncastur,
> And weaving done by weyter."

It is difficult for any enthusiast to get away from his Doncaster theme. The Moor—with its long line of stands, its historical Red House, and "the hill" which breaks the flat so beautifully—looks more the real racing thing than any other course in the kingdom. The hill especially is big with the memory

* See "Scott and Sebright," p.p. 334-342.

of Bill Scott. Here, in '37, his horse Epirus (belonging to "the remarkable young 'un," as he always termed Mr. Bowes) rolled into the ditch, and threw him into the course right on the track of Harry Edwards on Prime Warden. His collar-bone united quick enough, but when, next year, he was on Don John, the first St. Leger winner ever trained at Pigburn, and reached the spot once more, he sent out his horse as if with a savage determination to be by himself this time in front, and Lanercost and every horse in the race felt it "like an electric shock." The brothers Scott have always been specially connected with Doncaster, and it is no wonder that there is a regular rush from all parts of the Moor at the Tuesday morning exercise, when the Whitewall fly, with the white horse in, is seen coming across it to its well known post, two distances from home.

There could have been no finer treat than seeing Blacklock go the first two miles in 3·37 min. of that four-mile race over this course, in which he fairly galloped the St. Leger winner Duchess to death. Old Yorkshiremen may well hate to hear him and his blood abused. They tell how he went four miles at the same pace without a falter, reaching further and further, as it seemed to their enraptured vision, at every stride. His queer forelegs and short tail, and "half-moon head," did not improve him, but his stride was what they loved. Mr. Kirby used to tell us about him, as he did of his dealings with the house of Romanoff, and the great Scotch trotting match with Lord Eglinton's father in it; and once when we sought for a little more information about General Chassé, the old man rose from his chair, at eighty-five, collared us, and made us support him across the room, while he followed, lifting up his legs, to show how the chesnut stepped on ship-board, when they had blindfolded him, and

he had become nervous by hitting the doorstep of the stable. "Chassé" was a savage, but there were many nearly as bad, and Major Yarborough wouldn't have Dumpling back to Heslington when, after rearing, he knelt down and bit the ground at York till he was absolutely beaten from the starting-post with a rail. We do not remember to have ever seen any demur as to starting, at Doncaster, or to have heard of more than one of those extraordinary waiting races, which sometimes occupy more than twenty minutes, because no jockey will make play.*

Many old customs have departed from Doncaster,† and among others, the late Earl of Scarborough's, viz., sending a subscription of £4 every

* The present Duke of Buccleuch was quite puzzled when he once started the horses at Dumfries, and each jockey had orders to wait on the other. "*Go, go!*" said his grace; but a walk was the only response. "*Go along!*" "I beg your pardon, your grace," said "Sim," touching his cap, "when you've said '*go*' we can do as we like. "Oh, that's it," was the rejoinder; "I thought you were obliged to begin and gallop directly; so good afternoon."

† A few words will not be out of place anent the sporting antecedents of the owners of the "Corporation Harriers," of which we read such a curious historical notice in the *Doncaster Gazette*. That distinguished body have always been true to the spirit of the couplet,

> "God bless you, jolly gentlemen,
> May nothing you dismay,"

and put this resolution on their archives:

"27th of April, 1762, That the Corporation do allow twenty pounds a year and a frock of blue shag, faced with red, for a salary for a person that will undertake to hunt the Corporation hounds; and that the Mayor for the time being and six senior members of the Corporation be a committee, to continue for one calendar month, to have the management of the hunt and the procuring of the hounds; and at the expiration of that calendar month, the next six senior members, with the Mayor for the time being, to have the management thereof, and so on from month to month, to be continued annually from the first day of May next; and if none of the committee be out a hunting on a field-day, the majority of the Corporation members present to have the management that day."

"Bill Stag," the huntsman, was equal to the crisis, even with aldermen, on the subject of halloos, and very fond of training his hounds to run a red herring trial in the four-and-a-half acres of "Tryers' Flatt.'

year to the race fund. Those were the days of race-balls and carriages-and-four with outriders, from the great county seats, all freighted with visitors to the stand. The cup was once simply a flagon of honour, which the stewards were supposed to present to the races, and it was handed round full of mulled wine at the race ball. It was then washed out, and the clerk of the course went the circuit of the ball-room with it, and it was not unfrequently filled to the brim with fivers, one-pound-notes, and sovereigns.

Mercutio and Lottery were among the old cup stars, and ran one of the most distressing four-mile cup races ever seen at Doncaster. The start was at the Red House, and some of the jockeys by mistake raced in when they had gone the present cup distance, and began to pull up. The people shouted

The Cookes, of Wheatley, do not seem to have been very genial in the matter with Bill and his thistle-whippers: as one of their keepers was repeatedly asked, and not without reason, "Who shot the dog?" When another velveteen laid impious hands on the worshipful Mr. Solomon Holmes, and took a gun out of his municipal grasp, the Corporation were fired with indignation, and took counsel's opinion, and wrote letters, and we know not what beside. Have their harriers they would.

They turned a barn in East Laith Gate into a kennel, and built a house for Bill hard by his charges. Such was the spirit with which these merry souls went about the business, that in February, 1770, they had a gala day of rejoicing when the first kennel stone was laid, and "took wine" (a delicate expression for sitting the clock round) when they signed the bills for payment. In fact, their hearts were so uplifted with their currant-jelly prospects, that very shortly after the next season began, they scorned to see their Bill on foot, and met and passed another resolution. It ran thus:—"Ordered—that Mr. Merryweather, of Rossington, be employed to buy *a good strong horse for the huntsman* not exceeding *fifteen guineas in price*; that the huntsman shall not use the horse from the ending to the beginning of the hunting season, and the Corporation shall provide an agist for the horse for the summer season." This purchase did not turn out well; but they voted their agent half-a-guinea for all that, and trusted to other eyes. They seem to have been very frugal in these matters, and in 1781 the hounds themselves did not cost more than £11 4s. 3d.; but, as they enjoyed a regular £5 field-day among the sheep the year before, the Corporate purse-strings may have been seasonably tightened. These sheep-killers, by-the-bye, were beagles, which

at them to go on, and George Oates forced Lottery once more along at such a pace, that at the distance Mercutio was fairly pumped out, and Lottery began to "crack" as well. George, who was no great rider, took to kicking, and Mercutio's jockey to nursing, which just enabled him to get up on the post and win. Mercutio was so exhausted that they had to support him into the rubbing house; but he came out next day and beat Sandbeck. This was perhaps the most cruel tax that was ever made on a horse's powers. Croft, the trainer, had taken 500 to 100 about the horse in the cup. He left no stock, and, in fact, died not very long after of inflammation on the lungs. Lottery was pulled out to defeat Barefoot, the St. Leger winner of the previous year, only an hour or so before he ran with Mercutio, and never was horse more knocked about by his eccentric owner. Laurel was a good Blacklock,

came into favour in the 12th year (with a view to conciliate the running and short-winded burgesses); and, such was the force of example, that, besides Sir Rowland Winn's and the Barmboro' Grange dogs, which were prior to them in time, five other packs of harriers soon hunted in the district. All was done well, and it was a question whether the body looked more venerable and respectable, starting with all their cavalcade from East Laith Gate to quest among the gorse bushes on the Moor, or marching to Church—the mayor supported by eight ex-mayors and three or four mayors expectant—on the race Sunday, behind the pindar and the mace bearer. All the burgesses liked the hunt, and the tradesmen who kept the hounds had many a good hare in their pot. Poor "Bill Stag" began after a few years to go down-hill. Like a degraded knight of old, his horse was taken from him, and his spurs chopped off; but he followed the hounds and Tom Bell on foot as long as his wilful brandy-and-water legs did not refuse their office, and then he was found dead in his bed. After lasting just twenty years, the hounds were given up, and Mr. Wrightson, who turned up his nose at them when he had the offer, established what has proved the germ of the Badsworth Hunt, of whose first huntsman, Frobisher, nothing is known, except that he "married Widow Halliwell, the heaviest woman in Yorkshire." The hunt was then opened with a concert of bugles in front of Cusworth Hall, and as the sounds stole down the Don to St. Sepulchre's, many an inhabitant thought with a pang of the departed glories of their own Stag and Bell, or flung dull care and business to the winds that day.

and his Doncaster cup week saw three St. Leger winners, a Derby winner, Velocipede, and Bessy Bedlam on "The Moor."

One of the gamest but the slowest of the four-milers was Lord Kelburne's Purity by Octavian, and she finished up another remarkable Doncaster Meeting, in which Humphrey Clinker (the sire of Melbourne), Emma (the dam of Cotherstone and Mundig), Fleur-de-Lis, Actæon, Belzoni (the sire of so many fine, brown, and forge hammer-headed hunters), and Memnon, all won, while Mulatto ran second for St. Leger and Cup. It was the last race of the last day, and run in five two-mile heats. Bill Scott won the first heat on Brownlock, George Edwards running him home on Crow-Catcher—so called from his having decapitated a crow, which alighted near him in social confidence when he was in his paddock as a two-year-old. In the second heat Scott led away, and Harry Edwards, on Purity, not fearing anything else, "flapped his wings a bit," as he expressed it, as if setting to, and ran in third. Thales won that heat, and Lord Kelburne began to be very anxious, and couldn't understand it at all. He came down from the grand stand for an explanation, and Croft took snuff in his quiet way, when he was asked what he was going to do, and replied, "*I'm going to saddle the mare, my Lord: the fun of the fair's only just beginning.*" It was time to begin with the third heat, in which Purity beat Brownlock by a head, after a slashing finish. Still the mare had not worn him down to her slow perpetual motion level, and hence it was necessary to get something to make a pace. Accordingly, as the chance of Thales was clearly *nil*, his owner accepted £25 to force the running. Tommy Lye worked away, and as Purity's jockey kept tickling him up with his whip, when he could reach him, Tommy's horse kept giving a series of marvellous shoots, which were somewhat puzzling

at first to the little man. Scott tried to get up between them, but failed; and when he did come in earnest, he made a dead heat with Purity. Half the people had gone home, and Lord Kelburne, who had backed his mare to win him £500, said that "*there will be no dinner to-day.*" Officials were not so particular then; but still it is remarkable that Bill Scott did not remember that the fact of two horses, which had each won a heat, running a dead heat, disqualified even Thales, though he had won a heat, from starting again. This oversight decided the fortune of the day. Away went Tommy, and the tickling, and the "shooting" began again; and although Purity finished quite black in the flanks with sweat, and could hardly be kept out of the judge's box, she got home first and landed the Plate for "the crimson body, white sleeves and cap," of Hawkhead.

We first looked on Doncaster in the mist and wet of a Sunday morning, when the races began on a Monday. It was then a long coach ride from Swinton Station. Herring's picture of Attila was part of our burden, and the Colonel's valet, who was in charge of it, was telling good anecdotes of his master's mode of shooting. That year some three St. Leger winners were walking together in one field at the Turf Tavern—to wit, Blue Bonnet, Charles XII., and Satirist; and there were also two Derby winners in the town—Little Wonder and Attila; and all, save Satirist, started. Crucifix and Bay Middleton were also at the Turf paddocks. The sight of the trio was almost as memorable as Blair Athol's and Gladiateur's mock tournay when they marched about in a paddock, and Knowsley neighed his *defi* over the wall. The Cure's bolt in the St. Leger, two years after, was the only thing of the kind in St. Leger annals. It began about sixty yards from home, and he seemed to come

right across the course, as if he was going to bury his defeated head in the judge's box—Mail Train's, in the Cesarewitch, was a trifle to it. The Eglinton procession of Van Tromp led by Eryx, as they came out with their jockeys up through the Carr House Gate, with Black Jemmy as beadle, and addressing the crowd, was a picture of itself; and we never met with such a model of a cup horse as "Van" was that afternoon, or many neater little beauties than Eryx his equerry. Templeman soon knew that it was not Cossack's day. The stable had pressed him hard to ride Foreclosure, but he had refused to do so, as he felt sure that the bay was not within 21lbs. of the chesnut, and the race proved it; though Cossack was very short of preparation.

It was also a very "pleasant bit" when Tom Jennings took Gladiateur out of his van, behind the Doncaster Arms, but fewer saw that. So were Beeswing hugging the rails as she went round the top turn in the Cup as jealous as a surveyor, lest she should lose an inch of ground; Teddington answering to Job's searching rowels, as stride by stride he caught Nat on Kingston; Kettledrum flying over the hill in the Cup, and twice the horse he was in the St. Leger; Tim Whiffler cutting down Asteroid at the Butts; Jim Robinson coming up, wide on the outside, and getting level with Voltigeur; "The West" and St. Albans fairly romping home for the St. Leger; the Marquis just getting his head in front in answer to Challoner's last stroke of the whalebone; Lord Clifden lying away, and then reaching his horses inch by inch, at the Red House; the thick fog and rain which fell like a pall on the Moor, during Blair Athol's race, and made men look at their fellows and wonder if it really was the end of all things, and their hour was come; Lord Lyon, with a jaded, listless air, coming out once more to meet Savernake, whose middle

showed that he was at least two weeks short of work; Hermit and Thormanby refusing to face their canters, as if they knew that defeat was before them; and Formosa going to the post with a skin like burnished copper, to show the Yorkshiremen what an "Oaks, One Thousand, and 'Guineas'" mare can do.

None loved the Town Moor better than poor James White, or "Martingale." Thirty years ago he was in his zenith, with his book on "Country Scenes," and as a contributor to *Bentley*; and his powers knew no decay. He was quite the Prose Poet of Nature, and no man that we ever met with, was so keenly alive to her beauties, and could word-paint them so well. Edlington Wood, which seldom fails to produce a fox, when the Fitzwilliam call, was one of his especial haunts, when he was well and vigorous. He seemed to know the haunt of every badger, the name and the note of every bird, and the *genus* of every wild flower that grew on its banks and glades. He liked to wander away from Doncaster "when the mavis and the merle were singing," and, regardless of the prosaic days in which his lot was cast, take his dinner with him and "have a word with the woods." Weaving an old legend into shape pleased him best. The deserted hut, where a poacher had lived and died, a very lord of the soil to the last, seemed to conjure up in his mind a network of dark romance; and Sherwood Forest, and Merrie Barnsdale were themes which never palled.

His racing writings were very numerous; but as he rarely left Doncaster, he was too often compelled to take his descriptions second-hand. In dealing with current racing topics he was far too discursive, and pitched his key note so high, that matter of fact readers grumbled, that after wandering through such a labyrinth of fine words, they could hardly find one grain of fact. His strength as a turf writer

lay in his "Turf Characters," and his recollections of the Doncaster past. If he was not in the *Gazette* office, hard at work at his beautifully small manuscript, with his voluminous velvet cap on his head, or in a chancel seat in the old church, or in Edlington or Wheatley, or Sprotborough Woods, Doncaster Moor was a sure find for him, and he was pretty certain to be talking to himself. Seeing those races, and the gallops as well, was his delight, and he generally stationed himself, from old usage, on the St. Leger day somewhere between the Red House and the Hill, to catch the first symptoms of the "pace complaint." St. Leger after St. Leger was to him a scene he could unfold with a master's hand. Every little incident from the Duke of Hamilton's day had been treasured and invested with significance; and as John Jackson, the celebrated jockey, lodged with him for a series of years, he had an opportunity of "posting himself up" during the week, which he took care to use to the full.

CHAPTER XII.

"Right sacred is our Ox's rump,
And history will evince,
If Fame deceive not with her trump,
'Twas deified long since;
To Mithras' Bull great Persia bowed,
To Apis Egypt preached;
To Baal's calf whole countries vowed,
And Greece her *Bous* beseeched.

"Like Britain's Island lies our Steak,
A sea of gravy bounds it;
Shalots confus'dly scattered, make
The rockwork which surrounds it;
Your Isle's best emblem there behold,
Remember ancient story;
Be like your grandsires, just and bold,
And live and die with glory."

Captain Morris.

The Towneley Herd—The Sale—Great Sales of the Century—Old Favourites—Mr. Eastwood's Herd—Mr. Peel's Herd—The Lonks.

THE Towneley domains, which have a private station of their own, extend right down to Burnley, and share with it in the discomforts of one of the wettest and rawest climates in the whole of Great Britain. Pendle Hill, whose fame has long been preserved in the not very smooth-running couplet—

"Pendle Hill, Pennykant, and Little Ingleborough,
Are the largest of the hills, if you search England thorough,"

rises guardian-like over the town; and a long avenue from the front-door of the hall points right

way, past the gamekeeper's cottage, to a range of grouse-hills on the north. The Colonel's home-farm consists of five hundred acres, chiefly grass. It is about one of the last "bowers" in which a veritable butterfly would think of being born. The land is on a cold blue clay subsoil, and the Government draining has done but little for it. Harvests do not "laugh and sing" there, as corn cannot be got to ripen on it, one year in six; mangold wurzels will have nothing to do with it; and hence nearly all the roots and straw have to be purchased from the Ormskirk neighbourhood. The herd has had a fearful battle to fight, in order to compete with the rich grazing counties, and but for the undaunted energy and science of the farm bailiff, Mr. Culshaw, backed up by the most liberal and spirited of masters, it could never have stood its ground, and brought so many great rivals low in their turn.

Mr. Culshaw was bred and born at Broughton, and used to run about and help his stepfather, who was herdsman at Mr., then Sir Charles, Tempest's, before he could even milk or fasten up a cow. His peeps at the different herds on the banks of the Wharfe had gradually inoculated him with a burning taste for the thing. He was never weary of telling Bob Gill, the farmer, that they ought to have something beyond mere dairy cows at Broughton Hall; and when Sir Charles bought Verbena and her daughter Vestris, and he was sent with the latter to the best bull Mr. Whitaker had at Greenholme, his future destiny was clear. No ambassador to a European Congress had a higher sense of his responsibility than "little Joe" that day. The cow lay down about twenty times in the last three miles, but those toils and woes were forgotten when Mr. Whitaker, admiring the lad's enthusiasm, showed him all over his herd. He returned home repeating

"*April Daisy*," "*Whiteface*," "*Prettyface*," "*Nonpareil*," and so on to himself, to beguile the road, and at last ventured to speak up to Sir Charles, who promised that he would go over and see them, and take him again. The visit never came off; and the appointed day dawned bitterly on the lad, when after lying awake all night, he received a message to the effect that Sir Charles and his party had changed their minds. However, Bell by Bertram was purchased on the Broughton account, at Mr. Whitaker's sale; and it was under Mr. Thomas Mason, who soon afterwards came as agent, that the future "Talleyrand of trainers" gleaned his chief experience. Twenty-four years of his life were thus spent; then followed a year and a half with Mr. Ambler; and in 1849 he came to Towneley, and, working on the good material Mr. Eastwood and Mr. Strafford had previously collected for him, he soon found himself at the head of a herd which was destined to play no second part in the annals of Shorthorns.*

It was in the Spring of 1859 when we first saw Towneley; and Vestris III., who won the first

* Culshaw took the command of the Towneley herd on the 1st of Jan., '49. While with Mr. Ambler he took Senator to the York Royal Show, and beat Mr. Bates's Second and Third Dukes of Oxford. Mr. Bates stood looking at the pair with his hat over his brow, and could scarcely believe it. Mr. Eastwood had just sold his herd to Colonel Towneley, and they were all at the low barn. The lot consisted of Parkinson's Cressida, Madeline, Mantle, Gipsy (a famous breeder and milker), her daughter Gem, the dam of Ruby by Lax's Duke, a very thick fleshed one and the dam of Richard Cœur de Lion, familiarly called "Dick," and the yearling heifers Alice from Madeline, and Beauty from Mantle. Buttercup was also there, in calf with Butterfly, and quite feeble from foot and mouth, Bessy, six weeks off calving Frederick, Parkinson's Lavinia the dam of Garrick, Lallah Rookh and Duke of Lancaster. Jeweller was another, and so was the yearling Horatio by Hamlet, from Buttercup, one of the first that Colonel Towneley sold. Lord George by Leonard, from Birthday, came soon after that, and got Second Duke of Athol from Duchess 54th, which was sold to Mr. Thorne, with Duchess of Athol, at 500 gs. the pair.

prize in the cow class at the Paris Universal Show, when she was only 2½ years old, was our first introduction. She stood with Pride at the lodge byre, and a drive of a mile up the avenue brought us to some farm buildings on the left, which were termed "Jacob's Barn," after a farmer who rented them. Old Butterfly, the first female, bar a free martin, that Colonel Towneley ever bred, was there, but the days of her glory were o'er, and she lay with her head low and her quarters high on a frame. She was so treated nearly all the time that she carried her last calf, Royal Butterfly. Among her thirty prizes, she won all the female ones at the Royal, and Culshaw considers that she "should have a book to herself." Precious Stone, a heifer calf and a great beauty, was one of "Jacob's lot," and so was Butterfly's Nephew, another white and with, perhaps, the broadest back and breast we ever met with in a bull. He was from Beauty 3rd, a half-sister to Beauty's Butterfly, and was sold for 300 guineas to Australia. Royal Butterfly held his court at the central barn, and marched out like a soldier at Culshaw's call. He was bigger than his brother, but not less cylindrical in shape, rather thicker in his flesh and richer in his roan,* and

* We should liked to have brought back Master Butterfly to the barn from which he issued in successive years to Lincoln, Carlisle, and Chelmsford, to vanquish Fifth Duke of Oxford, John O'Groat, and Grand Turk; but the wish was vain, and we could only dwell in memory on that symmetrical form, which knew little or no change, when it was shipped at the East India Docks, from what it was, as a winning calf at Lincoln.

He knew no check to his victories either in England, Ireland, or Paris; and such was his luck, that when disease came among the cattle in the French show-yard, he missed it entirely. Mr. Stratford negotiated his purchase for £1,200 with Mr. Bostock, after he had beaten Grand Turk for the first prize in the Chelmsford Royal Show Yard, and he was taken off to the shippers at once. He went to Mr. Ware, of Geelong, in Australia, and was exhibited soon after his arrival at half-a-crown a-head for the benefit of its Agricultura Society. Nothing could be more docile during his long voyage out

"perhaps more noble in his look." His thighs were always wonderful; and even in his thirteenth summer when he entered the ring, "a mere shadow of a King bull," at the Manchester Royal, but with two cows in calf to him in the yard, they had not greatly wasted.

Box after box was then opened in the higher yard—out marched the grand prize cow Roan Duchess II., who gave sixteen quarts a day after her first calving; Rose of Towneley, a future Smithfield first, and Beauty's Butterfly going on steadily for the next gold medal. Then we had the Chester ten in pairs, Frederica's Rosa and Venilia's Butterfly, or "Master Butterfly's last;" Alice Butterfly by Master Butterfly, and Young Barmpton Rose by "Dick," as also were Emma and Pearl; then came Evadne from Emily and Violante from Roan Duchess 2nd; and lastly Diadem and Fidelity, both of them by Frederick. That strawberry roan bull, then ten years old, was only a ruin, and we never saw his head again till it hung behind Colonel Towneley's seat, along with Butterfly's, at the sale lunch, looking down with glassy eyes on the scene they had called into being. Mr. Carr once claimed from the auctioneer's rostrum, the premiership of winner getting for Booth's Crown Prince, but in an instant "Joe" was at his elbow, and asking him in the most sug-

and while the passengers fed him with biscuits, it was quite a diversion among the sailors to see him answer to his name like a dog, and take so very kindly to chewing tobacco. Unhappily, the man who went out in charge of him died, and he showed some temper afterwards. The papers very early made him play in the farce of "Twice Killed," and when he rancorously persisted in living, they plunged him into "a very delicate state of health," which was also a mere play of fancy. Eighty cows calved to him his second season in Australia, and then he died of a sunstroke by the road side, after a long walk, with a stallion, to a Cattle Show at Melbourne; so he never became beef after all. He must have had a rare constitution as he was turned out among an almost indefinite number of cows in a large run to fight his way for eighteen months.

gestive tones if he "*ever heard of a bull they called Frederick.*" "Fred" was never shown, but the tenants used him for three years, and soon found that they were getting something better than their neighbours. The calves generally fell about equal in sex, and nearly all the heifers possessed that milking specialty for which his dam Bessy was so remarkable. Such were our memories of '59.

Strangers and natives concur in describing Burnley and the parts adjacent as a veritable "vale of tears," all the year round. Mr. Jorrocks would have observed that he was "saliwated by the wet;" and profiting by our previous experience, we dare not have obeyed Mr. Strafford's "call of the house" without an undeniable dreadnought in reserve. "The Drum" has been certainly a symbol of fair and not of foul weather at Towneley; but be that as it may, Culshaw, amid his other avocations, had made quite an Admiral Fitzroy of himself for some time previous to the sale, and derived much solid comfort from the deluge on Sunday and Monday. There was quite a house levée in the course of Tuesday afternoon, when the cow-boxes and bull-houses were thrown open to Lady Pigot, Captain Gunter, Mr. Torr, Mr. C. P. Gell, and the other visitors. The entertainment was more quaint than usual, and her ladyship "dallied with her golden chain, and smiling put the question by," as Culshaw suddenly thirsted for information, not to say "paused for a reply," while Roan Knight's Butterfly and Royal Butterfly's Duchess were under review, as to why two Hanover Square cheques should have been recently sent to Colonel Towneley with certain names erased.

Wednesday's atmosphere was clear and keen, and the sun went down for the last time on the first Towneley herd with calm promise for the morrow. Knuckles were busy on the weather glasses, from an

early hour on Thursday, and the advance of six degrees to the good during the night in the one we noted, had its set off in a slight fall of snow during breakfast; but twelve o'clock came and departed without any more bad symptoms, and an afternoon loomed at last well befitting The Butterfly's Ball.

It is calculated that nearly 3,000 people were present. Messrs. Atkinson, Woodward, and Barber showed up, as stanch supporters of the Towneley blood; Sir Charles Tempest and the Hon. George Lascelles came, but they were not to be tempted; the two friends from Norfolk also steeled their hearts; Mr. Noakes allowed Mr. Freeman to have all the "Kentish fire" to himself; and Mr. J. G. Wood, of Clarionet fame, was the silent "member for all Ireland." Mr. Dodds only looked on, and thought of the firsts he would have scored with Grand Turk and Prince Talleyrand if the "Brothers Butterfly" had not stopped the way; Mr. Knowles, of course, held "a watching brief" for the Duke of Wharfedale, and Mr. Thomas Booth for the Jeweller blood; while Mr. Fisher, as spruce as a bridegroom, had deserted his Silver Beards and Golden Dreams for a season, and received some very legitimate chaff on his taste for "*The Happy Link.*" There, too, was Simmy Templeman, scanning Rose of Lancashire as respectfully as if she had been a first favourite for the Oaks; while the great Ex-Chief Justice of the leash was surveying Royal Butterfly's Pageant, and wondering as to whether his favourite Indian corn had a share in those plump proportions. There was also a strong sprinkling of the small dairy farmers from the hills, with their unmistakeable hats, and of course one hand in their pockets, for the fame of Barmpton Rose had spread far beyond Skipton and Settle, even to Langdale Pike and Helvellyn.

The beautiful condition of the cattle was on every tongue; and even those outsiders who, with very

good reason, distrust the "racing shorthorns" and their breeding powers, were fain, after a turn "through the nurseries," to believe the testimony of their own eyes, that thick flesh and fertility can exist together, and especially in the Butterfly tribe.*

* The heavy artillery, with the exception of that from Penrhyn, seemed to be planted on Mr. Strafford's side of the ring, and we do not exactly remember where the Whitworth gun was laid, when its victorious boom was heard for Tenth Royal Butterfly. Mr. Freeman (for Mr. Betts), whose practice was very fine, took up his position on the right of Mr. Strafford, and Mr. Wetherell looked on as the "Nestor" of the assembly at his side. He could have told how the dam of Second Roan Duchess was sold for 30 gs. at his Kirkbridge sale, how his Barmpton Rose was sold to Mr. H. Watson and calved Buttercup (the dam of Butterfly) three weeks after she arrived at Walkeringham, and how he too had bred Bessy (the dam of Frederick) from her, and sold her to Mr. Downs, from whose hands she passed over to Mr. Eastwood. Royal Butterfly's Pageant proved the champion price lot of the day. She was put in at 200 gs., and in an instant Mr. Eastwood covered Mr. Freeman, and had the 350, 400, and the 500. Then came such a rattling cheer all round the ring, and Joe dodged about near his red and white darling, and rubbed his hands, with a noiseless chuckle. Then their firing grew slower; Mr. Eastwood's measured "and ten" fairly wore his opponent out. "Will you have any more, Mr. Freeman? Did you speak?" "No!" "And the glass runs, and your last chance with it," at 590. And so three Royal Butterflies from Young Barmpton Rose, Alice Butterfly, and Pageant, were bound for Thorneyholme, at an average of 413 gs. "She handles like a lady's muff," said Culshaw, drawing his hand daintily over the little 5½-months white. Captain Oliver needed no telling on that point, and was not shaken off before 160; but Mr. Freeman would not separate mother and daughter, and went in boldly up to the finish, which was 170.

Culshaw himself took hold of the halter of Duchess of Towneley. Then came a very grand sleight-of-hand scene, as he played with her, and deftly coaxed her to stand up at the mature age of a month and four days, as proudly as if she was in the Royal ring for the ribbons on her own account. It was an immense treat, and certainly we have seen nothing like it, save Rarey at the Round House, or Jem Mason handing one of Elmore's over a fence. Then "Joe" changed his tune, and resigning the rope, he placed his hand on the loins of Duchess of Lancaster, as if he was an anatomical professor, lecturing for the benefit of science in general and Towneley in particular, to rather an extensive class. Phœbe Butterfly, a red, with a spot of white on the quarter, was in consideration of its 17 days allowed to run loose, and with it the female lots were ended, and in an instant

Mr. Eastwood's career as a shorthorn breeder dates back to 1843, two or three years after his father died. His first essay was hardly to his mind, and he got rid of everything, and started afresh from Mr. Henry Watson's sale. "*Which do you come for?*" said the late Earl Ducie, when they encoun-

Mr. Thornton handed round the average of £123 19s. 4d. for the 46.

All Mr. Strafford's assurances that Mr. Booth was getting a 200 gs. hire for bulls not one whit better bred, while here was the fee simple of Baron Hopewell, could not coax Mr. Mitchell fresh as the bull was, quite up to half that sum, and Mr. Waldo stalled him off. Then Royal Butterfly marched into the ring, with the white rosette on his head, preceded by the bandmaster and two musicians of the Fifth Royal Lancashire Militia, who had volunteered their services for the day. With all due respect to that gallant corps, we do not think that melody is its forte, and the duet they performed on cornets, in honour of that bull, made our very blood run cold. He has known many proud days in a ring, where, "after the first five minutes he made everything, save Dickinson's Prince of Prussia, and the mighty Soubadar shrink into nothing by his side;" but it was "the proudest of them a'," when five of his stock averaged £449 8s. The world may wax old, and no man ever be able to say what Colonel Towneley can, that at one and the self same time, he had a Royal Butterfly with all his four-year-old bloom in the paddock, and a Kettledrum at the post. The real "champion of England" stood a few minutes while Mr. Strafford declared that a five-guinea bid over 1,200 gs. would be taken; but although many a man thought that he ought to fill a five-and-twenty or thirty guinea subscription list, after such calves as they had seen that day, there was only a respectful silence, "*That's a choker; take him away!*" The musicians assailed him in his retreat with "*The girl I left behind me*," and after that stroke of genius they collapsed.

Royal Butterfly's Duchess had mellowed into a cow of remarkably grand girth. When a calf she struck us as the living *fac simile* of her father, on a scale for inches; and her huggins and loins are so beautifully covered, that Mr. Strafford might well say—"She'll be one of the pictures in my book." "Ninety," said Captain Oliver, but he stopped at 180; and as Mr. Betts's and Colonel Pennant's agents fought it out by tens and twenties, to 500, the face of Culshaw, which had worn a most blighted expression up to this point—despite Mr. Strafford's assurance that "the young 'uns will set you all going"—quite lighted up at last. Nothing walked more proudly round the ring than Frederick's Farewell, with her grand depth of rib and well-filled forequarter, of which she gave such promise, as, at 10 *h.* 17 *min. p.m.*, on that October night when Culshaw "lent his soft, obstetric hand," and "The Druid," watch in hand, at last saw this rich roan heroine of nine firsts "blowing her nose in the straw." There was a

tered each other going the rounds on the Walkeringham sale morning. "*Well, my lord, that's hardly a fair question,*" was the rejoinder; "*but if you like, as I'm pretty certain we're both after the same two cows, we'll each write their names on a slip of paper.*" And write them they did, and both wrote "*Butter-*

bottle of wine uncorked forthwith in her honour, even without the aid of the "judicious bottleholder."

Every ring motion of Oulshaw's was very keenly scanned, and he was much more demonstrative than when we found him some years after in front of the eland's cage at Smithfield, and deciding, after a protracted survey, that such beef regenerators are "not for Joseph." On this occasion he was very calm until Barmpton's Butterfly came out, and when he advanced and patted her head all knew that a rally was nigh. Flesh, hair, and forequarters were "all there," and so was Mr. Eastwood when he came up under the sale waggon to give battle for this fine combination of Royal Butterfly and "Dick." The fight was short and sharp. "*It's a-most one at* 300, Mr. Eastwood," "and ten," "*against you again*," "and fifty," and Thornyholme was her destiny. Mr. Young, who was on the look out for Forth's successor at Keir, took Royal Butterfly 11th at 400 gs., and at Newcastle that very summer he avenged himself on The Hero for his Worcester defeat.

The results of a day which will be a red letter one, as long as Englishmen love a shorthorn, may be summed up in £7,189 7s., or a total average of £128 7s. 7½d. for 56. On reference back, we find that Robert Colling has an average of £128 14s. 10½d. for 61: while Charles Colling, thanks to Comet, has £151 5s. 5½d. for 47. It must also be remembered that eighteen of the Towneley lots were under a year, and seven born within the year. The Willis's Room Sale, when 17 averaged £181 3s., hardly comes into the sale category, except merely by way of comparison with the average made by the Duchess blood on the two previous occasions of its being put up, viz., £116 5s. for 14, at Kirklevington, and £442 1s. for 10, at Tortworth. Taking the greater sales in order since Lord Ducie's, they stand thus:

	Lots.	Average. £	s.	d.
Mr. Betts's	63 ...	180	19	0
Lord Ducie's	62 ...	150	19	11
Colonel Towneley's	56 ...	128	7	7
Mr. MacIntosh's	57 ...	116	12	6
Mr. Marjoribanks's (1857) ...	59 ...	90	2	4
Mr. Ambler's	50 ...	83	4	0
Mr. H. Combe's	63 ...	80	12	8
Sir Charles Knightley's ...	77 ...	80	1	0
Mr. Tanqueray's	101 ...	77	13	5
Mr. Marjoribanks's (1862) ...	80 ...	74	3	4

cup" and "*Princess Royal,*" and it was settled that his lordship would not oppose Mr. Eastwood for the former, which he bought for 130 gs. His lordship was equally pleased with his own purchase. Looking round the herd at Tortworth, some years after with Mr. Eastwood and Mr. Knowles, he stopped at each of

The average of the three leading bulls at Towneley was thirteen Royal Butterflies at £252, the same number of Dukes of Wharfedale, of all ages, from July 12th, 1863, to Feb. 29th, 1864, at £69 4s., and seven Baron Hopewells at £115 1s. The six tribes averaged as follows :

		£	s.
1	Mantalini	105	0
8	Pearly	106	1
5	Vestris 3rd	103	19
9	Second Roan Duchess	179	11
28	Barmpton Rose...	121	16
5	Alice 2nd	138	12

Having settled this little matter, we must run over, chiefly in the words of one who knew them well, a few of the Towneley cracks. We'll miss Royal Butterfly and Master Butterfly, and get to Royal Butterfly 10th; he was from Parade by Duke of Glo'ster; his head was not first-rate; he was a great fine bull with such a back, and such dash about him; he should have been a rich roan. Richard Cœur de Lion or "Dick" as they called him, had as good a head as was ever stuck on a pair of shoulders. At the Dublin Show, Mr. Baxter handled "Dick," and Culshaw led Master Butterfly—he never would walk but seemed to go on springs as if Irish soil wasn't good enough for him. Mr. Douglas's Captain Balco, a splendid bull, was second that day, and "Dick" third. At Chelmsford, one of the judges said "he walks like a gentleman," and Culshaw nodded to Dodds at those words, and said "I've just done you." Grand Turk had not the same beautiful blood-like offal as Master Butterfly. "The Royal" was better let down in the thigh, and was a little bit better in the back than Master Butterfly, and his bosom was rather wider. His breast wasn't so deep, and his head was a little better and not quite so long. Dick was thick fleshed, and hadn't a vulgar hair about him, and thighed down to the hock. He gave Towneley stamp, thick flesh, true form, and mellow hides. He got Young Barmpton Rose and Emma—she was lovely—and Butterfly's Nephew with that wonderful back and substance. Then there was Master Butterfly 4th, by him from Beauty 3rd, by Frederick—he was poor and delicate as a calf—he went to the Emperor of the French, and he had no luck. When Frederick was a calf, he did so badly that they had very nearly exchanged him for a female with Mr. Manning, of Rothersthorpe, but he was given to the tenants, and Messrs. Willis had him for a time. From him their Lord Frederick was descended, and the 1869 Birmingham medallist

them, and said, "*There's that dreadful tribe again;*" but when his companion brought him up with, "*Well, my lord, how much for the whole of them?*" he only laughed, and said, "*I knew what you'd be at in a minute or two: you'll not have them.*" Mr. Eastwood had been to Killerby from the very first,

cow in a slight degree. He was the first bull bred at Towneley, and Butterfly the first female, with the exception of Frederick's sister, the freemartin. Frederick by Lax's Duke, and Butterfly by Booth's Jeweller, were out of Bessy and Buttercup, both daughters of Barmpton Rose. Frederick came home a perfect ruin at three years old. He had been on the Bowland Moors. Mr. Eastwood saw his rare roan heifers at rent day and asked his price. The farmer said £8 10s., the same price as Hubback, and Mr. Eastwood gave him a ten pound note. He was calved on the 5th of February, 1849, and Master Butterfly was one of the first calves he got when he came to Towneley in '52. He was rather high-mettled and treacherous at times. He once regularly set Culshaw, who made a masterly retreat over the side of the box.

Barmpton Rose was beautifully filled up behind the elbow, and Culshaw, who was then a lad, was quite "lifted up" when Tom Mason first brought her home to Sir Charles Tempest's from the Walkeringham sale. Her first calf was a white bull; then she had a red heifer calf to Mehemet Ali: she was a smart one, but she died at six weeks. Barmpton Rose had head to spare to look at any thing, deep and with fine arched ribs, back if anything a little up, and a great milker—she was a good strawberry roan, not much bigger than Buttercup. Bessy was smaller, and on a short leg, and much below the average for height. She had such ribs and such a bag and head! Princess Royal was more of the style of her dam, and very gay. Buttercup was a sort of yellow red, and like Hubback in her flecks. Briseis was another daughter of Barmpton Rose. The late William Smith had her, and Christmas Rose and Rosa sprang from her.

Norwich, in 1849, was the first Royal Show we visited. We took Beauty and Surmise there; one was the second yearling heifer, and Surmise highly commended. Beauty was second again at the Yorkshire, when the Duke of Lancaster was the first bull calf, and Ruby the first heifer. Beauty the dam of Beauty's Butterfly, was a thick, heavy fleshed one, with a splendid head and bosom and shoulders; she held her head well up and had thighs like The Royal; she hadn't the thickest of loins, and her offal might have been finer. She was the heaviest and biggest framed cow we had, but she had not Butterfly's length. Alice had a pleasant head, and "cheerful 'ticing looks" —enough to fill any one with admiration at once. She wanted perhaps a little width of breast; her hips were beautifully covered, and her underline so perfect. She was a light roan, with a little on the neck and ears, of more than the average size, but half a size less

and his next step on getting Buttercup home was to hire its red Jeweller, a son of Necklace. He was rather a short bull with a bad head and a light neck, but with capital sides and quality. His hirer was confidently assured in the North Riding, that it would be "*destruction to your herd* to use such a

than Butterfly—a great lady with nice offal, and it would be well if we could breed a dozen more like her. Her neck certainly did not let in nicely from the top of the shoulder, but necks are only stews after all.

Ruby was a daughter of Dick and Gem, and she had a good deal of Emma's style. She beat Butterfly as a yearling, but she had not her style, and like Alice her neck dipped a little coming out of her shoulders. The others were no use with them that year. Butterfly's breast was not so deep as some, but her touch and hair was such that if a man was half dead, he must revive if he could only get his hand on her. She beat them all when she was four years old; they couldn't keep their eyes off her, and she knew it—such grand mellow loins, and and so good through the breast! Then she got a bit loose behind and looked a little lighter than she was. She was a killer; one of those ladies who sail into a ball-room and seem to say by their looks "*Stand by—I'm here—you're not in the same day with me!*" She was so active too. She had to go up forty steps—one side of which was open to the sea—at Liverpool when she came from Ireland. Poor Edward led Jasper, and Culshaw Butterfly. She gave Jasper a good start and caught him up. She lay all the way from Liverpool to Towneley, and then she knew the place and got up and stared about her. She always lay down at once in the railway box. Alice and Ruby found out the comfort of it, and there were plaited straw mats in the boxes for them. Butterfly had six living calves, and was very unfortunate with her heifers. She had a roan one eight weeks before its time, by Frederick, and it only lived a week, and her heifer, Butterfly 2nd, died in calf from lung disease. Edward put her by mistake to Gavazzi, and she had Butterfly 3rd which broke her stifle joint. Then she had a heifer by Master Butterfly 4th, one of the very best we ever had, but it took fits. She finished up with Royal Butterfly.

Master Butterfly went as a calf to the Lincoln Royal on July 14th, 1854. He was just a year old, as old as he could be for the Royal, and therefore he was obliged to give several months away for the Yorkshire. There was nothing but what was winning about him. At Carlisle he beat John O'Groat; he was not so heavy fleshed as The Royal, but he used his legs more like a thorough-bred horse. He was first put to Vestris, and she cast her calf early on. From a yearling to a two-year-old he made a great stride. He left England before he was three years old. In '56 he went to Paris, and was a month away; we had four thereand got four gold medals—the foot-and-

brute;" but he wisely choose to rely on his own judgment in the matter. Harlsonio, of Lax blood, had died just before of cancer in the nose, and therefore Jeweller had no rival for the love of Buttercup, and Butterfly was the issue. Bessy, half-sister to Buttercup, calved Frederick by Lax's Duke, and thus

mouth broke out, and Voltigeur died. Two took it, and Master Butterfly escaped; he was a straightforward chap—all was fish that came to his net. In colour he was rather richer than Royal Butterfly. Culshaw saw him into his horse-box at Chelmsford, and he went to Grays, and from there to the docks. Red Butterfly was about the last of his get in England. Vestris 3rd was out of Venilia, and Rosemary out of Rosa. The former made up best as a heifer from two to three, but she turned patchy after that. Roan Duchess 2nd by Frederick, g. g. d. old Blanche 5th, was a gay lady, with such a back as we seldom see; she died worn out, and the last calf came wrong way first. Some said that Blanche 6th by Frederick was better; they were nearly own sisters. Roan Duchess 2nd won everything she could at the Royal and the Yorkshire, and she beat Booth's Bridesmaid at Ripon.

In 1850 Butterfly and Venilia 2nd were shown at Glasgow, and were beaten by a pair, one of which looked nearly pure Ayrshire. The judges said that the roan wasn't good enough for the pair. At Alnwick the roan was put first, but at Thirsk it was Butterfly first and Venilia 2nd nowhere. All three shows were within ten days. Hudibras, own brother to Alice, came out about this time. He was a great leathering fine bull, the same colour as his sister, but queer behind the shoulders; rather a long loose bull. In 1851, at Windsor, we had Garrick by Gaylad, from Lavinia, a fine strong-backed bull, red and white. Butterfly 2nd was by him. In the two-year-old class that year, Butterfly, Ruby, and Venilia 2nd were first, second, and fourth. Frederica, the first yearling heifer at Lewes Royal, was sold as an in-calf heifer, with Lallah Rookh, for 700 gs., to America, and shipwrecked. Their boxes were blown down on deck, but still Frederica produced a living calf, and did well for Mr. Thorne. The best prices besides these were 500 gs. from Mr. Douglas for Ringlet, the dam of his 500-guinea Queen of Athelstane, as well as Maid of Athelstane; £1,000 for three heifer calves to go to America; and the £1,200 for Master Butterfly. Alice, Butterfly, Frederica, and Vestris were all firsts at Lewes Royal, or the Yorkshire at Sheffield in 1852. This would be the lot that took Mr. Jacob Bright's timepiece at Sheffield the same year. Vestris was a grand cow, but she had only one calf. She took a surfeit one frosty night and it killed her. Ruby (dam of Jenny Lind) was the first cow at Birmingham, where she took the female gold medal. She was also first in her class at Smithfield, but a Hereford beat her for the gold medal. In 1853 there was a great meeting at York, and Towneley took six firsts and two seconds. Voltigeur was the first bull, and Roan Duchess 2nd

these two crosses produced the pair from which Master Butterfly and Royal Butterfly sprang. Neither Frederick nor Butterfly were born when, in 1848, Mr. Eastwood sold his herd of twenty to Colonel Towneley, and when Frederick did come, it was in twin-ship with Dot. For many years Mr. Eastwood

the first heifer calf, but Booth's Bridesmaid beat both Alice and Frederica. They didn't send anything to Glo'ster, but they met Lord Berners' old bull Pat (who had won there) with Jasper by Jeweller, and beat him at Killarney. Jasper was a fine level bull, and a twin like Dick and Frederick before him. In 1854 Master Butterfly came out as a calf at Lincoln, where the herd took three firsts and two seconds. Then the Yorkites got a dresser at Ripon. The Squire had a first—he was a thick, heavy, fleshed dog, still not so thick on his back or very nice in his huggins. Hogarth by Booth's Harbinger (who got many of his bulls rather big in their hips) was first in the younger bull class. He was a deep roan and red on the neck. Colonel Towneley only tried in seven classes, and took six firsts and a second. Butterfly, Columbus, Roan Duchess 2nd, and Ringlet (a calf then) were the other firsts. Ringlet was by Frederick, out of Pearly. Ringlet's chief fault was that her head was down a bit. Butterfly won the Purcell Challenge Cup three times, and got it into possession that year at Armagh. Dublin Show brought four firsts in 1855; and at the Yorkshire, Blanche 6th paid back Booth's Bride Elect in the two-year old class for beating her at the Carlisle Royal. At Paris in 1856, Master Butterfly was the first bull, and Pro Bono Publico the second; Vestris 3rd was the first cow and got the gold medal. She was only two and a-half years old then, and her first calf was six months old. Gold medals were given for extra merit, and Colonel Towneley had four animals in three classes (Rosemary and Voltigeur were the others) and took three firsts and four gold medals. Victoria came out and won as a two-year-old heifer at Chelmsford that year, and she and Blanche 6th, Roan Duchess 2nd, and Rose of Towneley made a great sweep at Rotherham. She was a beautiful cow, and won her honours at Birmingham and Smithfield, in calf with Gold Medal, which was sold for 400 gs. to the Atkinsons.

There was little done in 1857, but at Chester the next year the ten yearling heifers came out and were beaten by Booth's Queen of the Isles. Frederick's Diadem was second, but Culshaw always thought Emma the best of his lot. All of them had calves, and some of them were in calf then. Royal Butterfly went and was highly commended in the bull calf class, where Mr. Fawkes's Bon Garçon won. It was the first time that Culshaw ever took a nurse, but he made an exception for this pet calf, as he always drank too greedily from the pail. He was seized with purging, and had to retire from the yard under Professor Simonds's care, but it did not interfere with his winning trip to Northallerton a fortnight after. Queen of the Isles was beaten

contented himself with watching the progress of the Towneley herd under Culshaw; but, like an old coachman, he still liked to hear the crack of his own whip, and a small, but terribly select herd, of about fifteen, with Rosette as its Lady-patroness, has gradually sprung up at the Hodder side.†

easily by Fidelity and Pearl at Warwick the next year, and the former, after producing one calf, ended her days as first prize fat cow at Liverpool. Baron Hopewell's blood brought out a first and a second in the bull-calf class at Hull that year, where Emma, Royal Butterfly, Beauty's Butterfly, and Frederick's Diadem were all winners, and the Warwick heifers replaced in the same order. Col. Towneley and Mr. Richard Booth pitted the best lot of beasts against each other at Blackburn for the Cup, and the former won. At Durham County, Nectarine Blossom beat "The Royal" for the best beast in the yard. Save here and at Chester and Manchester he never suffered defeat. They once thought Beauty's Butterfly was in calf when the Duke of Athol ran with her, and in fact she had every symptom of it. She was a month away with Rose of Towneley on their Fat Tour in '59, and they took fourteen cups or first prizes at Birmingham, London, and York. She was best in the yard at all three places. She was kept more than twelve months after her Smithfield Club medal, and won at Rugby the next year without any extra keep at 3 years 9 months. Perhaps she might have been a trifle heavier in the thigh, and the "dimple" at her tail-head, of which *Punch* talked, might have been dispensed with. She was never weighed alive, but her girth at her best was 9 ft. 1 in. At last she was killed by a butcher near Huddersfield, and her womb was found to be quite contracted. Neither she nor any of the rest ever had a gill of porter (as some people reported) but only natural food.

After this year, the showing strength of Towneley began to slacken and Romulus Butterfly was only second at Canterbury, and Royal Butterfly 10th second at Battersea. Frederick's back gave way early in '61, when he was about twelve years old, and his *last calf*, Frederick's Farewell from Vestris 3rd arrived in the September of that year. The Towneley fortunes revived considerably at Worcester, where this heifer won as a yearling, and Double Butterfly and Perfume as a pair. Roan Knight's Butterfly and Royal Butterfly's Duchess also took first and second honours in the in-calf heifer class, when Second Queen of May and Rosedale proved barren. Culshaw's greatest disappointment was not winning there with Royal Butterfly's Pageant in the calf class. She was sold at the sale for 590 gs., and died after calving. Ten firsts and one second was the wind up.

† Mr. Eastwood gave 105 gs., not 405 gs., for Pearly at Mr. John Booth's sale, as stated at p. 199. Read also at p. 209, "Sir James *is* going out"; and at p. 284, "Duchess 82nd" for "Duchess 32nd."

Except where Mr. Peel joins in on the Sladeburn side, the whole of the valley of the Hodder and the adjacent hills belong to Colonel Towneley; and Mr. Eastwood has about 1,000 acres in the lowland, and 4,000 on the fell in his hands. His flock consists of upwards of 2,300, and of these the lonks and cross-

at the North Lancashire, and the herd left off in full show swing with Royal Butterfly in his seventh year, and as brisk as ever. The Royal was a wonderful traveller, and Culshaw always fought him with great pluck. He beat Prince of Prussia at Canterbury after Mr. Douglas had gone for the latter in Lancashire the year before, and when he had no more "Royal" worlds left to conquer, he went to York to meet Van Tromp and Skyrocket, who beat Royal Turk and such a large field of bulls at Leeds Royal the year before. In his last circuit (1863) he couldn't go to Ulverston, as he went home with his hind foot cut, so Master Frederick went and won there. Two days after that he was at Lancaster with his foot tied up, and then off by night to Skipton, and the next night to Halifax. He then rested at home for two or three days, and off to Keighley to appear in a winning family party. On he went all night to Wigton for Mr. Clark Irving's Cup, and beat Mr. Wilson's Duke of Tyne, who had won at Worcester that year, and off all night again to Clitheroe. Thus he finished his show course—in the railway truck at night, and in the show field by day—and without a blemish. Clitheroe witnessed the close of the showing, and the five that went there had each a first. At Wigton, Mr. George H. Head, the Cumberland banker, offered 250 gs. for Royal Butterfly 11th, and Culshaw would have taken 300 guineas. There were not many in calf to "The Royal" at the sale, as the blood suited Second Duke of Wharfedale, but all the dairy cows held to him. After the sale the four shorthorns which were re-purchased held, and the dairy cows missed.

The first herd won in fourteen years upwards of £2,000 in money prizes, besides 22 cups, which included the Farmers' Gazette Challenge Cup, which was won by Colonel Towneley the first three years it was offered, and the Purcell Challenge Cup at the Royal Irish Agricultural Improvement Society, which had been offered for several years and had never been won thrice in succession by one breeder before. There were also 26 gold medals, and more than a hundred silver and bronze medals and other trophies. The situation of Towneley has always been bad, both on account of "the blacks" from the chimneys, the countless dogs which accompany the pedestrians along the open footpaths, and the butchers and others who will handle the cows as they pass along, forgetful that they may have been near diseased beasts. Belching chimneys are coming nearer and nearer, to within 100 yards of the farm yard, and one where several tons of salt are burnt to glaze tiles, spreads smoke like a

In p. 275 read "The Abbey *is* gone;" in p. 295 read "as he *has* done;" in p.p. 326-327 for "Ecologue" read "Eclogue."

breds stick to the fell, and the Shropshires and Southdowns to the grass-land and turnips of the valley. "The Shrops" are a new introduction, and at first only mustered ten gimmers and a tup of Horton and Crane blood, from the flock of Mr. Charles Holland, of Northwich. Robert Parker, the ancient

thick white fog, and taints the air with sulphuric acid. Several of the oak trees have died from its effects, and the herbage suffers as well.

"The Royal" was born on August 12th, 1857, and he never showed any symptoms of failing until 1867, when he had a sort of climacteric, and it was thought that he must be killed. However, he got over it, and although his thighs had wasted a little there was still the grand frame-work, as we visited him at Towneley on his eleventh birthday. He drew himself up as proudly as of old, when Culshaw put his arm round him and bestowed some of his wonted endearments upon his cheek and forehead. His daughter Alice Wharfedale's Butterfly, a light roan, was at his side, and so were his Royal Butterfly 21st from Duchess of Lancaster 2nd, Young Butterfly 2nd from his own Young Butterfly—in short quite a birthday party round him, with Culshaw as *M. C.* He looked likely to live to the age of Chanter and Rockingham, and Will Edmondson watches him with the most tender anxiety; "*just one more calf from Alice Wharfedale, and then poor old fellow he'll have done his duty.*" When that comes Will yearns for "just another," and so it goes on. Alice Wharfedale was repurchased at Mr. Carr's Rugby sale in calf of Alice Wharfedale 2nd. Frederick's box was not deserted, and there sat Culshaw on the manger, with the last of the sort, Royal Butterfly 22nd, performing a sort of figure-dance—head and tail and legs—before him. His only judicial comment was on this wise, "*it's just their way—the Butterflies were always dancing,*" and he seemed to live the proud old days over again, and to long to be "up and at them" once more on a Royal Monday. Especially stylish heads told of Baron Oxford, and there he was on the old parade ground, a very handsome bull to meet, with Baron Oxford's Beauty and Baron Hubback, to mark his first Towneley season.

The Towneley herd is fast assuming its original dimensions, and numbers between thirty and forty. The first purchase after the sale was British Beauty, at Mr. Robinson's, of Clifton Pastures. She is the dam of Baron Oxford's Beauty by Baron Oxford, which took a first prize as a yearling heifer in 1869 at the Manchester Royal and the Royal North Lancashire shows, the only occasions on which she was exhibited. Young Butterfly was bought back at an advance from the late Mr. Crisp without her Baron Hopewell bull calf. Alice Wharfedale was bought at Mr. Carr's Rugby sale, Royal Butterfly's Duchess at Mr. Betts's, then three Duchesses of Lancaster at Mr. Bowstead's, Concord at Mr. Adkins's, Baron Oxford with two Oxford heifers (from the Windsor sale), and Wharfedale Butterfly and her calf Towneley Butterfly

shepherd, who has been in the Eastwood family since he was ten, has taken his spud and spectacles, and sallied forth to make his observations on "these newcomers." He speaks most cautiously, though, we may say, patronizingly of them, but still he hardly sees why they should be crossed, even for an experiment, with those cherished lonks, the delight of his boyhood and the solace of his old age, whose tap-root he considers as fixed in the very dust of time.

The change of scene has wrought wonders with Frederick's Diadem and other breeding recusants, and "The Royal" has also renewed his strength by the side of the salmon-haunted Hodder. The beautiful Emma, who completed in Ireland what Rosette began, and brought home the Purcell Challenge Cup,† has gone and left nothing behind her, save Duke of Bowland, who was sold to the Duke of Buccleuch. The day of the massive, staring-coloured Esther, whose cushion would have served for a cushion dance, is ended. The Hero, a fine framed white bull, with hair a trifle sharp, brought back

followed. The two last were bought at the late Mr. Packe's sale, the cow at 110 gs., or a 30 gs. advance on her Towneley sale price, and the calf (bred by Mr. Packe) at 130 gs. Alice Wharfedale had four heifers and one bull, all singles, before she was six years old.

Duchess of Lancaster 6th was the first great disappointment that Colonel Towneley experienced in his new herd, as she flatly refused to breed, and she was only 2 months 20 days above the age of the heifer class at Smithfield. She was three weeks and four days on her Birmingham, London, and Liverpool travels, and took the extra stock prize for females at every place, and she was then sold by auction for £49 7s. in Burnley. She went on to the weigh-bridge directly she was sold, and had only lost 16lbs., or just a pound per day since she weighed out (2,023lbs.) at Islington with Mr. Charles Howard and Mr. Duckham as joint clerks of the scales. Culshaw might well quote this, as showing the constitution of the Buttertlies, and dwell with rapture on "above a pack weight of good loose fat inside her," the fine blending of fat and lean, and the weight of beef which was carried on that delicate bone.

† Col. Towneley gave another with the same title, which Mr. Eastwood won.

first prize Royal honours from Worcester, and the ever bonny and buxom Rosette, whose life has been a chequered one between fat and store shows, and whose loves with Royal Butterfly have been unthrift ones, was still there in August (1868) with two daughters and a grand-daughter at her side. There too, in the Thorneyholme meadow, were those relics of a great Towneley day, Double Butterfly, Barmpton Butterfly, and Phœbe Butterfly and Double Butterfly 2nd, which are never apart. William Ward indulged in all the joys of anticipation over a red heifer calf from Phœbe Butterfly, and when that was over he led out the Witch of Endor to drink at the fountain and show her Christmas beef. Then came the delightful stroll over the drawbridge and away to the stables. Heseltine was off to York with fifteen yearlings, each led by one of the "Whitewell Rangers," as he calls that fine clan of young fellows who live in the valley, among blood stock, game, or agriculture, and bear a hand when August arrives with its pleasant York meeting holiday. Gutter Sands, hard by the great salmon hole, in which the Colonel delights on fishing days, was once the training ground, but there was no hill in it, and how Heseltine could ever prepare Doefoot and Rejoinder and win with them as he did, was a miracle. Buttercup hit her leg before the York meeting, when The Sawyer's running with The Spy at Stockton told them that some good things were in store, and she never could do strong work again. Her dam Butterfly was barren in her third year, and then she died producing her third foal, quite a chesnut monstrosity by Kettledrum. Water on the brain had swelled its head into the size of a young West Highland bullock, and it took eighteen "Rangers" at the ropes to bring it away. The grave of Butterfly is in the hot corner of Lea Wood plantation, near the gateway, where Miss

Grimshaw stood and brought down her twelve brace of pheasants on a memorable day, and farther on we reach the boxes which hold "The Kettle" and "The King." The old horse's back is beginning to give a little more from age, but one-and-twenty summers have not been hard on him, and when he does go there will not be a Velocipede sire left in the land. Middleham still remembers how he used to go up the gallop, "cracking his nose," and how carefully his tender heels were washed out with milk each morning. The elegantly turned Broadalbane was full of spirits and quality, and his attempts to dance a solo before the Bishop of Nottingham were of the most graceful kind. Kettledrum's white reach head has hardly a peer, but with his stallion top upon him he looks a trifle light in the arm.

From here as an interlude between hippothine and beef, we strolled along the Hodder side to the farm and saw the twenty-three West Highland bullocks, over whom Ellison presides, and which had a first prize winner amongst them for the next Smithfield Club Show. An active bay Clydesdale mare, which had just won in a pair at Burnley, shows us her paces, and then we visit the upper box yard. The mares and foals to which it is devoted are bedded on the proceeds of the fern harvest, which, as the valley is guiltless of white crops, is the great substitute. Sometimes they and the foals both eat a little for a relish, and thus rob the potatoes, as fern litter manure is remarkably well adapted for "that esculent." The mares were all stabled in boxes, with sliding doors, which no chill winds can penetrate, and out of the twenty-three a score had foals at their foot, and seventeen of them by Kettledrum. Two of the "half-bred" mares, Passion Flower and Hesperithusa, which first brought out the "white with black sleeves," had pledges of Cape Flyaway, and Honeydew had the only black

foal of the lot, which were exactly equal in sex. Evadne the dam of Evelina, had been found dead in the field, and Corrivall, the dam of The Sawyer, was barren. Mr. Eastwood had a very tender spot for this colt from the time he first looked at him as a foal, and though the chesnut was not always i' the vein, he was sold for five hundred guineas. There was a good omen the week we were there, as one day Lord Hawthorne and Evelina both won at Stockton, and The Sawyer was only beaten a short head by The Spy, so that the stud won as nearly as possible three races off the reel. The Moët corks were drawn vigorously at Thorneyholme, when the tidings arrived. It is generally brought by pigeons, which are taken in by the carts to Clitheroe in the morning, and there handed to a saddler, who ties the telegram under their wings, and starts them back. They make very short work of the twelve miles, and come sailing up the valley, poised mid air, with many an anxious eye watching their flight. If they don't go into their house, the saddle-room, that great Tattersalls of the place, is in a feverish state, as men and lads are burning to hear the home favourite's fate. Oddly enough, on this especial day, the lad was so busy with the York yearlings that he forgot the pigeons, and Heseltine heard the news on his march to York.

Knowlmere Manor is barely two miles from Thorneyholme. Nature and civilization in the shape of fell and meadow have long waged a fierce strife for the sovereignty of the spot, but twenty years ago Mr. Peel threw a handsome Tudor house into the scale of the latter, and forced Nature to fall back upon her foxes, her grouse, and, we may almost add, her Lonks. The valley of the Hodder is one of the last places in which we should have expected to find such a substantial tabernacle, and we could almost fancy that some wandering band of Freemasons had

reared it in the days when Tudor or Plantagenet were living names, carved their quaint symbol as a memorial on the stone, and departed as silently as they came. To a lover of wild scenery, however, the choice is fully justified. Knowl Hill is on the right, with its cap of fir-trees, and in the distance the dark Staple Oak ridge crosses the valley of the Hodder, so dear to the Northern tourist, and looks down on the Root Stud Farm. About 125 acres on millstone grit and heather make up Mr. Peel's sheep walk, and of the remaining 355 acres at the Home Farm, Harrowfield and Gibbs, about 50 acres are arable. The estate lies on the western edge of the Great Craven Fault, and the union of this limestone formation with the millstone grit on the hill side caused endless calculations and searchings of heart both to Mr. Peel and his stalwart bailiff, Henry Clapham, who originally acted as foreman of the drainers.

Only one thing was certain—that the grit would be always above the limestone, and not directly in it; but there was no great comfort in that. A.D. 1844 saw the commencement of these fierce labours of spade and pick-axe, and although the higher land does not aspire to the glories of the Hodder side meadows, which have been known to let as high as 7 guineas an acre, and feed off two sets of beasts and sheep in summer, it has already brought back its increase with compound interest, in the shape of swedes, orange ovals, cabbages, and kohl-rabi.

Salmon, as well as horses and calves, have also had their turn in the park, and a stream as pure as crystal, from between the limestone and the grit, was trickling down the now deserted beds, in which the *ova* boxes were deposited for hatching. The stream ran over the young fry for twenty-one days, at the end of which they were removed to the first pond; the second became their local habitation when they were yearlings, and they then took their

start for life as two-year-olds in the river. It was here that Mr. Ramsbottom, who has been to salmon what Nesfield is to landscape gardening, acquired much of the experience which he has brought to bear in Ireland, Scotland, and Hungary, and solved the much-vexed question to his entire satisfaction, as to whether "smolt" are the salmon fry of the year before, or the year before that. Of the merits of the controversy we know nothing; but those who feel dull when they are waiting for the train at Clitheroe, and yearn to know what a young "cock salmon" looks like when it emerges from the egg, and is magnified 64 diameters, had better stroll up street and look into his shop window for some minutes as zealously as we did.

We were first at Knowlmere in the days of "Mountain King," who was then in his hey-day, and had just won his thirteenth out of some forty first prizes. He made quite a picture as he stood, held by a rod through holes drilled in his horns, and with a fleece of 16lbs. on his back, of which fully 10lbs. had been made since the 6th of May. Through the heart and in the breast he was all that could be wished, and the family failing of the Lonks over the loin was very small indeed. This was in '60, and he died on November 12th, 1864.

The "black mutton," as the Robin Hoods of the district delicately termed it, has quite disappeared from the Forest of Bowland since the fiat of disparking went forth. Those who just remember the killing of the last buck have long since grown into greybeards, and when antlers were extinct, the curved horn of the Lonk King reigned paramount on the fells. His prescriptive title among sheep may be traced back for more than a century all round the Keighley Moors, Pendle Hill, and along the Forest of Bowland to Lancaster. Nearer Rochdale the farmers are wont to cross with the Saddleworths

for the sake of greater size, and the blackfaced and sometimes a Leicester cross comes in on the lower lands near Lancaster; but the Lonk never nicks well with a Cheviot mate. Fastidious breeders consider that there is a separate breed of Lonks on every sheep-walk, and discern the difference not in the shape, but in the lighter or darker mottle on the face and legs. Quality of wool is a great Lonk attribute, and hence Mr. Peel has never crossed his flock with the Saddleworths, in spite of the temptation of the extra size both in fleece and mutton. Width of loin is their failing point, and by way of mending it, and getting quality of flesh as well, Mr. Peel resorted to the Shropshire Down. The experiment was, however, not wholly satisfactory, and Mr. Peel returned with all speed to the "pure unmitigated Lonk." The Knowlmere flock consists of about 220 ewes, of which about 70 or 80 are drafted every year, and brought down from the fell to the valley, where they are put to a Leicester tup. The effect of this better fare is to bring many more doublets, and except the foot-rot (for which the fell is an infallible specific) attacks them very badly, they are never moved back again. Their lambs are sold fat in the summer, and the draft ewes are passed on in November to the Lancashire butchers, and average from 17lbs. to 19lbs. a quarter. Such is their peculiarly tameless nature, acquired from four roving years, that they will not bear being taken up to feed.*

* The hill ranges of Yorkshire and Lancashire are believed to be the earliest home of the Lonks. We find them extending north from Clitheroe over the Forest of Bowland towards Lancaster, east by Colne and Skipton as far as Keighley and Ben Rhydding, and south along "the backbone of England," by Pendle Hill, Burnley, Todmorden, and Bacup, almost to Blackstone Edge. The Penistone breed, a shorter and thicker description of Lonk, then hold the hills, and Saddleworth has also a large and plain sheep of its own, with a white face and legs and coarse bone. The Saddleworth is a slower

Mr. Peel's first herd was swept off at the end of five years by murrain, in 1856. The disease raged without intermission from the October of that year up to the April of the next, and the Knowlmere homesteads became one great lazar-house. A common cow, which was bought in for milk, was supposed to

feeder than the common Lonk, with which it is often crossed for the sake of size, and its wool, which is worth as much, is a little closer and shorter in the staple. Derbyshire has also Lonks on most of its hills and peaks, and its flockmasters often go over to "report progress" at the Craven Show.

Where there is a mere copyhold fell-right attached to a Lonk farm, the wether lambs are nearly always sold, but never where a flockmaster has a great fell range, as, for instance, on the hills behind Bacup. A right of common is attached to many farms, and the flocks go mixed, with nothing but the "Lonk Book of Marks" as a guide to the owners. The old system of the flock going with the farm has been worked out except in one instance. It very much tended to support purity of breed, as now, if there is a flock of pure Lonks on a farm, the incoming tenant will not give the price for them, and commences forthwith to cross. On the fells from beyond Bowland Forest to Lancaster there are Blackface flocks, but some of the owners have lost on the wool, and have accordingly fallen back on the old sort. The Falkirk Blackface ewe drafts still come over Foulscales and Browsholme on their way from the trysts, and sometimes wait at Birket Moor to gather a little bloom before they proceed to Clitheroe Fair. Lonks in their turn have gone as far as Sutherlandshire, and the Grampian ranges between Perthshire and Argyllshire, and in some instances to Northumberland, as a wool cross. The cast ewes are generally sold at Moiser Fair near Keighley, and four to five thousand of them are dispersed round the neighbourhood among the small farmers, who take one crop of lambs from them by a Leicester tup. This cross knocks out the horn in the gimmers, and makes capital hoggs, which feed to 16lbs. a quarter at twenty months on good lowland pasture, without any artificial food. Cotswolds and Southdowns have also "hit" pretty well with them, but they have been but seldom tried.

Some maintain that the pure Lonk should be copper-coloured on the nose, and have the face and legs of the same hue; but fashion differs from them on this point. A white face is generally eschewed as soft, and any approach to a brindle shade as indicative of cross-breeding. The blending of pure black and white is now generally endorsed in the show-ring, more especially if the poll is white, and the white streaks fall over each cheek. Lightness in the fore-quarter is a characteristic of the Lonk, and, as in the Ayrshire cow, betokens good milking. Their scrags are rather light, and their legs long, and the loin too often lacks strength. The lambs shoot their horns with

have spread the taint, and in less than a month it had gone through nearly the whole herd. In the height of its violence it seemed to obey some subtle law, as while it swept all the east side of one house, two Alderneys on the west side never suffered at all, Even when it attacked the first in a row, it did not

the new year, and the wethers never go beyond one curl. Breeders make much of the horn, and consider its strength a great proof of constitution. It ought to be self-coloured and finer than that of the blackface; but it should come out low from the head, and with the same fine, gentle curl.

For cunning the Lonks are unrivalled. They are, in fact, always working for themselves, with a zeal and sagacity which makes them very bad neighbours. Small farmers buy the wethers from the Moor by twenty or thirty at a time, and if there be one better acre than another in a parish, be it garden or churchyard, the strangers very soon make themselves tenants at will. Hence, it is often necessary to "hopple" them in spring time. On the hills they run up walls like a cat, when they cannot take them "off and on;" but a wire fence five feet high is too much for their philosophy. A curious anecdote is told about one which wanted to get back from the Ings to the hill. A canal was in the way, and the bridge-gate was strongly barricaded; but the Lonk bided his time till a canal-boat sailed past, and then jumping on to its deck, cleared the canal at twice. The story is true enough, and, as our informant naïvely added, "*What possible inducement could a man have to lie about a Lonk?*"

Both ewes and lambs are very hardy, and a little cow near Skipton might once be seen suckling four cades, and as proud of them as if they were calves. Except on the fell tops, the lambing begins about March 20th. Most of the ewes lamb on the enclosed ground below the hill, and stay there three weeks. They are not especially hardy, and require to be wintered pretty well with hay, if it is a snowy season. Fell life for a certain portion of the year is essential to the Lonks, as the heather gives them bone, and acts as an antidote to foot-rot. The hoggs are generally kept down in the lowlands from September to April, and those which are meant for store or Christmas shows are "fed from the post," and scarcely ever see the hill. For lean wethers the quotations range according to quality from £1 to £1 10s., and for fat from £2 10s. to £3. Mr. Jonathan Peel has often proved at the Smithfield Club what sheep fed below the hill could do, as his pen of three prize shearling wethers once averaged 215 lbs. each, when they were weighed on October 25th, and their clip on April 4th had averaged 11 lbs. The celebrated show-sheep "Mountain King," which was bred at Hould Top, and made the Knowlmere flock, was the grandsire of this trio on both sides, and when he was in his hey-day, his own fleece weighed 18 lbs.

A breeder of many years' standing once wrote to us: "I never saw my *mountain* flock so full of wool. The average will be about 5lbs.,

go on by rotation, but generally singled out the heaviest milkers for its earliest victims. Crumbling of the lungs, which rendered it impossible to chew the cud, was its most prominent symptom; and, although the lives of a few were prolonged by the adoption of Horsfall's plan of gruel and cod liver oil three times a day, only two or three fought through, and were kept up in apparently the last stage of exhaustion by iron and other tonics. Old Pearl by Tom Steele (8715) withstood all infection.

A whole host of Booth bulls—The Monk, Valasco, Elfin King, Sir Samuel, Fitzclarence, Sir James—have been in that hovel on the hill; and, while Sir Lawrence Peel and the venerable Mr. Armstrong, Q.C. (who was spending part of his last summer with his old Northern Circuit friend) prolong their drive a little, we sit with Mr. Peel under that warm summer sun, and watch the present herd, as one by one they go down to the stream which joins the Hodder, hard by the fishing-stone. Bashful is up to her knees, and "a right-down, good, old, honest cow she is." There, too, is Boundless of the same tribe, Basilisk (another good one), and the big, massive Pride of the Isles by Sir James from Bride. Bloom is there to tell of Blush, which died at 21 score 9 lbs. per quarter, and Marion

but it is generally 4½ lbs. Those kept on the low lands will of course clip more—about 6 or 7 lbs., and some as high as 8 lbs." These calculations will, however, only apply to a flock which is well looked after on a good fell range. The wool is long in the staple, but rough about the breeching—a point on which the Leicester cross improves it, and it goes principally into the hands of the manufacturers of Rochdale for blankets and the finest cloths. During 1857-65, prices varied from 18s. 9d. to 32s. the stone of 16 lbs. Three-year-old wethers from the fell, when grazed out on good grass-land, kill to about 18 lbs. per quarter of fine-grained well-mixed mutton, which a Lonk breeder would consider it flat heresy in an epicure to rank after Southdown or Welsh. With fairly good feeding and a fillip from turnips, 5 lbs. to 7 lbs. a quarter more can be reached; but the sort cannot be ranked among very fast feeders.

traces back to old Water Witch, through Mistress Mary. The roan Banter and the white Banana seldom leave each other, and old Balmful keeps the top ground. Bride of the Mere by Horsa has to keep the house, and oilcake is her portion for Christmas.* We have seen odd markings—a large belt of white, for instance, looking like a tape-line, from the crops round the fore-flank; but "The Bride" looks as if one side of her face had been covered with a white cloth. The bull-carriage is in the yard, but Knight of Knowlmere is not in his box—he is waiting quietly at Clitheroe for a couple more shows, and if there is a chance, to play out the rubber with Commander-in-Chief before he rides back in state over the hills. Malachite took the first yearling prize at the Canterbury Royal, and he was eventually sold to Sir John Sinclair of Barrock, Caithness, to cross with polls and cows of the country, and many a good yearling by him has gone to Georgemas Fair.

* At Mr. Peel's draft sale in July, 1861, Lalage by Prince Imperial (15095) from Lally, a pure Bates cow, brought 235 gs. (Captain Oliver), and Duke of Knowlmere, then a little over 3 months old, 115 gs., the general average being over £56 10s. The Knowlmere herd has never contended for Smithfield honours. Three animals only have ever been in preparation for it, and their appearance at the Great Fat Show has, in each case, been prevented by circumstances so adverse, as to have given rise to almost a superstition on the subject.

CHAPTER XIII.

"When North of Tweed and South of Tweed
Join hands at Waterloo."

Sporting Gazette.

Manchester Race Courses—Heaton Park—Thomas Godwin—Mr. Atherton's Farm—Mr. Dickinson's Farm—Great Coursing Grounds—A Visit to Chloe—The late Mr. Nightingale—The Duke of Devonshire's Herd—Mr. Bolden's—The Duchesses and Grand Duchesses—Sketches of Great Greyhounds—A Waterloo Cup Day.

We strolled out from Manchester to have a look at the old Kersall Moor race-course. The deserted Newmarket and Chesterford railway is nothing in comparison. Part of the ballast is left, although it is grass grown; but there is nothing from which we might guess the antecedents of Kersall. A church is built on the top turn; the run-in is quite effaced, and no one could suppose that the trying down hill finish which shook every joint in Galaor's body could have existed in that troubled surface of potato enclosures and rubble heaps, which now cumber the ground. The Grand Stand, once so vocal with Tom Bland and Crutch Robinson has wholly vanished, and there is nothing save green sward within some thorn hedges.

We never saw it but once in its glory, and that was "in Satirist's year." Sim Templeman was saddling Wee Willie, the first of the Liverpools; and Bob Heseltine was looking after the grey Bolus, one of the first of the Physicians;

Jack Holmes was wasted to a thread paper for a 7st. 12lb. mount upon Kingston Robin; Cartwright, then quite a Nat of the North, twice donned the Vansittart orange to win upon Galaor and had the broadest of Yorkshire congratulations from John Gill; and the rough and ready M. Jones scored a race for Lord Stanley on the chesnut Cornuto. Still these horses were mere pigmies in point of fame to others which trod "Karsy Moor." The beautiful Magistrate with Bill Scott in the green and gold, and Mytton's Anti-Radical and Barefoot were all winners. It was here that Signorina slipped Memnon round the turns; that Longwaist, with "Uncle Sam" up, defeated Fleur de Lis; that Templeman got that marvellous head on the post out of little fifteen-hand Catherina, which "made history;" and that Miss Bowe ran away in a three-mile Queen's Plate from General Chassé, who had to come down hill at the finish, instead of having his favourite Liverpool Cup rise (on which so many cracks had come back to him,) when Jack Holmes slipped in the whalebone and the Ripon rowels.

The Committee had very hard work to secure their late course at Castle Irwell. When Kersall Moor was taken from them, some people said that Radcliffe Bridge race ground would do. Horwich was also anxious that the meeting should come to its Moor; Newton was ready to make its fixture for Whitsun week, and it was only at last when White Moss had been rejected, that Castle Irwell was fixed upon.

The meeting on the Irwell meadows began on May 25th, 1847, with a dead heat between Louisa Newell and Meaux. George Simpson on Sheraton got the whip for winning the principal cup, and Tommy Lye, who died at last with as many pence as he had once had pounds, wrote regretting that

a fall at Catterick had prevented him from contending for it in the town of his nativity. Peep o' Day Boy was bowled out the next year by Swiss Boy for the Cup, and for some time the Chesterfield and B. Green colours had quite a cup patent. Legerdemain, Frantic, Black Doctor, Longbow, King of Trumps, Rataplan (9st. 3lbs.), Typee, Underhand, Ivanhoff, and Ellermire have all been winners over these meadows. The prophets saw nothing in the future winning "pony," Saucebox, when he was a Trades Cup winner, and Nat was never more astonished than when he took his celebrated leap over the rails on the perverse Iron Duke. On September 21st, 1867, Mr. Eastwood wound up matters with Rejoinder, who ran away from Merry Harp and old Queen of Trumps.* His horses played a prominent part when the new course was opened at Old Trafford, as Lord Hastings came under the charge of Arthur Briggs, and Buttercup of Watson, and each had full liberty to do his best to win the silver cup which the committee gave to the trainer of the first Trades Cup over the new ground. They compared notes the night before, and each were equally confident; but Butterfly's daughter made short work of the "Lord."

R. W. Procter, a Manchester poet, has told us of

> "A party who went, on pleasure bent,
> On a journey to Heaton Park;"

but the spring-carts which carried the "Rough Robins" and their ladye loves on Sept. 25th, 1827,

* This hard-working old "char-woman" ran 164 times in her six seasons, and won 42 times, or about every fourth time, which is anything but "monkey's allowance" in these days of severe "competitive examination" for the turf, as well as the civil service. She first appeared as a bad fifth in the Doncaster Trial Stakes of 1862. Oddly enough, her stable mate, Moulsey, who ran his last race at Warwick Autumn, came out at Doncaster Spring in '63 as a bad fourth for the Betting Room Stakes; and he retired about the same time, after having run 113 times, and won 34 times.

when the park was first opened for races, harmonised very ill with the Duke of Beaufort's four-in-hand, or with the team of six piebalds driven by Mr. Knowles, the coach proprietor. There was such a crush, that at three o'clock the gates were closed, and the scrambling through the hedges did such damage, that in future no one was admitted without a ticket, and then only on horseback or in a carriage. Then the great question arose, "Is a truck a carriage?" and it was argued for the appellant, that anything that could carry was a carriage, provided it were drawn by a horse, ox, goat or dog. The best illustration as to how a "carriage" should be drawn was, when "The Squire" brought Tom Thumb there in his match cart, and gave him some rare "steps out" round the course. He rode Catherina against Chancellor (Earl Wilton) in one of the finest finishes ever seen in the park, but "my lord" had the best of it on the post. "The Squire's" greatest victory was on Rush; and coloured engravings of it may be seen to this day. For two years running, Captain White, who was then in his Melton heyday, won the Matilda Gold Cup; and Becher, "the captain with the whiskers," after professionals had been admitted in 1835, screwed in Jagger first to John Scott's amazement, despite his vile temper and a broken stirrup leather. Earl Wilton had the cream of the Whitewall riding, and Whitewall then meant the Westminster and Chesterfield lots. His lordship walked over twice on Touchstone, and won upon Hornsea and Scroggins; and he was also on Prizeflower, the great bashaw of "cocktails," when Harkaway and Cruiskeen, the Irish chesnuts, fell. Don John came on from Doncaster with John and Bill Scott, and Nat in his train; Slashing Harry and Miss Bowe ran the most slashing of dead heats; the beautiful Vanish was great in Gold Cups, and the dam of Orlando did one of those "short, sharp, and decisive" things, at

which for half a mile she has perhaps never had a rival.

About thirty years ago Lancashire had better racing on the whole than Yorkshire. People can hardly realise now what an event the Liverpool Tradesmen's Cup was when General Chassé, Inheritor, and Charles XII. were winning it, or when Harkaway first made his appearance in England, and was beaten by Tommy Lye on St. Bennett. Very few turfites went to bed on those nights, watching for the mail guards to bring the news. "The days of its glory were o'er" with the Cup dead heat between John Day on Vulcan, and Chapple on Rodanthe. Lord George infused such energy into the Goodwood management, and Mr. Etty was such a quiet-going person, that owners gradually began to reserve their horses for the south, and with The Baron and Van Tromp, its famous St. Leger ceased to throw any shadows before. The late Lord Derby's racing heart was not in his county. It might be in the days of Verbena, for whose sake he always fancied the Velocipede blood, but when John Scott began to train for him, Doncaster and the great Southern meetings pleased him better. He cared for few things more than going by the night train to see a trial run at Doncaster at dawn, and we remember well, how he seemed to enjoy walking right round the course with his lot, at their morning exercise in Knight of St George's year.

During our stroll to Heaton Park, we called upon Thomas Godwin (late head groom to the Earl of Wilton), that fine old man, of whom Dick Christian affirmed in his weird-like accents—"*Pleasant fellow as need to be, and the best groom rider as ever come to Melton.*" He was born near Elton New Closes, sacred to the shade of Tom Sebright, in 1786, and owed his education to the village school. Out of doors he became a capital swimmer and skater; and his diving abilities were of such a high order, that

the "diving dog of Moscow" might have been jealous of him. As it was, a Newfoundland entertained some such feeling, and, seizing him as he rose to the surface at about the 999th essay of throwing himself into the water with the smallest possible impression, very nearly shook the life out of him. When very young, he entered the service of Earl Carysfort as second postillion, and had such a nice seat and hand that he was soon made second horseman, and distinguished himself early by leading throughout a run, on Taffy, from Elton New Closes to Yaxley. His lordship went as straight as a bird, but suffered heavily from asthma; and at times he would almost be hanging on, gasping, by the bridle, till Godwin could dismount and adminster the soothing dose which he always carried with him.

One of Godwin's first pieces of sleight-of-hand, and one that he always loved to recount, was drilling a horse, which would never approach the steps of the front door to be mounted; and he seldom failed to cap it with how he swam his own and his lordship's horse across some flooded meadows, while my lord took to the foot-bridge. The late Earl Fitzwilliam more than once asked him to take a whip's place, but he liked his present berth better. He gradually rose to be head groom at Lord Carysfort's, and made his first acquaintance with Lancashire by his trips across the Channel to his lordship's Irish estates. The sight of the Mersey never failed to elicit a word to the memory of Vandyke, one of his master's stud, which jumped overboard about a mile from Liverpool. The vessel's pace was not great at the time, and the horse swam in its furrow like "the bold shark," and was only beaten a few lengths to the pier-head. He was none the worse for his bath; and Godwin, on the pretext of getting him measured for a new saddle at Stamford, soon after attended the great Cribb and Molyneux meet at Thistleton Gap.

On leaving his lordship's service, he went back to Elton, where he broke young horses, and there carried out a notion which had long haunted him, of going abroad with Lord Strathaven, afterwards Marquis of Huntley, and Mr. Harvey Aston. His dancing abilities had great scope while travelling through Spain and Portugal; and, in spite of his memories of Vandyke and Taffy, he took quite kindly to the muleteer business, and enjoyed his new life all the more from one or two recontres with banditti. However, the yellow jack cut his roaming short, and the doctors ordered him home, Mr. Aston giving him a very pleasant berth at Aston Hall, in whose stalls he found Minister and some other capital hunters standing absolutely idle. He kept them in leaping-pole exercise in summer, and sent them along very merrily for some seasons while Will Head hunted the Cheshire; and taught his son to imitate him on a pony, which he had got pretty sound by keeping him perpetually in bran-mash boots. Mr. Aston's next visit to England was not of long duration; and when he left, he placed a mysterious letter in Godwin's hands, with injunctions that he was not to read it unless he heard of his death. After a long absence, his master returned, without notice, in the dead of night, knocked up Godwin, and burnt the letter; and then told him that the horses, some of which proved worth 300 to 400 guineas each, were to be sold.

For the next nine years Godwin stayed in the county as the landlord of the "Ring of Bells," a great house for funerals and weddings at Daresbury, where he broke ladies' horses so artistically that their fair owners would have it that he was one of the "Whisperer" family, of whose Irish prowess so much had been written. He didn't care what he rode; and on one occasion, when the doctor was making a call, and the lad was holding his horse, the sight of

Will Head and the Cheshire excited Tom so much that he jumped up, and went well on "the unknown," in a nice 40-minute thing. The doctor took it in very good part when the horse arrived back with "an honourable hunting diploma, such as I could never have conferred on him." Mr. Hopwood's beagles occasionally came into the neighbourhood, and were hunted by a pole-bearing enthusiast; and even Godwin was found aiding and abetting them in treason against "Sir Harry, Will Head, and the hounds," when a fox jumped up in their faces, near an old pond.

Having his eyes pretty well about him, he purchased an Irish horse for £20 out of a drove going to Chester fair, with full warning that he was a hopeless savage. Fighting and coaxing did its work; and he exchanged him with one of Sir Harry Mainwaring's, which had defied Will Head, Tom Rance, and all the rest of the kennel division. With a good ash plant and spurs newly rowelled, he commenced his task; and as sidling up to trees and houses, and planting its forelegs against them, constituted a great part of the performance, the pair had a lively time, to the great edification of the village. The end of it was that he could ride him hunting in a halter, sold him back to Sir Harry for £100, after a hard run, and felt sure from his after performances that he was given away. His little grey pony, the "three-legged horse," and his terrier bitch, which, weeks after the night of the robbery, marked the man who did it, by springing at him as he called for some ale at the bar, were all landmarks in his Cheshire stay, and through Sir Richard Bulkeley's influence he was engaged to the Earl of Wilton as stud-groom. Jenny Sutton and Arachne (dam of Industry) were among his first charges; and it was when he stopped at Melton *en route* to Newmarket with Chancellor and Bras de Fer, that he had his

first Leicestershire mount from his lordship. This taste of old times made him rather dislike the monotony of a life in the paddocks, and from being stud-groom he soon succeeded Allen at the head of his lordship's hunting stud. As a lady's pilot across country he was first-rate, and he used to reflect proudly on the brilliant riding of the Earl's family. He always persisted that he knew many ladies whose judgment was quite equal to gentlemen's with hounds, and that they "mauled their horses about far less."

All his actions were quick, and his punctuality a proverb. Sixty miles on his hack and a hundred by rail, when he was looking after a horse for the Earl, were nothing to him; and if he stopped at an inn, and went into the bar for a little warm beer, he would drink it and fall asleep, leaving word that he was to be awoke "in seven minutes." Training a horse for his lordship at Heaton Park, and beating one with the Whitewall polish on it, was a great joy to him; and he did not fail to have his joke with Mr. Scott about home training, when he was performing his annual task of driving him and his brother Bill in the Irish car, to meet the coach. At these races he generally acted both as starter and course clearer, and he had very little sleep during that week. "Hard necks" and "sensible heads," "great hind-quarters," and "short legs" he regarded as the constituent elements of a "regular napper," among which his lordship's Brilliant, Cannon Ball, Roland the Brave, The Rose, Pigeon, The Piebald mare, Spectre, and the grey pony ranked very high with him. There was also the hack Telegraph, which was sold and bought back some time after; and if Godwin had loved him in life, his admiration of him rose to blood heat at last, as he broke away from the grave-side and had a gallop about the pleasure-grounds just before he was shot.

This story he generally coupled with one of Jebb, the groom, who was commissioned to bring a donkey from Heaton Park to Melton. At Chesterfield the donkey died, and either for an excuse or under a solemn belief that he was doing his duty, Jebb came on the forty miles simply to announce the lamented decease. In his heart he did not blame the lad for seeing that journey through, which he himself enjoyed so much each autumn and spring. His good nature and jocularity made him quite a popular character in the towns and villages on his route. A more business-like man never kept a stable key. He gave his horses a good deal of work before his lordship rode them, and after a very hard day a few drachms of aloes, but always on their return from hunting as much warm water as they would drink. Oatmeal he detested, owing to the trouble he once had with a pony from using it too freely; and he seldom physicked a horse without flinging him a batten of straw for him to pick over and keep himself in action with. He rode long in the stirrup, and always holding his snaffle rein shorter than his curb, and with the heel of his hunting boots not deep, but remarkably extensive; and his mode of getting on horseback was exactly the reverse of Rarey's. When his day was over, his noble master pensioned him handsomely, and he lived in Heaton Park, in a little house near the old course. When we saw him he was seventy-two, and he seemed to be failing fast. He did not live much more than two years, and died at Melton during one of his annual visits to the old spot, whose cemetery holds the remains of this right good and faithful servant.

Chapel House lies five miles from Liverpool, on the Aigburth and Garston road, about a quarter of a mile from the banks of the Mersey, which bounds it on one side. The Welsh hills tower above the woods of Hooton and Eastham, which run down nearly to

the opposite shore; steam boats go churning on their way, and sloops with "their top gallants set, and their streamers unfurled," come dropping down with their heavy cargoes of coal and rock-salt from the gloomy treasure-houses of Runcorn and Warrington. The farm is almost on a dead level, and laid out in seven fields of nearly thirty acres each. It was originally a rabbit warren, and was eventually purchased by Mr. Richard Watt, the owner of Blacklock and Altisidora. "Time works wonders," and in 1857 three societies awarded Mr. Atherton a prize for the best cultivated farm. His great shorthorn sale was in the July of 1862. Three Grand Dukes made £750 15s., the 7th, by the 3rd from Grand Duchess 4th, going at 320 gs. to Captain Oliver, and the 3rd at 195 gs. to his neighbour Mr. Robarts. Six Cherry Duchesses made £696 3s., and of these Cherry Duchess 7th (205 gs.) went to Lord Penrhyn.*

* Mr. Atherton has both bred largely and had several shorthorns of much value through his hands. The brothers Robert and Thomas Bell, who had left Kirklevington after the great sale, came to reside in his neighbourhood, and gave him the first start with pure blood. A lot of heifers, with Marquis of Speke (13307), and then Cherry Duke 2nd (which he got from Mr. Bolden) to serve them, brought the herd to 50 strong, and these were sold in March '58 for nearly £33 a-piece. Cherry Duke 2nd headed the bulls, and was bought by Mr. George Shepherd's son, a mere boy, for 205 gs.; he did good service at Shethin, and went thence to Rossie Priory, Inchture. Mr. Atherton's second start was with Gwynnes from Mr. Caddy, and Wild Eyes from Messrs. Barthropp and Crisp; these were augmented by the Springfield Duchess, Cherry, and Finella purchases. Czarovitz (17654) was bought from Knowlmere Manor. Moss Rose (which he successfully exhibited) and another heifer or two came from Wetherby, and with them the Duke of Wetherby (17753), the first-born of Duchess 77th, on hire. After a short season with him a second sale took place in '62, the 51 averaging £67 5s. 8d. Since then Mr. Atherton has never lacked a good animal. In '64 he bought Mr. Mark Stewart's two heifers of the Cherry tribe, and one of them, Southwick Cherry Flower, illustrates the 18th vol. of the Herd Book. He also bought some of the Kirklevingtons, which he has recently sold at a large profit to Mr. Pavin Davies. The American bull Lord Oxford 2nd (20215) was purchased by him

Mr. Atherton's farm was tenanted for 20 years by his father (who is now at Mount Pleasant, a larger farm close by), and comprises about two hundred acres. Potatoes, wheat, and barley form the crop rotation, and the facilities for getting manure afford every inducement to farm high. There is a great market for hay and straw, and it is Mr. Atherton's general practice to sell the first crop of hay, and use the second for his stock. Speke farming has always had a great character, and in the Report of the Manchester and Liverpool Society for 1853 (the year after Mr. Atherton succeeded his father at Chapel House), his neighbour, Mr. John Cartwright, appears as the prize-taker for the best cultivated farm of not less than 150 acres, and Mr. William Ashton for that between 60 and 100; while Mr. James Langshaw has a prize for laying down land to grass, and Mr. Atherton for mangold wurzel, swedes, and yellow globes. Plenty of medals and money were brought home by them and Mrs. Edwards in the intervening nine years; but '61 found both Mr. Atherton and Mr. Cartwright with prizes for laying down land to grass, and the former with a sub-soiling prize as well.

A sight of the capital midden with its 600 to 700 tons of "ripe, rotten dung" speaks both to eye and nose of mangolds, with nearly 44 tons to the acre, and turnips with 42½. Kooria Mooria guano is also called in aid, and applied very freely by hand to the turnips after the potatoes are taken away. Mr. Atherton has been rather fond of the latter combination of green crops. The potatoes are planted in March in drills, and then ridged up; in May or

soon after landing in '62; after nearly four years' use he was exchanged for Imperial Oxford (18084), who died in a short time, and was replaced by Thirteenth Duke of Oxford (21604) (bred at Holker), from Killhow. The latter has lately been sold with some heifers to Mr. Edgar Musgrove.

June a ridge of turnips is sown at the side of the drill; and in the latter end of June the early potatoes are taken out and sold, and the turnips remain. It was for a crop grown on this principle that Mr. Atherton won a turnip prize* for two years in succession.

A ride of twenty miles, with a couple of changes, amid a network of railways which it is hopeless to unravel on paper, found us at the Pimbo Lane station, about a quarter of a mile from Mr. Dickinson's Balcony Farm. It lies at Upholland, about four miles west of Wigan, and it is now the property of the Marquis de Rothwell, of Sharples Hall, near Bolton. The stone-mullion windows and the comfortable entrance-hall, all mark the old manor house; and the Derby crest of the eagle and child is still decipherable on the front. In extent the farm is a mere garden of 112 acres, and in such a cold and rainy spot, that when Mr. Dickinson took to it in 1838, it had been untenanted for a whole year. There was not a road on it; it was all undrained, and with hardly a serviceable fence, and very little wood except a few "hedgehog trees" upon wide caps with a crooked ditch, and divers rows of stumps which required clearing. The prospect was not enlivening, and the croakers were in great force when they caught the new tenant at the market ordinary. The most sanguine of them kindly gave him a year, and the majority of them six months. Most men would have thrown up the cards in despair (and no blame to them either), but Mr. Dickinson would not flinch. Fifteen years of steady, unresting diligence brought its reward, and in 1853 he was enabled to claim, at the first time of asking, the Manchester

* Several other prizes, including the Centenary one given by the Manchester and Liverpool Society, with a challenge cup of 20 guineas, for the best cultivated farm in 1867, against eleven competitors, have fallen to Mr. Atherton's lot.

and Liverpool Agricultural Society's prize for "the best cultivated farm between 100 and 150 acres;" and again in 1861, the earliest season for making a reclaim. In the interval between the two awards, he had drained no less than 2,600 rods with 2 and 2½ inch pipe tiles from 3 to 5 feet deep, besides carting the tiles seven miles; and when we add, that he had stubbed up 720 yards of old fences, and drained the ditches with 4-inch pipes, and planted 1,030 yards of new fences, and the whole at his own expense, with the exception of the quicks and planting, we have a pretty good proof of what Saxon perseverance can do.*

* It was eight or nine years before he thought of shorthorns, and when he did speculate in a bull-calf, it could get no stock. The second did not fare much better, as, after keeping it six months, it died off at a day's notice. So far, so bad; but nothing daunted, he went again to the same herd (Mr. Birchall's, of Ribbleton Hall), and returned on that occasion with Louisa and two bull calves. Louisa gained an H. C. at the Liverpool and Manchester Show, but she would not breed to Statesman, and then Mr. Birchall presented him, to make up for his previous ill luck, with Tipton (12228) by Brewster (7817), as a mate for her. From this lucky cross (which was the turning point of the Upholland herd) came Tipton Slasher (13888), Amelia (the dam of Prince of Prussia, and Duke of Holland), and the Duchess of Lancaster; and then Louisa considered her mission accomplished.

Lancashire had hitherto bounded Mr. Dickinson's journeys, but he could not resist a peep at the Fawsley sale, and returned with the ten months Pope's Eye (15071), by Duke of Cambridge (12742), from Smockfrock, by Earl of Dublin (10178). Never were 45 gs. better laid out; and Prince of Prussia, in 1857, and Duke of Holland, in 1858, were the results of the cross with Amelia, but, as it to square matters, their own brother died in 1860, when he was four days old, and she cast an own sister to them in the following year.

Mr. Dickinson began as an exhibitor at the little Upholland gathering; but he got well beaten at first, and could do nothing until he sent Louisa into the ring. His first Liverpool and Manchester prize was at Warrington in 1853, when "Tipton" beat a large field for the yearling bull prize. Amelia was also a great winner both at this Society and others in the district; and among her fifteen prizes she could count one as "best cow or heifer in the yard," at Southport; and that for the "best tenant farmers' cow or heifer" twice over at the North Lancashire. So far Mr. Dickinson has nearly £500 to his credit side in prizes, and of these £70 (and five silver medals) were

But we have had enough beef for the present, and as Lytham is so near we must be off after the greyhounds. The year of memory with modern coursers goes back principally to Mr. Nightingale's rise and steady reign at the head of coursing judges. In Craven the young fellows take to the sport by nature. Mr. Greenwood of Bank Newton, near Gargrave, was Mr. Nightingale's chief instructor, and the pupil could soon stand without holding, and judged his maiden public course, in 1831, at Mr. Legh of Lyme's. In due time his scarlet was seen at the Waterloo, and he judged there eighteen times in twenty-one years. In one of the other three, he was elected, but declined to give up the Roman Camp. During that period Speculation was a cup winner under Mr. McGeorge, and Cerito under Mr. Watson and Mr. Bennett. Mr. Nightingale's jurisdiction began with Fly, and ended with that "merry dog" King Lear. This was his last public course, and as Sunbeam ran up, he had the consolation of feeling when illness began at last to lay its iron grip on his sturdy frame, that he had "left off with two good ones." King Lear was the freshest, and led to his hare, wrenched, and turned her. Sunbeam then got in, wrenched, and killed so soon, that nothing under two more good points could have changed the shout from "*Fawn!*" to "*Red!*"

There used to be sad dodging with stewards on some coursing fields, and a judge could only sit on his saddle and bear it. Stewards would wilfully shift

contributed by Prince of Prussia. This bull was never shown till he was a yearling, and, except when he thrice met Royal Butterfly, and one of Mr. Ambler's (once), he never missed a first prize. It was rather hard lines to have Towneley in such especial force at the time, but still a second to such a bull at the Royal, with the first animal he ever showed there, and a third in the same class the next year, behind two like Skyrocket and Royal Turk, is (as the disappointed candidate always observes on the hustings) "even more than a victory." Prince of Prussia was sold after the Canterbury Royal for 200 gs. to go to Australia.

the beating on to plough when a "dangerous stranger" had to be knocked out of time. Partisans would "steady" the hare by getting, at such a crisis, between her and a plantation or sough, so as to make the course as long as possible. Ground, where it was almost impossible to kill a hare, has been selected for a bye; and once, to the judge's bitter indignation, the beaters were actually ordered back a mile, that "a very dangerous stranger" might run among flints. The admirers of the "steadying" principle did once succeed, as they thought, in gruelling a crack, but he warmed up wonderfully next day, and although the hare ran away from both in the decider, he got farthest up the hill at the finish and won.

The Ridgway Club holds four meetings in the year—one at Ridgway; two (open) at Lytham, where the Clifton Arms is their head quarters; and one (open) at Southport, where they hail from the Bold Arms. Lytham is seven miles from Ridgway, and separated from it by the Ribble. When the 168 Dog Stake was run for at Southport, and Rocket ran up for it as well as for the Waterloo Cup, there was no coursing at Lytham; and Crosstown meadows, two miles south of Southport, where the stake finished, afforded some rare trials. The great, soft, grey hare, which is bred on the black earth near Marton Mere, lower down, is not so good; but the Churchtown meadows have the advantage of the brown sea-side hares, which are driven from a strip of meadow and plough, on sandy soil, by the side of the road. Mr. Knowles lives at Lytham, and lends much life to the sport; and so does Mr. Hardman, the owner of the manor of Gisborne. The latter has been for thirteen years chairman of the Ridgway Club, and is as felicitous a speaker as he is a good fisherman, shot, and courser. The stubbles are very deep, both at Lytham and Southport; and the Lytham pastures have the advantage of some rare

moss hares, among which "John o' Podd's," who lives at the bottom of the moss, had a mighty renown. The Ridgway Club judging is always done from a ladder eight feet high, as the ground is too soft to ride. Mr. Nightingale never could bear the ladder, and would maintain that he was "not a lamplighter." Jim Maple carried it after him till well into the afternoon, and finding it a case of "Love's Labour Lost," he flung it away into a ditch. Mr. Bake had it fished out and varnished, and Mr. Warwick and the present bench all go aloft. The ground, both at Lytham and Southport, is nearly all plough and stubble, and with open dykes, like Altcar; but it is heavier work for the dogs. A few small whin covers, and some whins by the side of the dykes, form the only cover.

There are an immense number of hares, and many of the old ones are levelled off during the summer, as they are so hard upon the crops. No less than 205 were killed at one open meeting at Lytham. This was one which Mr. Nightingale has never forgotten. He had judged at Baldock, and he had to get from there to Wolverton to meet the mail train. He was at Lytham by a quarter before nine—got a cup of tea, and began and decided eighty-four courses the first day. They left off five miles from Lytham, and even Mr. Bake had quitted the field. However, Mr. Nightingale walked home, and danced "into the small hours" at the Clifton Arms. Will Warner slipped at that meeting, and Lyddesdale won. Will has grown fat and pursy now, and Tom Raper is still the star, while Metcalfe and Wilkinson have a good practice; but Mr. Nightingale maintained that "Will was the first slipper who put the dogs in a straight line on their game." The practice is now abandoned, but Mr. Nightingale would always keep the slipper in hand and give the distance; and on one occasion, when his "Go" was not waited for, he turned his

back on the dogs, and gave it a "No go." A Waterloo slip will be from 100 to 120 yards.

Raper still runs well, and delivers his dogs very smoothly and straight on the hare, and will stay any distance. His predecessor, Dick Nobblet, was a short, thick set, little fellow; but still he ran fast, and in rough ground no one could lay his dogs on more scientifically.

"It is a common saying" observed Mr. Nightingale, "that hares run so much better after frost, but it is not that the hares runs so well after the frost, but that the greyhound generally runs worse at that time. Hares cannot bear starving in wet, and get their backs up; and dry, windy weather suits them best. A good hare, under such circumstances, will wrench herself to hold her ground; and a wrench does not count unless a dog is pressing her and forces her out of her track. Hares are very curious, and go by hearing far more than sight. I have seen a brace of greyhounds running actually strike them out of their form, and yet they would sit down again. Shap or Knipe Scar is celebrated for its wonderful hares, and the 'Shap-beckers,' as they are called, have worn out many a good brace of dogs in a one and a-half mile race to the plantations at the top. When a 'Shap-becker' gets on a hare track, with her head for home, perhaps nothing in the world travels faster. The Shap fields are all grass, of 300 or 400 acres each, and are well fenced. There are some scars and bits of boulders, and plumps of trees and smeuses in plenty."

Mr. Benn, late steward to the Earl of Lowther, was a very good courser in his day, and the owner of Eden, who ran the international match with Dusty Miller. During his great career as a judge, from which (in consequence of a spinal complaint) he retired, with a handsome testimonial, Mr. Nightingale never had

harder work than when he drove in his gig 70 miles in 7¼ hours, with four changes of horses, from Harewood to Kendal after judging; and he was in his saddle at 9 a.m. next morning, all ready for the Shapbeckers. A judge now-a-days has mail trains to help him, and Mr. Warwick finished, about 5 p m., in Worcestershire last season, drove fourteen miles to the train, reached Stafford, changed trains, and on through the night to Carlisle, down the Newcastle railway, and then by "The Dandy," *alias* the horse-tram carriage, to Brampton, and on the field some six miles away by ten o'clock. Six different conveyances, and sleep as you can! Such are the labours of popular officials.*

There was once some beautiful running at Broughton, which has no plough, and fine undulating grass fields, of from 50 to 100 acres. The Ox Pasture, which is bounded on one side by the river Air, was the queen of them; and Selby, Clive, Hughie Graham, and Dalton, ran there. At one meeting they had twenty-one courses out of it, but that was done by drilling the beaters like soldiers. There are a few hedges, but the majority of the fences are walls. Sir Charles Tempest took great interest in the sport at one time, but an attack which was made upon his keepers by a Lancaster band of poachers disgusted him, and he ordered all the hares to be shot down. It was a very great grief to the Skipton people, but since Sir Charles died the meeting has been renewed. Harewood is bad, enclosed ground; and Baldock, which is all grass, is something like Wiltshire, with plough farms, very few fences, and thin barley land. Cardington Great Field is shaped like a water-dish, and very little intersected with hedges. The hares are in the low parts and the

* At Ashdown there were formerly two tryers, one at the top and the other at the bottom of the hill.

For Ashdown Coursing see "Scott and Sebright," p.p. 251-56.

skirts, and always take the hill, and like the Dirleton hares, find them where you may, they are evenly good.

"As a rule," according to Mr. Nightingale, "hares are more equal on corn than grass-land. They differ very much. At Eaglesham the red-legged hares were very large and miracles of stoutness, and near the Three Mile House at Bendrigg, in Westmoreland, there used to be a dusky-coloured breed which screamed ten yards before the dogs—a pretty strong indication of rottenness."

Market Weighton has fine large enclosures, and small hedges, but flints are sadly in the way. The meadow-ground at Barton-on-Humber is very good, and not unlike the Churchtown and Altcar meadows; and the "Leger field," as they call it, is a very grand one for racing stretches. It was here that War Eagle and Wicked Eye won the two stakes as puppies.

At the Border Union they always commence the first day's coursing at Gretna Station on the Guards Farm, and almost within view of Gretna Green. It is a most central place, as three railways meet there. The beaters then go on to the Rosetrees Farm (Mrs. Gibbons'), and after that finish the day on The Bush, which is tenanted by Mr. Tom Gibbons, of Burnfoot. The second day's coursing was held last year over English Town and Cubby Hill farms, about four miles from Longtown. All the coursing about twenty years ago used to be over that ground. The old Hannah, or "the *real* Hannah," (as Jock Saunders once called her when she was winning at Morpeth) The Young Hannah, Tramp, and Bendigo all won or ran forward there. On the third day the meet is at Longtown Station, and they course over Sandbed, Oakbank (Mr. Tinning, the Secretary's, farm), and Smalmstown, and finish up on the old Longtown racecourse or adjoining fields, all

tenanted by Mr. Tom Gibbons. They never slip on the plough, but drive all the hares off it. It is one of the most economically-managed clubs in the kingdom, and beats nearly all the crack clubs hollow in the small percentage for expenses. The list is filled very soon after it is published, and Mr. Tinning's balance-sheet might inflame with envy the hearts of Quilter and Ball. The draw dinner at Longtown is also a great affair with Mr. Tom Gibbons as perpetual president. Mr. Wightman, the senior field steward, is a notable character on his half-Arab mare, "Fanny," and the way in which he drives a hare up a long fallow field, nearly half-a-mile in length, sometimes right in the face of a crowd, is a treat to see. Although he has been born and bred a foxhunter, being brother-in-law to Willy Routledge of The Crook (who has owned a small pack of foxhounds for half a century), and does not care much for coursing, still he lends all the help he can, and is most capitally seconded by Mr. James Little of Guards.

Mr. Nightingale considered the Altcar ground to be in most respects superior to all other ground, barring the best parts of Amesbury and Ashdown. The only drawbacks are the smeuzes for hares to run into and the open ditch system. Nothing spoils a dog so much as to lose sight of his game just as he is going to strike it. The ditches have changed the fortune of many a course; but they are wanted to take off the waters from the levels into the larger cuts, and from thence to the engine-house, where it is pumped into the river at a higher level. The great main cut to the engine-house has never been jumped by pedestrians without a leaping-pole; but Mr. Nightingale once threw his whip over and did it in his riding-dress, with a pair of light buckskins and long knee-boots, without a nail in the sole. After a heavy fall of rain, such is the variable nature of the

Altcar ground, that some parts are very spongy, and others firm and hard. Still, all styles of greyhounds can run over it, if they only understand how to fly a drain, from Judge at 67lbs. to Lobelia at 43lbs. Besides the Waterloo Meeting, the Altcar Club generally meets there twice in the course of the season; and Lord Sefton is as true a patron of the leash in the North, as Lord Craven and Sir Edmund Antrobus in the South. The best coursing at Altcar is in two or three of the meadows or marshes, commencing at Will Warner's house. The fallows, from which the hares are driven on to grass, were so full of "fur" this year, that when we were all ranged by the side of the engine meadows on the first day, more than a score cantered down almost abreast, and there were more coming.

A leisure hour in the neighbourhood of Skipton found us at Chloe's home, which is about a mile from Bolton Bridge, that inn dear to tourists and newly-wedded pairs. The weather had broken the day before, and we met two of the former toiling along into Skipton under their knapsacks, grinning a most ghastly smile, and trying to look as if they enjoyed the rain. Next day the sun shone out, and the grass, as our driver observed, was "pricking up famish" everywhere in Craven from pastures which had been as brown as a coffee-berry. A field of corn in those parts is a rarity, and the one which was cut would not in ordinary seasons have whitened for harvest so soon by six or eight weeks. The Wharfe, which had been reduced at Wetherby pretty nearly to a mass of dry shingle, was rolling along once more past Bolton Abbey, which is about a mile or so from Chloe's home. Our driver was again most communicative: "*My word, but they are rarely bucked up for the occasion,*" was his observation on some of the lady visitors, who were preparing for that walk up the woods to the Strid. On the

architectural remains he was less diffuse. He certainly did notice the east window, and remarked that "*You would take a rood of glass one time or another to kep it going;*" but he dwelt most upon the two greyhounds, which flank it, in memory of the young De Clifford, who perished many years since in the Strid. "*They're greyhounds,*" he said, "*but stone-mason's made them a vast sight more like pointers.*" As for their story, he referred me to the "History of Craven," which records how the poor lad tried to jump the river with a brace of them in the couples, and how one held back at the critical moment and dragged him into the torrent. He only made one addition to the text in reply to my query, whether the greyhounds were drowned. "*Drowned?—he was tied to stick to them—it looks like it.*"

From the greyhounds in stone we adjourned to Chloe, and found the old lady a little greyer in the face, but still "beautiful for ever," without Madame Rachel's aid. She had then had four litters by Canaradzo, King Death, Reveller 2nd, Racing Hopfactor (out of whose dozen only a couple lived). Old Cheerboys, that hero of Ashdown, a rough-looking never-say-die gentleman, was still in good force; and there was a black puppy (Captain) by him, as well as an infant brace from Royal Seal, which were consorting with two lusty, smooth, liver-coloured pointer pups, with spotted heads and paws, and skulls and ears such as one rarely sees nowadays. Charming May is nearly as pretty as her dam, and there is the same curious dip behind the chine. Cock Robin was a handsome, muscular dog, but a little heavy-shouldered, and his running has not been so uniformly brilliant as it once promised to be. Chloe's running-weight was 56lbs.; and when she was once reduced to 54lbs., she wouldn't struggle at all. Boynton aways considers that her best course was with Sapphire, at Ashdown, when she was beaten "under

disadvantages" in the run up for the Oaks. She goes out occasionally on to the grouse hills behind the house, to show the young ones the way over the old Waterloo gallop. It is two miles from the Harrogate Road to Popplewell House, near Beamley Beacon, up-hill, and over all kinds of ground, with a brook and plenty of stone walls in it. The puppies learn it by a field at a time, and are tied to a gate and unloosed with a hundred yards' start of each other. They run in faith or by memory, following each other for the first mile, and after that they can hear Boynton calling to them. Sometimes he has a live rabbit to turn down for them when they reach him; so that they soon learn the line, and keep it. It is half over grass, half over heather, and the two miles are generally covered in about five minutes.

The kennels were not more than four miles from Skibeden, and there was nothing Mr. Nightingale loved more dearly than to look out of his window and see Boynton coming across the field with his "Ashdown Volunteers." Of Chloe he always said that she was perfection, if her fore-legs had not been a trifle too long. Charming May was his delight, and he had her up to his bedside shortly before the Waterloo Cup of last year to pat her, and "give her some good advice." Illness was irksome to a man of his eminently active habits; but we never heard him murmur. In his prime he was possessed of great muscular power, able to hold any mail-team, and even master of Chapman, when they once met at the Greyhound Inn, Shap, and had a bout at throwing half-a-hundredweight under and above arm. He used to tell how a stalwart bully once put his head into a coffee-room in the South where he was sitting, and insinuated something about his judgment of a course. "It was well," he added, "that he ran down the passage, and locked himself up in a parlour, and apologized through the keyhole,

or I know I should have killed him." Skibeden was three miles from Skipton, and the hospitable welcome within made up for the cold look of the house. A neater farmer was not to be found in Yorkshire, or a better judge of bullocks. Everything was in the most rigid order—"not a straw dared to be out of place." When his coursing days were ended, he still took the judge's chair at the Caledonian Hunt Meetings, and on one occasion (so we have heard) decided "by a nose." On his way back he would generally stop at Mr. Sharpe's, of Hoddom, and talk over Hughie Graham and "the family fawn" with "The Laird" and poor Will Carfrae. He also enjoyed an outing at the Waterloo and Lytham Meetings; but his affection of the spine and rheumatism stealthily increased upon him, and for two or three years before his death he could not get further than to his sister's house at Skipton in his gig. He died on September 2nd, 1869, in his seventieth year, and was buried at Gisbourn, and in obedience to one of his last wishes, his coffin-lid bore the likeness of a greyhound.

As a coursing judge he has never been surpassed, and the beautiful silver testimonial which was presented to him on his retirement by a subscription amongst the very first coursers in England and Scotland told that his fame was unsullied to the close. A more righteous judge never got into the saddle, but his judgments were not always appreciated. His knowledge of the science was so deep that he was apt, at times, to reckon up a dog's work very differently to mere ordinary observers, who are generally the most captious critics. The really good judges of a course knew and made allowance for his one fault—viz., that if he once saw a greyhound shirk its work in any way, he never forgave it, and the transgression was apt to be remembered the next time the offender was in the slips. This was a weakness to which he was quite alive, but which he

could never quite shake off; and there is no doubt that it sometimes led him into decisions that were perhaps hardly warranted. Still, this was a mere speck on a very brilliant career, and as a public official we see few like him in any branch of sporting. He never seemed to forget any incident of a course, and it was his delight to sit and talk them over, as if they had been run only yesterday. He always inclined to Bennett's Rocket as the fastest dog he ever judged, and he thought that Gregson's Neville ranked next in pace, with just a shade the best of Judge.

He loved to tell of the King Cob stock, which always "ran so stout, and kept their backs up and their heads so well down." Sunbeam's head was his idea of perfection, and he delighted in Sam and his "beautiful style of running—so true that you might ride for miles after him, and never see his nob." Waterloo was his wrencher and great "dog on plough," Barrator his "acrobat," and in fact he never went to Lytham without going to see the spot where the black "pressed his hare to a gate, and went round as if on a pivot, turned her back, and killed her in his second jump." As a killer, he considered nothing superior to Cerito "for safety and science;" and Ladylike's and British Lion's knack of stopping on the side of a hill, along with Mocking Bird's power of throwing herself at the hare further off than any greyhound he ever saw, never lacked a mention. He loved the sport for its own sake, and understood field management and beating to a nicety; and he always said that, however long the day, he never lacked Mr. A. Graham as his companion when they left off.*

From Skibeden we skirted the many "windings of the silver coast," on the branch line towards

* For his portrait, and analysis of Scottish crack greyhounds and coursing fields, see "Field and Fern," vol. "South."

Ulverstone. The sea breaks under the very wall of the railway, and winds in and out among innumerable creeks, clothed with dark-coloured plantations, which slope down to the water's edge. In fact, the marine and rural scenery are so strangely blended, that at one moment there was nothing to be seen but a few seagulls out for a wade, or a stately heron standing on one leg and a green weed reef, ready to strike a fish, and at the next there would be a troop of plump pheasants feeding on a knoll. The inland side presents a range of rocky fir-clad terraces, with primroses still lingering at their base; just the spot in which a professor of geology might choose to "spend a wedded eternity with a greywacke woman," while occasionally up some gorge we could catch a glimpse of a distant church, or what seemed like a beacon tower. Guides and beacons have for centuries been often useless across these treacherous sands; and "one little man, round-faced, drowned 1577," "a poor apprentice, and officer for salt," "a native of Geneva (Domenico Curatto)," and "nine in one cart," are but a tithe of those which have gone down.

A walk to the top of Bigland Scaur, which looks right down upon Holker Park, gave us the most comprehensive bird's-eye view of the pastures. The rocky platform on which we stood seemed like a sort of Arthur's Seat, amid a profusion of oaks and ashes. To our right lay Ellerside Breast, pointing over some thousand acres of peat towards the lake country, where the snow was just seen to linger upon Coniston Old Man. More in front of us was the hill of Hoad, rising above the woods of Low Frith, from whence the seaboard stretched boldly away past Ulverstone and Conishead Priory, to the headland at Peel. Ulverstone was a fitting feature in a shorthorn landscape. Its Young Ben had a few days before defeated all comers in the aged bull class at Dublin; and we had but to carry our mind

back to an August show, to see its brace of Barons, Messrs. Torr and Sanday, adjudging the ten silver challenge cups, and Mr. Unthank beckoned over the rails into the ring, to decide the moot point between Duchess 77th, her companion Moss Rose, and Mr. Eastwood's Rosette.

Just beneath us, to the right of Holker Park, lay fully 130 acres of reclaimed land. The salt marsh was nearly all drained by the Duke of Devonshire to the depth of four feet, with two-inch pipes, covered with peat moss or soil, to act as a filter and keep the sand out of the drains. It has been cropped with oats, green crops, wheat, and clover in succession, and the latter yielded two heavy crops last year. A Fowler's plough was at work with four breasts on, and taking a half-mile field at twice; but the marsh is all grass now, as it was almost impossible to keep it dry enough for ploughing.

Nine years before, Cozy and Statesman's Daughter were in the land, and old Sarah Gwynne, with her head down and her back up, was making, according to the weigh-bridge, 84 lbs. per month. The Cozies and the Nonsuchs are given up, and The Grand Duchess (1), Oxford (8), Wild Eyes (7), Blanche (8), Barrington (2), Gwynne (1), Oxford Rose (3), Cleopatra (2), and Waterloo (1) are all represented. We had only to seek the herd last summer in the field behind Mr. Drewry's. Eighteenth Duke of Oxford was the last hope of the calf-house, and Lady Oxford 5th (the 600-guinea Royal Worcester calf) was on the eve of calving her Fourth Baron Oxford to that grand old Duchess bull, Seventh Duke of York.

Two of her calves were sold for 500 gs. each at Mr. Mc'Intosh's sale, and the other for 250 gs. to Lord Kenlis at Killhow. Countess of Barrington 4th somewhat reminds us of Duchess 77th, and has a son by Tenth Grand Duke at her side. The light

roan is Blanche 3rd, grand-daughter of old Sylph; and a broken horn marks Seventh Grand Duchess of Oxford, who also rejoices in a beautiful-haired daughter, the 12th of that line. Lady Oxford 5th is the queen of the field, fit to found a world of shorthorns for substance and true character. Oxford Rose 2nd by Grand Duke 4th from Rose of Raby makes a nice pair with Oxford Rose by Baron Oxford. Old white Dustie has no heifer to perpetuate her line, and Morning Star is the last dying bequest of Lord Oxford. Fifth Grand Duchess of Oxford is a wonderful milk and butter cow. From her we pass through the park to the home of Tenth Grand Duke, who is mourning the loss of Mr. Davies' Moss Rose (who bore him Royal Chester), and we bid him be of good cheer, as he puts forth his beautiful head to greet us, and walks most vigorously the whole length of his paddock into his shed for further recognition at Mr. Drewry's hands. Third Grand Duchess of Oxford was up feeding, and Mr. Fawcett's Eliza 10th and Lady Butterfly's Duchess were in quarantine in a paddock. The crosses between Fifteenth Duke of Oxford and Galloway heifers were in "the marsh meadows" some forty strong, and they prove to be grey, or jet-black, or blood-red, or bronze, or rich roans, and nearly all without horns, when five lads drive them up.

Grand Duke 3rd by Second Duke of Bolton (by Grand Duke from Florence, a daughter of Mr. Richard Booth's Fame) was in residence at Springfield Hall, near Lancaster, when we first went there in '59, and so was Prince Imperial, that son of Second Grand Duke and Bridecake a daughter of Bridget, to whom the Grand Duchesses also owe their Booth cross. He was thick through the breast, and with well laid shoulders, and though not with quite the grandeur of some of our best bulls, a touch must

be dead or saucy that did not own him mellow. We found the footsteps of Fame in the Fenella family which sprang from her daughter Fay crossed with Grand Duke. Mr. Bolden's brother purchased Mussulman, a son of Old Cherry, to take to Australia, for 150 gs. Mr. Bolden liked the sort, and had Cherry Duchess by Grand Duke from a Cherry cow which he purchased at Mr. Lax's sale. Her son Second Cherry Duke was sold to Mr. Shepherd of Shethin. Mr. Bolden also had the Waterloo tribe, on which Mr. Bates set very great store. The latter bought a heifer by Waterloo (2816), dam from Waterloo, from a small farmer, who had used the bull. She was so good, that she was sent with five of the best cows from Kirklevington to Mr. Whitaker's Norfolk, and had a rare calf, Waterloo 3rd, by him.

Mr. Bolden inherited his taste for shorthorns from his father, who, like Mr. John Colling of Whitehouse, and Mr. Lax of Ravensworth, caught his inspiration from the Brothers Colling. He died in 1855, at Hyning, near Lancaster. No man was fuller of shorthorn lore, intermixed with the quaint sayings and the doings of the old Durham and Yorkshire worthies. He kept a herd for many years, always sticking to the old-fashioned, roomy, heavy-fleshed cows; and hired Leonidas, Leander, and Royal Buck, and other bulls, from the Booths, in days when a man who gave only sixty guineas for a season was considered quite an intrepid character, and when Warlaby females could be had for money.

Four of these then "Veiled Prophetesses," Fame, Rachel, Bridget, and Vivacity, were purchased by Mr. Bolden soon after he commenced breeding, in 1849; and along with cows of the Duchess, Cambridge Rose, and Waterloo tribes, from Kirklevington; the Cherry tribe from Colonel Cradock, and

the descendants of No. 25 at the Chilton sale, they gradually formed the herd.*

Thirty-four years have raised the Waterloo Cup from a stake of 2 sovs. each for eight dogs, to one of 25 sovs. each for sixty-four, and "Dog Derby" books are rife in the land. The three kingdoms had

* The late Mr. Bates, when he published the portrait of the Duke of Northumberland in 1839, did not fail to improve the opportunity by giving an abstract of the title-deeds of the Duchess tribe. Through that document we trace them back to 1784, when Charles Colling purchased from the agent of the Duke of Northumberland the original cow, whose ancestors had for two centuries peacefully cropped the Stanwick herbage, or been driven off by the mailed mosstrooper in many a border foray. Hence it was that he rechristened the cow *Duchess* "after that family, because they are justly entitled to be held in commemoration for having possessed a *tribe* of cattle, which Mr. Charles Colling assured me *was the best he ever had or ever saw*, and that he was never able to improve upon *her*, although put to his best bulls." There is quite a Hebrew grandeur in the pastoral simplicity of the old Kirklevington enthusiast, as he spurns the nine hundred armorial ensigns of the blood royal of England and the chivalry of France, commingled in the Percy banner; and calmly paints in the old red and white cow grazing.

Still, write as he might about their glories, his deep partiality for them had nearly been their ruin, and although they had been in his hands for five-and-forty years, they were reduced to a very low ebb when he died. Duchess 64th, the dam of Second Grand Duke, he did not live to see, and she was the youngest of the eight which stood up before Mr. Strafford. Her dam, Duchess 55th, has been a very Barbelle in the herd world, as three of her produce were sold for 2,300 guineas, and she was both the dam and the grandam of a thousand-guinea bull. Mr. Bolden bought the first of the Kirklevington eight to wit Duchess 51st, dam of the Fourth Duke of York, for whom Lord Ducie gave 200 gs. at the same sale, and sold after three years' use to the Americans for 500 gs. The salt water was fatal to him, as he broke his neck in a storm; but the change from the banks of the stately Tees to "the gently curving lines of creamy spray," that wash the Red Bank Farm, redeemed his dam from the curse of barrenness, which had sunk her to 60 gs.

She bred three heifer-calves, the first of which, by Leonidas, died in the birth, and the others were ushered into the yard at Springfield for us, in the shape of two roan cows, Grand Duchess and Grand Duchess 2nd, by Grand Duke. A noble pair they were. The eldest was a beautiful specimen of a "toucher," silky hair on a nice elastic hide, with that peculiarly dainty cellular tissue between the hide and flesh. The head too had all the most favourite characteristics of the tribe, slightly dished in the forehead, with a prominent nostril,

stuck to Blue Gown for the previous Derby, with a loyalty which no Rosicrucian declarations could quench, and now Lord Lurgan's crack became their greyhound idol, and to see him win at Altcar a second year was their leading dream of the future. There were no symptoms of frost to disturb their

and a great general sweetness of expression. They were also well down in the twist, and great milkers, combined with heavy flesh. Grand Duchess 2nd bore a strong family likeness to her sister, but she had more substance and gaiety of carriage; and she held up her head, as if right conscious of her lineage.

Three of the heifers were red with a few patches of white, and it was curious to notice in their marks the exact resemblance to that original Duchess, from whom thrice 183 gs. would hardly have separated Mr. Bates at the Ketton sale. Coates's Herd Book has preserved to us her picture, as she feeds on the Tyneside, with Halton Castle in the distance. The white patch on the flanks and crop, the star on the forehead, and the gay little beauty-spot just above the muzzle, are all there; and with the exception of Duchess 3rd, who is enrolled in the Sibylline leaves of Shorthorn fate as "a light grey," there was no break in the "red and white" succession till Duchess 19th was crossed with Belvedere of the "White Bull," or the Princess family, and two roan heifers were the produce. A double cross of Belvedere brought the colour to white for the first time in Duchess 50th from Duchess 38th, by the Duke of Northumberland, from the first roan, Duchess 33rd.

Cambridge Rose 5th, by Second Cleveland Lad, was five years old at the Kirklevington sale, when Mr. Bolden, senior, bought her, and with the exception of Cambridge Rose 6th, who was kept as a memento at Cobham, and Cambridge Rose 7th, which was purchased by Mr. Downes (and died in '67), and from him by Mr. Bolden for 70 gs., the next autumn, there were then no more descendants in the land of the celebrated Hustler's Red Rose. Cobham proved the value of this blood by the biddings for the gay old cow, and her Marmaduke calf, Moss Rose. The First and Second Dukes of Cambridge alone represent Cambridge Rose 7th, and as she persisted in breeding nothing but bulls, the tribe was lost to Springfield at her death.

When Mr. Bolden had got home old Duchess 51st, and compared her with some other very good Shorthorns on his farm, he became so convinced of the goodness of the Bates blood, that he determined to make his stand on it. His first move was to purchase Grand Duke (10284), by Second Cleveland Lad from Duchess 55th, for 205 gs., the same price that Mr. Hay of Shethin, Aberdeenshire, gave for him at Kirklevington. At the time he bought him, he and his father had several cows almost useless, after having been served repeatedly by idle bulls; but with him and successive Duchess bulls, the fertility (which Mr. Bates attributed, in the case

serenity; and a fervid Liverpool Fenian must have thought that "the hour and the man" had come at last, when the Irish packet-boats disgorged hundreds of mysterious and bearded men at the landing-stage, who told each other without disguise that they would "tak siven or six anyhow" (evidently meaning Saxon

of the Duchesses, to the cross with Belvedere) gradually returned. The same was observable in other herds where Duchess bulls were introduced, and Earl Ducie did not conceal his opinion that his was saved by the use of them. Grand Duke was four years old when he came, and he departed for America two years after; and whether in addition to the Dukes of Cambridge we look at May Duke and Grand Turk (the sire of Great Mogul), from Booth cows; and two Cherry Dukes from the Cherry tribe, all of which have been sold and resold at high figures, Mr. Bolden stands as a bull-breeder second to none.

Grand Duke 2nd, by Fourth Duke of York, from Duchess 64th, who was calved at Mr. Bolden's, had rather more white on him than Grand Duke, and was only two years old when he followed him, in November 1855, to the New World. He had not quite the bold look of Grand Duke, and although it would seem to be the perfection of a Shorthorn to read good nature in his face, the Americans always thought that he looked too placid. Unlike the gentleman who described himself as having been absolutely unable to close his eyes from emotion, the live-long night after his unexpected "Vision of Fair Women," in the shape of Queen Mab, Nectarine Blossom, and Queen of the May, a recent visitor to Thorndale does not seem to have been the least stirred up by treading such classic soil, or much struck with anything beyond Grand Turk weighing 2,800lbs. He tells us, however, how he found him in company with Second Grand Duke and Neptune of the Booth blood; and how he calculates that Duchess 64th and 66th, Oxford 5th, 6th, and 13th, and Bloom, Frederica, Lalla Rookh, Buttercup 2nd, Miss Butterfly, and Pearlette would be alongside them. Such an American Congress would be worth all the sea-sickness and all the expense to see. Duchess 64th (600 gs.), which was generally considered the best of the eight Duchesses that were sold at Tortworth, died after some years in America, along with Duchess 59th (350 gs.); and Duchess 66th (700 gs.), that "brand plucked from the fire" (as Earl Ducie termed her, when the news was carried to his dressing-room one morning that a calf had at last been found in Duchess 55th) was among the fifty head which Mr. Thorne purchased after poor Mr. Becar's death, for £7,000.

In 1854 Mr. Bolden sold seven bulls at an average of £59 8s., one of them Second Duke of Cambridge, for 100 gs. When Mr. Bolden, sen., died in 1855, his herd, with some of his son's bulls, were sold at Hyning, and the 28 head (including 11 bulls) realised an average of £61 16s. 9d. Mr. Torr bought Gertrude (100 gs.), and Lady

lives), and used two passwords of dire import, "Woman in Black" and "Master M'Grath." These conspirators might be found at Lynn's, as the hour for dinner and the draw was at hand on Tuesday. Most of the old faces from Caithness to Compton Bottom were also in the throng. Mr. Bake moves about as brisk as a bee; and a little dark man, with a tall Scottish "shepherd king" at his side, might have a printed bulletin on his breast, as everybody asks him after "Bab." "The Emperor of Coursers" tells

Hopetoun (220 gs.), both of them Booth cows. In 1857 Mr. Bolden sold 14, at an average of £65 3s. 4d., at Mr. Strafford's farm at Dudding Hill. This was followed in 1860 by a sale at Springfield, where 29 head averaged £87 17s. 6d. Of these a score were Waterloos, and they averaged £92 13s. 3d. Sir Curtis Lampson gave 165 gs. for Waterloo 20th, and Mr. E. Bowly 130 gs. for the Waterloo bull Charger. In 1862 the herd was sold to Mr. Atherton, who soon after parted with the Grand Duchesses, (nine cows and four bulls,) to Mr. Hegan, of Dawpool, by private contract, and sold off the Cherries, the Fenellas (from Booth's Fame) and the Grand Duke bulls. Mr. Hegan paid £5,000 for his lot, and three cows were barren. He died in 1865, and his herd was brought to the hammer at Willis's Rooms, where Mr. Strafford gave a splendid lunch to his to his friends and supporters. The 12 females were in four lots, and were all purchased by Mr. Betts, whose herd was sold off in 1867.

GRAND DUCHESSES.

Prices in 1865. Gs.		Herd-Book Numbers.		Prices in 1867. Gs.
1,900	Prince Imperial Booth cross	5th	Duke of Devonshire	200
		7th	Killed	
		8th	Lord Penrhyn	550
1,300	Cherry Duke Cherry cross	9th	F. Leney	210
		13th	Killed	
		18th	R. E. Oliver	710
1,800	Prince Imperial Booth cross	10th	Died	
		15th	J. Miller	80
		17th	R. E. Oliver	850
1,200	Cherry Duke Cherry cross	11th	Earl Spencer	400
		12th	Died	
		14th	Died	

Bred at Preston Hall.

Cherry cross (yearling)	19th	C. H. Dawson	700
Booth cross (calf)	20th	Earl Spencer	420
Do. (calf)	21st	D. McIntosh	330

us how he has just proposed the Home Secretary for Renfrewshire, and then dashes off to the favourites of his early days, Oscar and the rough-coated Gilbertfield; the tall and handsome owner of Riot is quite a consulting counsel on leash law; and Lord Lurgan, a fresh-looking, hearty patrician of fifteen seasons' coursing experience, passes a word of good cheer to the Irish Brigade about the black dog's health, and then adjourns upstairs to head the coursing parliament. Cerito, that triple Waterloo Cup winner, looks down from the walls on the sixteen Club delegates, and so do the pictures of the late Earl Derby and his father, and other Lancashire worthies. Then the venerable Skipaway case is discussed once more, and the plaintiff's and the defendant contradict each other most lustily. The latter uses legal terms "like a very learned clerk," and eventually gets a majority of more than two to one to dismiss the case.

Fifteen years before we had left Liverpool for the ground on Bob Castle's coach, behind four spanking greys, with Mr. Nightingale on the box seat, and several Scotland Yet enthusiasts as our freight. In '64, Tithebarn Street station was the trysting place. A man on the very outskirts of the crowd seemed green and indifferent, and his mate was exhorting him: "*Theese com this far—doant go back, lad, its sic fun—they nobbut louse two dogs at yence—there's hot pot and dyke-jumping, and a' manner of things.*" "Owdham chaps" and "Boulton fellies" were there by the dozen. They are a rough lot, and on big excursion days there is sometimes a regular swearing match between them and those "Peter the Wild Boy" sort of officials, which abound in Lancashire. To do the latter justice, they have no respect of persons. Once upon a time, the late secretary of the North-Western was travelling along a loop Wigan and Kenyon junction line, when the station-master put his

head into a first-class carriage and said: "*Now then yo' chaps for Chow Bent, Checquer Bent, and Bank Lane, get out wid ye!*" The secretary objected to such official language, and said quite indignantly "Don't you know who I am?" "*Ye'es*" said the man "*Huish—secretairy—two thoosand a year,*" and passed on to the next carriage "*Now then yo' chaps, &c.*" There seemed from the heavy train to be few Liverpool laggards by the stuff this day. Away they leapt over the platform rails at Hightown, and the ticket-collector had to "fall back on his supports" in the station, and give collecting up as a bad job. "The Rifles Inn," which looks like a superior Irish cabin, had no charms for them so early, and bending to the left by the stone cross, they went crashing and stumbling over hedge and fallow. In vain did a yokel rush from his harrows, and with outstretched hands and wild dances endeavour to harry them back from the arable, as if they had been sheep. The Lancashire lads laughed the "Johnny-cake" to scorn, and formed, after one or two light skirmishes with another protectionist, into a marching column of nearly a quarter of a mile along the road. They enter into coursing as they do into Bolton creels, or pigs, or flowers, or bell-ringing, or glee-singing—with a will. "*Live Hare!*" is a great shout of theirs when a favourite dog is beginning to work off the points against him. They have bets on from a pot of ale upwards, but we heard one of them refuse to do anything on King Death's courses "*because I'se afear'd I'd dee if I backed him.*" Sometimes if a favourite kennel is to be sold off, they will follow it from a sort of chivalrous feeling up to Aldridge's. When they do get there, if they can find a carriage in the sale shed, they as often as not get in and sleep through half the sale. Two were once reposing most peacefully in a phaeton when a stentorian offer of 70 guineas for Mr. Borron's Bright Steel fairly

roused them up—"*Seventy guineas,*" said one to his fellow sleeper, "*why you and I, lad, wouldn't fetch that thegither!*" We once heard a still more emphatic sentiment as a pair of them walked over the Liverpool steeple-chase ground to take up a position. A number of grooms and helpers were standing near a brook jump, and one of the pair caught a few words of their conversation. He stopped, with quite a beaming countenance, "*Eh! Jack, lad! I'll gan noe father—they say there's been fowre lives lossen here—dal it's the best jump of the lot—we'll stop where we are.*" On the coursing field itself there was an old fellow with a pole collecting sixpences to jump over the great cut and uniformly landing up to his waist in the middle. He was not so drunk as he pretended to be, and he made a nice amount by becoming "a water-baby." While the ring were settling on one course there were rumours of a fight. Books were shut up instantly and away they rushed. The gallant owner of Tim Whiffler made a Jack Macdonald of himself in an instant, and brought his man up to the scratch without ever taking his cigar out of his mouth. As he afterwards observed, "it was a most cheerful fight." And indeed it was—a big man and a little man—a pair of spectacles permanently disabled—a pair of arms in a white paletot and going like a windmill—a white hat rolling on the sod. So it was in old days, but we have to tell of '69.

The morning finds us at Lynn's once more, and the cards of the day show that Master M'Grath has been drawn with Borealis. The latter has been winning a good stake at Lytham, but "the talent" have taken her measure well, as 25 to 1 can be "got about her for the Cup, and it is only 6 to 1 against the black." All is life and activity among the coursers. They are buttoning on leggings, and lighting pipes, and driving bargains with Hansoms

and coaches, into which they mount, looking like very jolly Cromwellian pike men, with their long mahogany-coloured leaping poles. The route lies principally by the dock side, and its dusky forest of masts, till we strike rather more inland at Formby, where the greyhound trainers keep their charges. Seven or eight miles bring us within sight of the Altcar plains at last. On the left are interminable sand banks, tenanted by coneys and vitriol works; while ditches of all degrees, high mounds, and engine houses help to break the dreary Altcar dead level of grass and fallows, which look as if they had merely been pared. Be that as it may, they are full of "fur," and during one portion of the meeting, Hard Lines got among a wandering troop of nearly a hundred hares, and didn't know what it meant. There are a few trees, and there is a conventicle-looking church in the distance, but even when the sun is out, it looks quite a joyless land, inhabited by the descendants of Mat o' the Marsh.

There is life enough at the North End Farm, where the carriages make their halt, and the official card-seller sets up his basket under the lee of a barn. He is wise in his generation, as if he once faced the open there would be a rush at him, and, like good card-sellers before him, he might be pressed into the ditch. The trainers are here in great force, each with his champion in hand, or snugly ensconced in a dog-van. Speculation (late Red Robin) occupies the front seat of a cab, and a large wisp of straw is spread artistically over the front window, for fear any minute draught may visit his honoured head too roughly. Alas! it is of no avail, as India Rubber challenges him to the slips ere two hours more are over, and "wins a good trial cleverly" at his expense. Some of the dog carriages are drawn in great state by three donkeys, but many trainers discard them altogether. Light Cavalry is at the ditch side

straining for the fray, and we also mark the dingy face of Bethell (by Boanerges from Mischief), own brother to Bab at the Bowster, and the grey features of Ewesdale, not a remarkable dog in his day, but now of good repute among greyhounds at the stud. The trainers are a motley lot as regards dress; but the real Altcar thing is supposed to be a sort of seal-skin cap, with lappets for the ears, and a green coat, with mother of-pearl buttons about half the circumference of a cheese-plate. What Lancashire Witch can stand against that?

It is barely five minutes past ten, and up comes Mr. Warwick, the judge, in his scarlet coat and blue bird's-eye, to judge for the ninth year in succession. Another bit of scarlet shows that Tom Raper, the slipper, has also stripped to his work. He looks very worn in the face with so hard a life, but the heart is as good and the legs are almost as nimble as ever. We look in vain for old Will Warner, but we are told that he has "turned it up." The crowd thickens fast, and as far as the eye can reach towards Formby, they come steadily tramping on. The vehicles alone seem to stretch for more than half a mile in the line of march, and half of them are in the commissariat service, and laden with pies, and cheese, and liquors. Many visitors carry their own little polished drink barrel slung across their shoulders, and those who have the office look out, when luncheon time is nigh, for the hospitable red flag with the white star in the centre, which flies as a token at the top of a private omnibus from Lytham. Half the point of the meet at Northend was lost this year by the absence of the house party from Croxteth, and we might well long to see the four dark chesnuts dash up in the green drag as of yore, with the Earl on the box. It seems but the other day that his father was riding off across country to Croxteth, to tell of his Sackcloth's victory.

The march of the cracks round and round the farm paddock is one of the most beautiful sights. We have noted there—before the first couple were called, and the hare-boys (looking like tortoises erect) started on their march—the shining brindle of Streamer, the dark black of the great bitch corps—Spider, old Belle of the Village, Rebe, and Reliance; the blue of Coodareena; the fawn of Sea Rock; the red of Monarch and Sea Girl; while the brindle on the tail deftly told the difference between the flying whites of Liverpool, Mr. Spinks's Sea Pink and Sea Foam.*

* It may not be amiss to run over a few of the principal winners from Sultan's day. Oscar, British Lion, Gilbertfield, Barrator, Waterloo, Canaradzo, Scotland Yet, Ciologa, Neville, Sam, Canopy, Jacobite, Cardinal York and Picton, Bold Enterprise, Blue Light, Black Cloud, Border Union, Matilda Gillespie, Motley, Tollwife, Ladylike, The Baron, Selby, Clive, Monarch, Mercury, Hughie Graham, and King Lear, &c., have all been touched upon in volume "South" of "Field and Fern." The whole is in the words of Mr. Nightingale or Mr. Warwick.

Sultan was own brother to Empress, "and a good dog that Southport week," when he had 167 against him for the Cup; but he was not first class, either in work or pace. Empress was the best of the pair, and her defeat of O Yes! O Yes!! O Yes!!! with one of the terrific Eaglesham hares, where "fur" does "run like fury," was her finest performance. She was a very handsome squarey bitch, with lots of wear and tear, and good all round, and was left in amongst the last six with her brother at Southport. Bugle was a short, thick, and not a fashionable style of dog, with great pace and muscle, steady to his game, and clever in every way, though not a smooth runner, and with a curious style of pitching himself from his hind legs. His blood always united remarkably well with King Cob's. Earwig was not a flyer, but he went a good steady pace. Emperor, the sire of O Yes! O Yes!! O Yes!!! was left in with Earwig for the Waterloo Cup, but Mr. Easterby declared Earwig (the worst of the two) the winner. Emperor was a very good dog, but rather thick and plain. Both of them were blacks; but one of them had a white tail end, nose, and claw. When Glider was in the slips with Rocket, there was no telling them apart, except by Rocket's black muzzle. Lord Sefton mistook them, and galloped back, shouting "Glider's won!" Mr. Robert Bennet bought Rocket, Ranger, Reuben, and a bitch for 120 gs. at Chatsworth.

There is little question that Bloomsbury is the worst runner on the Waterloo Cup roll. Priam, by Emperor, was, "perhaps, the best big

A quarter-past ten, and there is no time to lose; off comes Mr. Warwick's overcoat, and he mounts a good looking grey. Requiem and Morning Dew are in the slips, but three hares get away before Raper gets a slip to his mind. It was a bad beginning, as both got unsighted before they had been long at it,

dog of his day." He ran at 74lb., and yet he was a first-rate worker, and never gave a chance away. Mr. Pollok's Major was a fast but not a first-class dog, and beat, among others, Father Tom M'Guire's celebrated Irish bitch for a cool hundred a-side. Still "he couldn't use his hares as some of them can." All that can be said of Titania is that she was "a good steady bitch, but not a great one." British Lion was an every-day dog, very game, and always ran respectably. Harlequin, a slow son of Emperor, won his courses by steadiness (which was his sire's speciality), and had a memorable one with Oliver Twist (brother to Senate). "Oliver" was "a great dog, and a wonderful killer." He won a sixty-four-dog stake at Lytham, without being once challenged, and he killed every hare. This talent with his teeth was the more remarkable, as he had a short thick neck. He had great power, and went a rattling pace. Senate was a bad killer, but a rare wrenches, and a steady racing-like dog. He ran a hare at Lytham for a quarter of an hour, and the very next week he won the Waterloo Cup, for which Webb's Flirt ran up. He was "a wandy dog, full of muscle, and his wrenching had always this grand peculiarity, that he did not wrench too hard—did not put them too far round, but gave no opening, and kept the game to himself. It was done in the real Eglinton Waterloo style—he never wrenched the hare out of his line."

Shade was a useful steady bitch; handsome, but with no remarkable pretensions in pace or work. Slater's Sandy ran hares in a dodging sort of a way, but he got well placed for all that. Magician was a racing-like dog, with good speed to his hare; high on the leg, but with no great wear and tear about him. Hughie Graham's finest race in the Waterloo Cup was with Staymaker. He got very badly away from the slips, and Staymaker led in a most splendid racing stretch. Hughie got to inch by inch, and headed the dog sixty yards from the hare. He gave two or three wrenches, and then turned her into Staymaker's mouth. ("Immense cheering.") Tom Oliver, who won a pony on it, was so delighted, that he threw himself down on the bank, and roared with pleasure, and kicked up his legs "like some one daft." Mr. Temple, true to his usual way of expressing his satisfaction at a very grand course, promptly lay on his stomach, and threw his heels over his back. Hughie had another fine trial with Mocking Bird, in the Waterloo Cup. She had a particularly fine eye to a hare, and when it disappeared in a ground hollow, she exactly marked where it would reappear, and gained a length or so, while Hughie ran out a bit. She got two or three wrenches, and then Hughie was busy again, and she

and then Requiem went on with the hare by herself, and had such a severe singlehander, that the hearts of her backers die within them, and any hopes of pulling off 33 to 1 become a vanishing fraction. Then every eye is on Lobelia as this rare grand-daughter of Canaradzo comes out bright and beautiful, and not

killed out of his mouth. "The Bird" wanted a very fast stout hare, as she was not a remarkable worker, and Ebb fairly beat her on this point at Amesbury. "She threw herself at her hare farther off than any greyhound I ever saw." Egypt was a thick, little, short dog, rather like Jacobite.

Cerito had fine pace, and sense to correspond; and her heaviest beating at Altcar was when she met Dalton—a dog who put in a great deal of work in a little time—for the Plate. "As a killer there was nothing like her for safety and science. Her measure was perfection. She would never make a flying kill, but draw herself back and be ready for the turns, and kill them just on the bend or the broadside." Grass was her forte. Waterloo (a bad killer), on the contrary, was all for bare fallows, and went as light as a cork over it. Wicked Eye was a rare drain-jumper; in fact, she skimmed them in her stride like a swallow, and could always make a couple of lengths at them. Protest ran very much in her style, and with great spirit; but she was not in such small compass, and took more time to settle. For pace she beat Riot in a short course; but Mr. Randell's bitch was a steadier worker. Sackcloth was a good steady dog, and a very close worker, beautiful both at his turns and wrenches. He was one of the British Lion blood, "an every-day dog," and the amount of travelling which he had to Ashdown and back before he won the Waterloo Cup has known no equal. Judge, whom he beat in the fourth course for the Cup, was a grand dog, and a great worker when he settled. For work, pace, and fencing combined, Riot has perhaps never had a peer, but like Patent she failed twice in the Waterloo Cup. Reveller (Seagull) had not her pace but he ran in very determined style when he had steadied down and ceased to rush. Rival was a lovely fencer; and she never gave coursers a greater treat than at Sundorne, when the hare threaded a holly fence near the Castle, and she and Jebb's No Hurry were "just like shuttlecocks in the air, backwards and forwards." There were never so many lamentations heard at Altcar as when Sunbeam failed to beat King Lear for the Cup. He had got a fearful bucketing the day before, as, when he had run Tempest to a standstill, he took off with a hare to Hill House. His great point was his beautiful, smooth working, but his pace was not like Judge's. Effort went a great pace, and put in plenty of work in the earlier part of the course. If the hare lived, he would slacken and then come again. This style was very observable in his courses both with Barman and Prizeflower at Hampton Court. Regan went with great fire, which he did not communicate to his stock, and was a rare timber and iron-hurdle jumper. He had fine

one mass of diachylon plaster as she was last year. She hung in the slips a little, and then she warmed up and raced past Exactly in the brilliant style of her Trovatore days, and made a masterly kill. The Lancashire men may well shout for her after such a performance, and wish her well through the Cup.

pace and led Woodpigeon at Patshull Park farther perhaps than one greyhound ever led another. Cardinal York's style was nice, but not equal to Picton's. Little Trip-the-Daisy had a low, stealing way with her, and was wonderfully game. When she beat Belle of the Village at Sudbury, she ran the hare till it dropped dead, and was so exhausted that she had to be carried to her carriage in Mrs. Cartwright's rug. Bribery had a slow, game, and persevering style. She would get to her hare, drive it a mile, but not kill it. Sapphire was great over the Downs. She would go through a sixty-four-dog stake without ever being challenged, and make a course short by killing.

Maid of the Mill was a fine big racing bitch, a little too arched in her back, and a trifle lacking in length. At Waterloo she fairly ran round Blue Hat in a short course; but she beat Sampler handsomely in a noble one. Roaring Meg was very determined and steady—not very fast, but so very persevering. Camaradzo had very fine pace, fire, and working power. He commanded himself beautifully, and was particularly determined and clever in closing with his hare. In his Waterloo Cup he gave Faldonside a regular towelling, and only let Gilbert get first turn by favour of the ground. His stock are generally rather quarrelsome and require work. If they are bad they are very bad, or the reverse. The dogs, on the whole, have been best. His sister, Sea Pink, always went best over Altcar: but, owing to temper, she would often throw out very wild turns, like Protest in her first course. She was a game bitch, and she never showed it so much as when she came again in a course at Sudbury, where Bribery had got her beat. Sea Foam was rather faster than her, and very much steadier. Chloe's thighs, hocks, and back ribs are perfection; if she has a fault, it is that she is half-an-inch too long in her fore legs. She was a little short of fire from the slips, but had good pace, always greater than Rebe's in her stretches, was smooth in her work, and clever with her teeth. It is upon this last point that her consort King Death's fame principally rests; and some of his cross kills were very beautiful to see. Bluebell had the same talent, and saved some courses out of the fire by it. Ciologa, the best of the Scotland Yets, was also a wonderful flying killer, and went through a 32-dog stake at Sudbury with only one point against her, made by Klaphonia.

Patent was a dog of great power, not especially fast, but very cool and steady, and certain to kill when he once got possession. He had a nice style of driving, and went beautifully from his turns. One of his cleverest kills was at Tredegar, when he fairly grabbed puss as

Now the drain jumping begins, and sorely tests the limbs that are stiff with "age's frost." Some bound over them in their stride like antelopes, or use the comfortable pole; others go at them with faces indicative of resignation and agony combined, and if a foot slips there is a roar like a salvo of artillery down

they flew a fence together, and again when he beat Calabaroono in Scotland. Like all the Davids, he did not excel on marsh or ploughed land. Like David, again (whose bitches don't require much work), he never seemed tired. After being beaten at the Waterloo, he wound up with three cups in a month at Hereford, Ashdown, and the Scottish National. In the Craven Cup he had a splendid half-mile straight with Riotous Hoppicker. They ran almost locked from Kingston Warren Bottom to Compton Bottom; and then the dog began to draw out, and reached his hare two lengths first. Save and except Master M'Grath, Mr. Warwick considers him quite the best dog of the last seven or eight seasons. David was a steady and cautious dog, and not a flyer. He had ordinary pace, and did not close resolutely with his game. He was unlucky in his Waterloo Cup, and went head-over-heels into a ditch; but his name lives in his stock, when far flashier greyhounds are forgotten. Calabaroono had fine pace, and a deal of cleverness. Still, Jessica was very nearly too much for him in the Plate at Altcar. She was getting very busy at last; but the hare did not live long enough. Rebe was one of the most persevering bitches that ever was put in slips at Altcar, and she went a good pace as well. She had a remarkably clever way of taking a drain and then stopping herself; and she twice over did Sea Pink by that dodge, as the latter got over and tumbled about, while the black was scoring-up points. King Death had only just the best of the pace with Rebe in the Waterloo Cup run-up; but the hare soughed. Theatre Royal "just wanted a little pace, or she would have been quite first-class." Kingwater's action was as smooth as oil, but he was rather soft-hearted. His pace was wonderful, and he had cleverness to correspond. His finest course was with Romping Girl for the Douglas Cup, in the Greenfields at Abington, Crawfurd St. John. It was a very long slip, and they ran neck-and-neck for three hundred yards, when Romping Girl drew out and got first turn. Kingwater had the second, and the bitch the third, and then she raced past him, and ran her hare to a standstill. Romping Girl's daughter, Restless Belle, understood driving in the highest degree. She would drive them a mile, and never bring them round, and let nothing else get in. Prize Flower could go a good pace, and delighted in long game courses; and Belle of the Village was very staunch, and excelled in a long driving course on the downs. Cauld Kail was a very steady and smooth runner, but not exactly brilliant. Fieldfare was not fast, but smooth at her turns; Silkworm had good pace, but did not like to be punished; Cheer Boys was a very game dog, and ran like a

the line. Occasionally a stout gentleman determines, rather than be left behind, to jump or perish in the attempt. He is gravely advised by some athlete to "pull himself together," whatever that process may be; he balances his arms, rushes, regardless of family considerations, at his work, funks, towers, is deposited with a splash, and ignominiously crawls out up the opposite bank. What comfort is it to him to be told to "put on more powder" when all is over, and he is wet up to his middle? A policeman in a helmet has a most tremendous reception when he jumps short, but still there is not the fun there was when fewer people came, and poor John Jackson, in his lusty manhood, went striding and shouting with his short stick in his hand, over the ditches, and when Jem Mace, or Joe Goss, were putting on condition after that fashion.

puppy at Ashdown in his fifth season; Grand Master was a rare puppy until he met with his accident; and Mr. Warwick always quotes the way in which he knocked about a hare on the Black Hill, Abington, as a marvellous specimen of "high art."

Brigadier went rarely through the Liverpool Cup, and was only once challenged by Fieldfare. He was so clever with his hare, that she must have jumped over him to get in. This was once done at Hordley by Butterfly (by Lopez), and she won the Cup by it. Brigadier's daughter, Brigade, is a beautiful bitch, with great pace, very determined, and very clever withal. She goes faster from her turns than Jane Anne (now Sweetbriar), who, clever and game as she was, rather lacked pace. Bab at the Bowster was hardly so brilliant as Brigade last season, but very determined and clever, and goes a great pace. In fact, she is good all round, and seemed even better in her 1868-69 season. Lobelia was good at all points, and never was greyhound more cut up than her in her first course for the Waterloo Cup, with Lord Soulis, and yet she went through the stake and won it. She was just too clever for Trovatore all that season: but Master M'Grath was in turn too much for her when they met in the Waterloo Cup. The Irish dog's pace and tact were almost supernatural. He jumped a ditch into the road with Lobelia; the hare came short back over the hare-bridge, and the dog jumped back and nailed her as she came over, to use Mr. Warwick's words "just as a cat does a mouse." "It was," he added, "the cleverest thing I ever saw." In the early part of the course Lobelia led on the inside: he raced past her, and put the hare to her; then he gave her another go-by, and then came this remarkable kill.

And so the courses go on, and at last the crowd, some six or seven thousand strong, line the high embankment on both sides of a field where Patent ran one year. A sort of nervous thrill goes through them when a beautiful worked course has been run in full view between Jolly Green and Innkeeper. "One more bye, and then the crack comes out," is the key to it. They are so closely packed that it is difficult as you stand to see right along the bank. In a minute a roar is heard at the distance, and we know that the black is coming. Nearer and nearer, and the shout is taken up all along the line, as when the St. Leger horses reach the Intake turn, and the last struggle begins. Mr. Warwick tears along at full gallop on the grey, almost level, and twenty yards to the right of the hare, in order to be handy at the finish; and then comes the black dog with the white breast and the white neck mark, going like a whirlwind twelve lengths a head of Borealis. She looks, in fact, like a mere terrier scuffling after him, and when she did get up, the Irish dog had raced right into his hare, and flung it up half dead into the air. Raper said that he had never seen a greyhound go so fast, and the Cup seemed to be over. Then Woman in Black delights the Irish division once more, and Ask Mamma and Charming May ran as sweetly as ever. Except Lady Lyons, there was nothing more beautiful than "May" on the field. Ghillie Callum then gives the Scotchmen a good turn, and fastens on his hare, when he kills so savagely that they are obliged to bite his ear before he will resign it. Two other dogs cannot settle the knotty point, and so they dash away and jump a wide ditch, holding the hare between them. Luncheon succeeds, and the coursers are found in carriages, or on the top of them, on the grass, or sitting on a rail "transacting business" with hampers and parcels which would have done

Epsom no discredit. Even a horse and gig rolling in a ditch doesn't rouse them. They were a singularly quiet and well-behaved crowd, and though the stewards had left them pretty nearly to their own devices, in despair of handling so many, they encroached but a very few yards. It was a fine, genial day, and each man seemed bent on good-humoured enjoyment, and an oath or coarse word was almost unheard.

Luncheon over, and we got into position for the last time that day, and all along the Engine-house Meadows. For some time it was hopeless to begin, as "fur" was too plentiful; but at last they came off the fallows by singles, and Master M'Grath was slipped once more. There was no enthusiasm over this course. On he sped raking lengths away from Hard Lines, but after turning his hare he tumbled and got shaken, as he put in no really good work afterwards, and Hard Lines killed. The crowd were quite still and disappointed, but there were some cheers as Lord Lurgan, who loves the sport dearly, and boasted a huge pair of leggings, walked up to him to pat him.

Then arose the bronchitic strains of that comical old man who had gone about all day with Master M'Grath blazoned on his hat and selling sweetmeats: "*Master M'Grath 'Umbugs!*" followed by a list of the towns in which they were patronised, one of which seemed to have an especial ludicrous suggestion in it. We cannot say that "still his speech was song," but on it ran "*Four a penny—I puts it in the sinking fund—my wife taks the money, and I niver see it noe moor.*" Malt Liquor, Ghillie Callum, and Randolph, a son of Romping Girl, went with immense fire, and some began to fancy Ghillie for the Cup. "*India Rubber 'Umbugs!—India Rubber 'Umbugs!*" from the old quarter, whose wares were re-christened as

each good dog won, told of the victory of another son of Ewesdale, and we could not forbear leaving our post to see the beautiful blood-red Lady Lyons rubbed down after winning. But the twilight draws on, and at last the hare supply begins to fail.

Not a beater can be seen, as they are far away, quietly stirring up the hares, and sending them stealing over the fallows, towards the big sough, which has been such a city of refuge to them time out of mind. We stand waiting for minutes while Raper has Bab and Sir William in the slips. "*Sporting Eagle 'Umbugs—niver see it noe moor,*" indicate the last registered winner and break the reverential silence which falls on all good coursers, when such a *prima donna* as Bab is coming once more on to the stage. At last the word is passed that a hare is in sight; Bab is ready for her, and a beautiful course, ending with a rattling kill, carries the bonnie Scotch lassie through her second round. Such was the opening day, and the next night found the puppies all beaten off, and England and Ireland each with one, and Scotland with two champions. Ireland and Scotland fought it out at last, and Lord Lurgan's dog could only beat Bab about a length for speed, and get very little the best of the working. Perhaps two such flyers never met before, as the winner has never been beaten, and the loser, we believe, only once. Bonfires were lighted on Friday night on the hills near Belfast, to tell of the second Waterloo victory of their black dog. At Waterloo, it created such enthusiasm in the bosom of one Celt, that having flung away his own hat, he rushed at Lord Lurgan, plucked off his lordship's wideawake, flung it wildly into the air, and kicked it when it came down again.

CHAPTER XIV.

Johnson: "Mrs. Thrale's mother said of me what flattered me very much. A clergyman was complaining of want of society in the country where he lived; and said, 'they talk of runts—that is, young cows.' 'Sir,' said Mrs. Salisbury, 'Mr. Johnson would learn to talk of runts;' meaning that I was a man who would make the most of my situation, whatever I was." He added, "I think myself a very polite man."

Croker's Life of Dr. Johnson, vol. 7, p. 194.

Cheese-making in Cheshire—The late Captain White and Dr. Bellyse—Mr. D. R. Davies' Herd—Cattle Plague in Cheshire—Penrhyn Castle—Sir Watkin Wynn's Hounds—Mr. Naylor's Herefords.

If cheese had been our mission in Cheshire we certainly saw plenty of it, when the County Agricultural Society held its meeting on the Roodee, and wives and spinsters crowded the long booth to look at the champion lot. One of its four cheeses was brought to the dinner, and was pronounced good but not superfine. Mr. J. D. Harding, the professional cheese-maker, who did so much towards teaching Ayrshire* the Cheddar plan, spoke in the course of the evening with no small energy against mere rule of thumb management. We heard this Makesbury "Minister of Public Instruction" very well, but the acoustics of the room are so bad, that although we were not more than thirteenth from the chairman, Mr. Barbour, the only thing we gathered

* See "Field and Fern" (South), p.p. 278-285.

from him and the speakers round him, was the word "Rabbits."

Cheese-making in Cheshire runs very much in families. Some have a sort of hereditary genius for making it almost irrespective of the land, which is generally a very strong loam, and others, with every chance and appliance, never make a first-rate article.* The cheese farms generally run from 100

* The following is a portion of Mr. Harding's lecture on Cheese-making, delivered before the Tarporley Club: "There should be a proper dairy-room; but this indispensable item in dairy practice, as a rule, is wanting throughout the length and breadth of our land, in the absence of which there can be seldom a guarantee for making *good* cheese. The milk, so delicate in its nature, requires to be deposited in a place entirely free from every impurity; the floor of the room should be clean, and every precaution taken to render it dry. Cement should be used where necessary to fill up joints or cracks, so as to destroy every lodging-place for filth; every utensil in use should not only be clean but appear with a polish. The milk should be poured into a receiver outside the dairy-house, and conveyed by a pipe, or rather an open shoot or conduit, to the vessel prepared for its reception in the milk-house, that the milkers may not enter the dairy. Under these circumstances milk may be kept sweet in ordinary weather, in a temperature of 63 to 65 degrees, during the night in one vessel (say, the cheese tub), to which the morning's milk may with safety be added, and a fine cheese be the result. I cannot understand why persons prefer the labour of making cheese twice a-day, when a cheese of a superior description can be produced by making once as I have described. As to preparing the milk for the reception of the rennet, in the absence of Cockey's or any heating apparatus, beyond 100 degrees. During the summer months it frequently happens that no heating is required, the evening milk in the cheese tub having stood at 56 to 70 degrees; and that of the morning coming in to mix with it at a temperature of 90 degrees, will at once fix the bulk at 78 to 80 degrees, the temperature required. The rennet, which should be perfectly sweet and its strength practically known, should at once be introduced and stirred into the milk so as to take immediate and universal effect, and at once arrest the particles of cream, and prevent their escape to the surface. If the atmosphere be close and damp, and the temperature high, care should be taken to prevent the over-heating of any portion of it, lest its condition become affected before the rennet is added. It is not safe to heat it. The evening milk may have acquired sufficient acidity to slightly affect litmus paper, to which there is not always much objection; but if it has remained perfectly sweet, a little sour whey of a clean acid taste *may* be added to assist the rennet, the quantity being regulated by

to 200 acres statute measure; some few may be larger, but the majority scarcely average 150 acres. The general estimate is a cow to every 4 acres, in addition to which there is the usual proportion of stirks and calves. Of course, where the farmers bone and manure heavily, the same land will carry many more, but rich grass does not improve the quality of cheese. The rent is not regulated by the price of cheese, and there is no bowie system as in Ayrshire.

the experience of the dairy-woman. Breaking the Cheese: The coagulation should occupy fifty to sixty minutes, it may then be cut across at right angles with a long knife or other cutting instruments, when the whey should immediately begin to appear. With the mill at this stage of the proceedings, in the condition I have described the character of the future cheese is entirely subject to the skill of the operator. To follow the Cheddar method, after remaining a short time in this state, it should be broken or cracked up carefully, to prevent waste, when a little whey is taken off and warmed. When the breaking is completed, this heated whey is poured over it, which tends to harden the curd and clear the whey, when the curd will be found to be in small and distinct particles: it is then allowed to subside. A portion of the whey is then drawn off and heated for scalding, which may occupy thirty or forty minutes. The curd is then stirred up, and the heated whey poured amongst it until it has reached a temperature of 100 degrees. The stirring is continued till the particles of curd again separate and sink, when the whey remains clear. With Cockey's heating apparatus, the breaking and the scalding is performed by one operation, the temperature being gradually increased during the stirring till it reaches 100 degrees. There is probably less necessity for the curd being so finely broken when it is not to be scalded, as there would be some difficulty in again collecting it without the application of heat of a high temperature. After being subjected to the heated whey for twenty-five or thirty minutes, the whole of the whey is drawn off, the curd becomes a compact mass, which is heaped up on the convex bottom of the tub; the temperature being carefully retained, the whey readily escapes. When this is effected, which may occupy from one to two hours, according to circumstances, it is placed in the press to remain twenty or thirty minutes, when it is removed and broken in the mill, and salted with the best refined salt (which is prepared for the purpose by Titley of Bath), at the rate of 1lb. of salt to 56lb. of curd, when it is again placed in the press. The next morning it is turned in the vat, and a dry cloth is given to it, which is not subsequently wetted. At the end of the third day it is removed to the cheese-room and bandaged, when it is turned every day for a few days; as it hardens it is turned twice a-week, and ultimately once, till it is sent to market at two to four months old."

Cheese-making commences in early spring, with what is termed "the Boosy Cheese;" but the opening day of "the prime season" is the 12th of May, or "the turning-out day" when all cattle begin their summer grazing, and cheese is made, more or less, until October 12th, when the ley season closes.

The principal cheese market is at Chester. There is also one at Crewe, but the factors generally travel about from farm to farm, and purchase the whole or the greater portion of their cheese from the same places, year after year. The cheese of the North or North Eastern part of the county is made for the Manchester market. It is lifted from the farms about October, and is used in a green state; and in fact it will not keep. The farmers adopt this plan because they want to have no trouble with their cheese during the winter months; they have also no loss in weight, and they get their money sooner. A much smaller quantity of cheese is now made on the Knutsford side, as the demand for milk in Manchester has increased so largely. Tarporley and the country round Chester is of good report; but perhaps the best Cheshire cheese, which is generally sent to London, is made in the Nantwich and Broxton Hundreds. This cheese is made to keep, and is generally not lifted from the farms until February or March. It commands a higher price in consequence, and is worth, on an average, 90s. per cwt, whilst the more ordinary sorts range from 55s. to 80s. Prices ruled high in 1869, and they were at their lowest point before the cattle-plague fell upon the county with such fearful virulence.

Our "Cheshire worthies" are connected more or less with the Roodee. Of old Joe Maiden and his doings, and the wooden leg of later life, we have told elsewhere, and we can see his smile of pleasure as Captain White looked over his youngest son, one Cup day, when he heard that he was intended for a

whip, "to see if he had good legs and feet." We never remember the immortal Captain so amusing as when, with Sir Watkin and two ex-masters of hounds, he was helping to dig out a fox on a frosty bye afternoon in the Wynnstay Woods, and stood at a bolt hole with a stick, as he said, to "nobble" him. Again he was very great, when he was bidding at Mr. Blenkiron's for Lord Stamford, and kept popping his head at intervals out of the window of the drag, and requesting Mr. Tattersall to "knock him down." He was always very good-natured if any writer asked him about old times, and most pathetic on the horrors of the great frost of '15, when he was obliged to leave Lincolnshire, where he was hunting with Mr. Assheton Smith, and employed his London leisure in looking at the skaters and the bonfires on the Thames.

He hardly understood being followed by a pencil, and his scream when he saw one produced with an author at the end of it, was a sort of compound of Tom Rance's and Rachel's for intensity. And then his language and his power of simile, when he described the points of his hunter Harlequin! The echoes of the laughter of those who heard him, must linger yet in the smoking-room at Cherry Hill. If there was a bit of fun, there he was in the midst of it, with a joke and a comment which would have often sounded as nothing in another man's mouth, but were so rich and so mellow in his. He and Mr. Osbaldeston were born in the same year, but the "Old Squire" outstayed him, although he was reduced to his Bath chair. He rode his grey mare, Alice Grey, which originally cost him £20, for ten or twelve seasons, in fact almost to the last, over Cheshire. Every year he had a week or two with The Duke's at Badminton, and enjoyed the stone walls amazingly. He was also a good deal at Quorn, while Lord Stamford was master. He would ride

anything, but Comet was generally "the Captain's horse," and they were wont to joke him about having cut his initials on him with his spur, when the pair had a bit of a scramble at an ox fence. He was Master of the Horse to his lordship and then to Mr. Naylor; and one of his proudest recollections was the the way in which (when, in consequence of Godding's illness, he and the head-lad were in charge), he hoodwinked the touts about Macaroni's trial. The Manchester men grumbled at the hard measure which he sometimes dealt out to them; but the mirth of the land is gone, and the Cheshire covert-side now lacks its most radiant element.

"I would give half-a-hundred men,
Black Douglas were alive again."

Dr. Bellyse was nearly as well known in the county as his father, and by virtue of his long connection with coursing he was always allowed to ride with the beaters at The Waterloo. He was true to the sport to the last, and a fall from his pony at the Sudbury meeting somewhat hastened his end. Latterly he did not run dogs in public, but still he bred a few for private coursing. Bachelor, the founder of the Bugle blood, was bred by him, and he never forsook that strain. He left Audlem some years before his death, and the practice which he had inherited was transferred to his son. Latterly he occupied a pretty little Cheshire home at Dorfold not far from Nantwich. His love of the leash peeped out a hundred ways—from Cerito on the wall to the "Stonehenge" and "Thacker" on the table and the greyhound *couchant* on the paper-weight and ink-stand. Everything about him was as natty as himself. He did not inherit his father's taste for the Turf, but he treasured the stories he had heard from him of The Roodee, and the Mostyn Mile. Beyond keeping the box of silver spurs (over which

he waxed quite eloquent when it was drawn out) and the lineal descendants of the black-breasted reds, he had quite deserted "the Sod." We remember him once saying, as he put a carving-knife into a pair of noble pullets which tasted like pheasants, after their final three days' bread-and-milk probation in a dark pen, "Its like carving gold; what would my poor father say if he saw us? he wouldn't have killed them for two hundred guineas a-piece." Our friend had, however, only anticipated the change in public taste, as these martial roosters did not average more than 16s. to 18s. per pair at the hammer.

Mr. D. R. Davies' herd is kept near his residence, Mere Old Hall, at the Bucklow Hill Farms, where he has nearly 400 acres, inclusive of planta-

* He began in February, 1862, at Mr. Grundy's, where he purchased after the sale Victoria Regina of the Booth, and Roan Queen (served by First Grand Duke of Wetherby) of the Bates blood, by way of starting impartially. To these were added in due course, Medora by Master Rembrandt from Mr. Barber's, Surmise by May Duke from Mr. Hales', Mildred Rose and Dairymaid (both of the Sylph tribe) from Mr. Jonas Webb's, Leonora from Mr. Jolly's, Countess of Burlington by Third Grand Duke and Minstrel 2nd from the Duke of Devonshire's, Cherry Empress from Mr. Logan's, Stanley Roan from Mr. A. Maynard's, Lady Best from Mr. Langston's, and Thorndale Duchess and Thorndale Rose from Mr. Robinson's. Gradually he went for Bates, weeded-out animals not of that blood, and began with Marquis of Oxford by Sixth Duke of Oxford from Moth. After him he bought Ebor, who was third to Forth in the old bull class at Newcastle Royal, and second at the Manchester and Liverpool meeting. Then he went on with Garibaldi by Third Grand Duke from Cambridge Rose 6th, which he bought in 1864 from Miss Combe. On February 23rd, 1864, he sold two dozen females and nine bulls, and made 120 gs. for Master Warlaby from Leonora, whereat the Cheshire farmers, who know of no such prices for "a bull fed on rushes," cheered lustily. The average was £31 0s. 9d., and Mr. Platt and Mr. Whitworth were the leading purchasers. Since then he has purchased Cleopatra 5th by 9th Duke of Oxford and Charlotte 4th by Duke of Knowlmere (first prize at Plymouth Royal) from Mr. Logan, Bracelet and Bland (own sisters) by Sir James from Mr. Wythes, Moss Rose 2nd by 4th Duke of Thorndale from Mr. E. H. Betts (Preston Hall), Moss Rose (dam of the above) from Mr. Foster (Killhow), Wellingtonia by 3rd Duke of Thorndale from Mr. Mc'Intosh (Havering Park), Harmony by Cherry

tion belts, in his own hands.* Mr. Davies had a second herd of eleven cows and heifers, some of them calves when the plague began. He believes that preventive measures failed, simply because, when the grass came, he placed his cattle in the field for a short time daily, out of the influence of chlorine gas. In this belief he is confirmed by the experience of his near neighbour, Lord Egerton of Tatton, whose milch cows and feeding stock were subjected to the same treatment, but never allowed to leave the shippons. Hence, in spite of a severe attack of the plague on several farms in the vicinity of the Tatton Home Farm, they all escaped, while some of the West Highland bullocks in the park went down. Chlorine gas was quite the fashion in Cheshire, and as farmers were very "jealous" of contagion, every rural policeman carried, at the suggestion of Professor Stone, a wooden kit with him, as well as a waterproof bag, for disinfecting his dress. The kit had four compartments for bottles of muriatic acid, chlorate of potash, Stockholm tar, and "soap and sundries." The two former generate chlorine gas by contact, and a few drops of the tar poured upon some hot cinders will disinfect boots or clogs when suspended on a poker within reach of its vapour. The inspection dress is made of strong calico and fashioned like a diver's, and it is fumigated and made ready for the next visit by putting it into the bag along with a perforated box in which chlorine gas has been generated and retained on pumice stone.†

Duke 3rd from Mr. Adkins (Millcote), Cleopatra 9th by Lord Oxford from Mr. Harwood (Winterford), Grand Duke of Essex 4th by Grand Duke 4th from Mr. M'Intosh (Havering Park), and Twelfth Duke of Thorndale bred by Mr. S. Thorne of Thorndale, U.S. The last named was one of the animals offered at the Windsor sale, and afterwards purchased from Mr. Thomas when in London.

† Mr. Davies' shippon is at the junction of three roads leading to Chester, Warrington, and Knutsford, and in the centre of a district through which the plague wended the same fatal way that it did in

Shropsnire sheep have been another great fancy of Mr. Davies, and he has won at the Royal North Lancashire, the Manchester and Liverpool, the Yorkshire and Cheshire, with his rams. For the last two or three years he has given a prize for the sort at the Yorkshire Show. The flock numbers ten-

the last century—commencing near Warrington and coming along the low ground. In the small township of Tabley alone 662 beasts died; 41 were slaughtered, and only 20 per cent. were left. It skipped some farms and attacked others, and it would sometimes in its later stages take one cow and return to the same herd for another victim at the lapse of three weeks. Cleanliness was of no avail, and some of the very worst kept skippons escaped. Mr. Davies' precautionary efforts were unintermitting from the first. Every beast about the place was vaccinated; hyposulphite of soda, beginning at 3lbs. and so on to 5lbs., was mixed for four or five months in 100 gallons of water; and chlorine gas was used night and day in the skippon. Sawdust was substituted for straw, in consequence of its absorbing the *fæces* better, and being so much more easily removed. The cattle were never more blooming than when they were turned out in the middle of May, for a few hours daily, into a field adjoining the skippon and abutting on the high road. There was no infected farm nearer than a mile, but at the end of three weeks an Alderney heifer was taken ill and died in 36 hours. She had no symptoms of illness about her except a slight discharge from the vagina, and until the veterinary surgeon opened her, he thought she was ruptured. The bull by which she had been recently served was slaughtered immediately, but there was no arresting the evil, and in two days more nine or ten were down with it. Leonora, from Mr. Jolly's, was the first decided case, as they found her one morning with her back up, her coat staring, and her head and ears drooping; but Lady Best from the late Mr. Langston's, Minstrel from Holker, Heiress from Mr. Hales', Cherry Empress from Mr. Logan's, and Water Girl from the late Mr. Anthony Maynard's soon followed suit. They sickened for three or four days, and on the fourth there was a strong discharge from the nose, eyes, and vagina. They could neither lie nor stand; their legs and heads were never still, and their moanings were sad to hear. They would become feverish, and then shiver like a man in the ague, and their *fæces* were quite lax and costive by turns.

As they were very valuable stock, and Cheshire was at its wit's-end in the hope of discovering some alleviation or remedy, the local committee consented to have them treated, but everything was useless except the iodine ointment, a compound of iodine, mercury, and lard, which was recommended by Mr. Lawson, veterinary surgeon of Manchester. His object was to set up a counter-irritation if possible, and the ointment rubbed twice or thrice a day on the chest gave apparent relief. When applied in the early stage it seemed their only

score ewes, and has been established from the oldest and best flocks in Shropshire—Horton's, Matthews', Crane's, Evans', Smith's, and others, and the wethers are all sold off as shearlings. Many of his rams went last year to South America, Australia, and Germany, and one of the latter took the first prize at the Leipzic Fair. Horton's Lord of the Isles, Duke of Kent, and General Lee (all Royal prize winners) have been used, and did much both for size, heavy flesh, and wool.

We did not care for the estuary of the Dee, its countlesss small flat "lumps" of coasting vessels, and great manure and alkali works, but we should have been sorry to miss Conway Castle or Rhyl, or that peep up the rich vale of Clwyd, with its black cattle and scraggy sheep, its Cathedral of St. Asaph, and its old castle of Ruddlan. The railway follows the line of the sea-coast in all its windings, till it comes in sight of the bold, rocky headland of Penmaen Mawr, and the blunt surface of Priestholme or Puffin Island, which is the very Bass Rock of those Western seas. Generations of fishing fowl have made it their fishing residence since a Prince of North Wales fixed his eye on the promontory of Penrhyn (head of the mound), from which only a few miles of salt water divide it, and founded the first castle of that name. The solidity of his

chance, but unfortunately it was not thought of till some of the best had died. The climax was generally on the fourth day, and those which died often lingered on about three days more. One old cow of the Towneley blood fought on for upwards of a fortnight. When the turn for the better came, frequent doses of oatmeal-gruel were administered. Up to that point they could not be got to take anything, as their mouths were sore with inflammation, and they did not even notice water. Countess of Barrington and Surmise were never so ill as the others, but they wasted to skin and bone, and it took them and seven others (which had all been treated with iodine ointment) several weeks to recover their bloom. None of these nine survivors out of thirty-six were able to carry their calves, but slunk them, a perfect mass of putridity, after which they "came to hand" much quicker.—Royal Agricultural *Journal* (H. H. D.).

masonry still speaks for itself in a small portion of the western side; but he would stroke his beard in amazement if he could rise for one hour before cock-crow, and visit the massive Anglo-Norman keep, which his descendants have reared. For upwards of fifteen years did the Anglesea quarrymen patiently hew out block after block of grey limestone, to embody Mr. Hopper's designs.

A continuous ride of fifteen miles from its lodge-gate through Caernarvonshire scarcely brings us to the limits of the Penrhyn property, which comprises other estates in the same county, and extends in the shape of sheep farms to the top of the snow-peaked mountains which join the Snowdon range. His lordship has been most diligent in draining, and succeeded most effectually in ruining his snipe-shooting. One field of 34 acres involved an outlay of £850 for blasting, draining, and trenching with the spade, and the rough morass at the foot of the mountains required 10 cwt. per acre of half-inch bones, in addition to the two latter processes, before it could be made suitable for sheep. The mountains, however, pay something more than a tribute for their surface wealth in the shape of tons of slate, which are being daily raised by 2,700 workmen in the quarries near the village of Bethesda. The blocks are blasted out, and then split up and cut by hand or machine, ready for transport down the five or six miles of tram-road, which carries them to the railway and the Bangor pier. Slates haunt you everywhere. You find them fixed up lengthways and bound together with iron for fences; they start up as corn-chest pannels, chimney-pieces, and water cisterns in the cow-houses; they bristle on wall tops as *chevaux de frise*; they form the narrow passage by which his attendant slipped craftily up to Marmaduke whenever he required "hooking;" and, cut into countless shapes, they bear the last living

tribute of many a simple heart, "*Er cof am,*" in the beautiful churchyard of Llandegai.

The park wall of Penrhyn, which measures about seven miles round, commences in the immediate outskirts of Bangor, and skirts the old Chester road for the first two. The dairy is close to one of the lodges, and carried us back, with its cool slate slabs, its mimic fountains, and its white and blue rimmed delf bowls (on which the emblazoned boar and griffin surmount the Bruce's heart and locket), to the dainty dairy of England beneath the Belvoir woodlands. The farm buildings themselves are a substantial stone pile, rather noticeable for their convenience within than any architectural pretensions without. Many of the calf-boxes in the second yard were especially built for Dorkings, in the days when the fowl mania was at fever-heat.

Penrhyn has pretty well held the lead in Welsh runts,* both at Birmingham and Smithfield, since

* Most money is asked for the black runts from Anglesey; but they have become more "coloury" than they once were, and many of them are red. The dealers go to the yards in the spring of the year, and take them younger, and they can make of them at 2½ years what they used to do with a year more on their heads. The graziers in Essex and Kent buy young heifers of 15 to 18 months (many of them from Caermarthenshire), call them "calves," and winter and feed them off. On good land the heifers "have more swell on them" than the bullocks. The latter go principally to Leicester and Harboro' markets, and not on to Northampton. Some of the best three-parts-bred, twos off, make £16 to £20 in good years. The Midland Counties men buy bullocks in October, and keep them twelve months, but seldom a second winter if they can help it. Mr. Bennett of Marston is an especial admirer of North Wales blacks. He generally picks six of the best to get up for show, and sometimes feeds a hundred. William Evans buys a great many in the spring and after August for the Midlands; and the three brothers Roberts, and David Owen, and Jarratt all bring large supplies to Daventry, Rugby, Leicester, and Harboro', and the remnants on to Northampton. The Evanses (William, John, and Lewis) were once very great in the trade; but all of them are dead. Richard Evans is one of the oldest in the trade, and brings many Shropshires as well as Welsh beasts, and Dan Davis has had a great lot down the last three years. "Spectacle Jones" has sometimes brought nearly 1,200 to the Midlands between March and

1855. One of its heaviest was sold for £66 at 4 years 6 months, and cut up to 220 stone of 8lbs., whereas the others have generally run from 180 to 200. The Chester and Warwick Royal Shows brought out the heavy blacks of Penrhyn in great force. Ten out of the twelve winning cards, and

November; but he has in a measure retired now, and only looks to old customers and his farm.

In Anglesey beasts generally do well, as there is plenty of green crop; and "the calves" went to Barnet Fair until the plague regulations were put in force. Heifers used to go only to Essex, but now more of them go to the Midlands. The bullocks have the best land, and a bull is often put in with the heifers, so that if they do badly, there's the calf. There are now many more buyers of heifers in the Midlands than what there were eighteen years ago, and they turn off two sets of heifers to one of bullocks.

Caermarthenshire and Cardiganshire both get Pembroke bulls. The former county has them of a good sire, but coarser in quality; and Cardiganshire, for lack of green crops, hardly attends to them as it might. Pembroke keeps the black line most pure, but all these counties use Hereford as well as shorthorn bulls. Its Roosa and Castle Martin beasts are pure. The latter have more quality and less bone, and are shorter legged, and not so big as the Roosa beasts. The Castle Martin lack fineness of horn; but it is a favourite saying, "Don't buy me a bull without a good thick horn—his stock feed and come to the weight best." The Castle Martin cows are generally good, and, like most Pembrokes, with white spots, and white under the belly, and horns yellow with a black tip. In Pembrokeshire horses are often seen yoked in front of oxen in carts. In Caermarthenshire many of the runts are brindled and black, and with "a white ribbon," like the almost extinct breed near Hexham. The bulls are small, and anything but good; and even in Anglesey, West Highlanders, Galloways, and Herefords are all creeping in. They are now of all colours —black, brindled, dun, red, black with white face, &c.; but still the better pasture and green crops keep them at the head of the poll for size.

Glamorgan has got rid of the old sort, and taken more to Herefords, or white and smutty-faced black beasts. Only one or two keep the old white-tailed sort, which were higher on the leg than the modern Glamorgans. The moderns are not a good lot of beasts, coarser than the Pembrokes, excellent workers, and good for the pail, and generally red-brown or ruddy, and dragged up on bad iron ore pasture. Many of the best ponies and best trotters come out of Glamorganshire. There are also many ponies in the upper part of Radnorshire. The fairs are cried at chapel, and many pony lots are sold from 50s. to £7.

Beddgelert, Llanllyfni, Llanberis, Capel Curig, and Bettws are all noted fairs (and so is Llanbedr, between Conway and Llanrwst)

four of them firsts, were their portion on the Roodee; and at Warwick the head bull prize, open to all breeds save three, fell to their lot, with Lord Southesk's Poll Angus and H.R.H. Prince Albert's Alderney next in merit. A cross between the Welsh and West Highland was tried. It improved the quality of the beef, but the females did not milk so well, and the calves fell small.

Whitaker bulls, followed by some of Mr. Fawkes's and Sir Charles Knightley, introduced the shorthorn blood to Penrhyn some six-and-thirty years ago, and about 1851 a few pedigreed females were bought from Edgecote, Rothersthorpe, and elsewhere. Booth's King Arthur and Vanguard were both hired, and Marmaduke was a very good 400-guinea purchase; and the herd has not only taken firsts with a Lovemore steer and cow at Birmingham, but the first calf prize with Jessamine at the Canterbury, and again with Waterloo 26th at the Leicester Royal.

Sheep-breeding has been made a great point of both at the home and the mountain farm, which lies at the foot of the mountains, fully five miles away. The flock, which numbers about two thousand, is really half Cheviot and Welsh, and the wethers are kept to four years old for the sake of their mutton. A disposition to kemp or hair in the Welsh fleece

in October for cattle, wethers of all ages up to six, and broken-mouthed ewes. The four-year-old wethers have gone as high as 28s., and the draft ewes to 22s. for England. The fair at Menai Bridge is held monthly, and dealers, as elsewhere, have generally had the offer of everything, so that you are obliged to outbid them. Llangefni is also a fair of note, and Caernarvon, Conway, and Llanerchymedd are for steers principally. Caernarvonshire has good feeding between the base of Snowdon and the Menai Straits, and again between the Rivals and Llyen districts. Welsh mountain farms of 1,000 to 1,400 acres will let for £60. The grey-black sheep don't generally die well; in Caermarthenshire the whites are better liked, and in Merionethshire yellow legs and black faces are more the order of the day. July 15th is the general clipping time, and they are pretty generally their own shearers. It strips away from the neck, and leaves the scrag as bare as a deer's.

has been very much counteracted by a cross with the Cheviot, which has increased both the quantity and texture of the wool, without spoiling the flavour of the mutton or the natural hardiness of the sheep. The Leicesters and Shrops form a distinct flock of from 1,000 to 1,200 on the lower Penrhyn Farm. The former were originally bred from Robert Smith's stock, crossed with rams from Hewitt, Sanday, and Burgess. One season they were crossed with Cotswolds, but the result was a general ungainliness of frame and lumpiness in the shoulders. First-class "Shrops" have been the latest introduction. They required a short time to become acclimatised; but their mutton finds Welsh purchasers at all seasons, which the Leicester fails to do.

Pigs have also been successful prize-takers, and many of them are sprung from a sow and two boars bought at Earl Ducie's sale, and the progeny of one of the sows alone made nearly £300.

A mile walk from the first lodge down the great Parliamentary Road, for which Wales has to thank the late Sir Henry Parnell, brought us to the village of Llandegai. "*Twenty-four hours from London to Holyhead*" seems stamped on it yet, as, although the grass is growing on the sides, the middle testifies how carefully Telford must have executed the subpaving and draining. Posterity has, however, to pay pretty freely for its dashing, break-neck memories of the Chester and Holyhead mails. Before road-making rose to the dignity of a science, the late Lord Penrhyn had made one from Capel Curig, which, by adopting the base of the triangle for its route, brought grass and grief to Conway; and a picture in the castle represents him pointing out on a map the intended route, which spurned many of those valleys along which Telford was content to creep. At Llandegai flower worship seems to exercise the same manifold witchery as the chirp of the knit-

ting needles. The Virginian creeper, the foreign currant, and the cotoniastus cling round every porch, ready to burst into bloom under a milder sky, and the hydrangea and fuchsia are wont to peep in at many a lattice from "plaited alleys of the trailing rose" half-way up the mountain. Passing up a dark-shaded avenue of yew-trees, we read in the chancel how the first Baron Penrhyn, a Chancellor and Bishop, and the Lord Keeper Williams, "enriched the county with buildings, agriculture, and plantations," and then leaving the road to wind itself out of sight among the trim laurel banks near the school-house—that fitting *In Memoriam* of the late Mrs. Pennant—we strolled through the Castle grounds on our homeward route to Bangor.

The high winds and the nature of the soil may have borne hard on the oaks and ashes; but they battled with the sycamores in vain, and the laurels, hollies, and rhododendrons "enjoyed themselves amazingly." Looking down from the terrace of the Castle—near which Her Majesty planted two trees on the last morning of her visit—they formed one richly-tangled mass of green, under which many a white scut was seen darting back at each fresh footfall, from his trip for the tiny grass blades among the bracken and the briar. The ground is blue with the hyacinth, and the ragged robin, with its scarlet leaves, creeps coyly among the fern. Far beneath,

> "Where alders droop and willows weep,
> You hear those streams repine,"

as the Ogwen flows through its wooded valley to the sea; and whatever belief we might have previously accorded to the legend of the Virgin Monacella—who, according to the guide-book, protected Welsh hares under her skirts in a grove and the year of grace 604, when the Prince of Powys hunted them near Pennant Melangell—was wholly dispelled, as the

kennel cry of the harriers rose above its murmur at feeding time. The place seemed a complete epitome of sports and agriculture, which would keep struggling for pre-eminence.

A merino ram roamed in a garden meadow with a steeple-chase brood mare, and an English dog and a French vixen fox (which had a litter of cubs) were chained up as good genii in front of the boxes, in which The Hadji succeeded Russboro', Malcolm, John Cosser, Coræbus, and Mango, and where the hunters for Northamptonshire are soiled down.

In the cart stable there was a score of horses, nine of them greys by Matchless, the Salisbury Royal winner; and the mare at one end was pointed out as the last love of Russboro'. The Eleventh Grand Duke with his sweet breast and head met us right well, and behind him came the deep fleshed Duke of Geneva out of Marmaduke's box, who had a two to one run with Booth's venerable Prince Alfred at Peterborough not long after. Messrs. Robinson and Tallant were with "The Duke," but Mr. Savidge would not give in. A Welsh bull and Sambo from Montbletton represented the black bull interest, and the latter has been put to native cows. Old Marmaduke had left eighteen or nineteen roans behind him, and none of them much prettier than Duchess of Lancaster 5th, and a sweet head and breast marked China Rose of the Duke of Geneva's line, and reminding us of Stanley Rose in her colour. Runts and Cheviot-Welsh sheep are in the park, and the latter know no knife till five years old, and then at 15 lbs. per quarter.

Now we take our road towards Snowdon, and past the great slate works. "Holy Thursday" is the miners' favourite holiday, and four or five hundred keep it by being up betimes, and off with guns and terriers after that "Welsh wolf" the fox. Nine full-

grown ones have been in view at one time on the side of Glydyr Mawr, and the assembly of hunters in full chase with whoop and halloo on their track. If they can take them alive, it is a guinea for a full grown one, and half a guinea for a cub, to go in to the Grafton country. These "wolves" take great tithes, and twenty lambs a week have been known to go.

Scotch fir, larch, oak, and ash are all on the mountain sides, but they are generally clothed with larch against the West winds, which are very fierce for nine months in the year. To the right are the slate works, looking like great bastions of rubble with steel blue terraces of slate rock. There are millions of tons of rubble at the tip head, and the arsenic galleries seem like hermitages in the rock. The rubble has buried, lava-fashion, the old church of Starns, but his lordship has built a new one in lieu of it higher up the mountain. There are others in the neighbouring town of Bethesda, beyond which we come to the Vale of Nant Franckon, where the tup never leaves the ewes, and the gimmer is always a nursing mother. But "Nature is a holy thing;" they are titled roamers, and there is not much restitution. Jones, own brother to Owen (seeing that the eldest son often takes the father's, and the second the mother's name), hunts them with dogs upon the mountains, and gets them back with their necks and half their bodies peeled. Above us is the Idwal Lake, with its dark legend that birds will not fly over it. In it are the one-eyed trout, which being interpreted are trout too quick for men with two eyes. Then there are goats, white, with blue necks and spots, waiting to be milked. A solitary man is doing his bush-harrowing, with furzes bound in a gate (which he has taken off for the purpose), and top-dressing with the road dung he has gathered in his barrow. A

cormorant, with his crop full from his valley stream fishing, sails off aloft to his lake, and it gets a great-coat colder as we near Capel Curig, and face Snowdon at last.

The North Wales sheep are generally white in the face and legs, and the ewes have scarcely any horn. The flocks number from 50 to 500 ewes, and some of them are still larger. Very little care has been taken to select proper tups; bad ones reign on from year to year, and a *progenies vitiosior* follows in male tail. The hoggs are mostly brought to the low grounds in winter, and the older wethers as well, before they go to the butcher or gentlemen's parks in England to be finished on grass. Among the smaller Welsh farmers they only see turnips or hay occasionally. In fact, they never take very kindly to turnips, from not having eaten them in their youth, and they would rather starve at a show than touch artificial food. Like the Shetland sheep, they own no covering but the sky. Many of their mountain haunts are little better than large loose heaps of stones with patches of coarse grass in the crevices. Others, on the contrary, have good pasturage, at great heights, from 1,500 to 1,800 feet, and these are generally overstocked. Some Caernarvonshire sheep-walks are 3,000 feet above sea-level, and are let at a rent proportioned to the quality of the pasture, and not as in some parts of Scotland, according to the number of sheep kept. Several of the tenants have rights of commonage for so many head of sheep, but this is not generally to the flock-master's advantage, as it often tempts him to put more sheep on the already overstocked commons, and keeps the poor animals in such a state of starvation, that the winter cuts them off by hundreds.

At four years old the fat pure Welsh wethers do not weigh much above 40 lbs. dead weight, and clip from 1½ lbs. to 2 lbs. of washed wool.

The Blackface cross was tried, and brought an increase both in size and wool, without any sacrifice of hardiness; but it was not persisted in, as the wool came coarse, and the mutton rather yellow. Lord Penrhyn has done much by crossing the Welsh with the Cheviot ram, which is bought on the first day at Kelso Ram Fair; and on one of his lordship's mountain farms they have thriven well at an altitude of 1,800 feet. The Penrhyn Castle crosses are bred on the mountain farms, and sent down to be weaned and wintered. They then return to the mountain for three years, and are brought down at their fourth winter and kept on grass, a few turnips, and hay if the weather is very bad, and killed off when they are ready. Sometimes, but very rarely, the cross produces a true type of Welsh sheep. Two crosses of Cheviot have increased the Welsh sheep from 40 lbs. dead weight (*i. e.*, carcase without the head or legs from the knee, when the farmers sell by so much per lb.) to about 70lbs.,* and have also more than doubled the wool, on which the second cross seems to have good effect. Sheep of this cross were too heavy for the mountain, and the trial of a cross-bred ram sent down the size again. It was also found that the continued use of the Cheviot ram, which improved the texture of the mutton, and gave it more fat, as long as it was confined to two crosses, tended to make it too light in colour. No pure Welsh leg of mutton should exceed 4½ lbs.; larger ones are doubtful in their origin; and even a voucher that they were from the Vale of Conway and the parts about Penmaen Mawr, would not satisfy a man of strictly eclectic appetite. For Welsh wool, pure and simple, the highest quotation has been 15d. It has now come down to 8d. or 9d., while the cross-bred still touches 16d. Both are brought by the Yorkshire and Lancashire

* Fed on *hay* and turnips, they have reached 90 lbs.

wool staplers. The Welsh people still knit stockings and comforters as industriously as ever from the old sort; and there are mills in Anglesea and Caernarvonshire where flannels, blankets, and winseys (a sort of tweed) are manufactured principally for home consumption.

Radnorshire, or, as it was once more termed from the bench, "that little sheep-walk, which calls itself a county," where pony-fairs are still given out by the clerk in the porch on Sundays, has some very Astecs of sheep about Cwym-dau-ddwr, or "the dingle of the two rivers," Wye and Elan, near the church of St. Bridget. The range of hills, with hardly a hut for shelter, extends for twenty miles by the course of the Wye, along the upper part of the county, which in Scottish phrase "marches" with Montgomeryshire, and "the sweet shire of Cardigan." Rhayader is the little town of the hills twenty miles from Radnor and about six more from Kingston. The flocks seldom number above 400 ewes; ram selecting is a refinement not much cultivated; and the gimmers generally "chance it" with the old ewes. Light scrags and big bellies are among their attributes; their sharp or "keen noses" are nearly as white as their faces, and their bleat is as meek as a kid's. Storms and hard fare make sad havoc among the lambs, both in preventing doublets, and starving nearly a fourth of the singles which do come. Foxes have also a goodly portion, and even the ravens and hooded crows will make a sally, drive off the dam, and when they have picked out the lambs' tongues and eyes, they devote their best energies to the flanks. Still, with all their disadvantages of pasture and in-breeding, "the capon-thighed ones," as the jobbers call the Upper Radnorshires, swell out nicely after four years old, when they have left their hills for rich lowland grass.

A sheep-washing day on the Wye is a very picturesque and primitive matter. The flock-masters

and their men fling them off a rock, and on they go, through stream and eddy, from hole to hole and stone to stone, till they reach some sure landing-place below. There is also quite a muster from the sheep-farms with scissors, shears, and pitch-pot on shearing and lamb-marking days. The Lord of the Manor's paddock is generally full of estrays, which have a withy round their necks, in token of errantry; and it is each shepherd's duty to go there periodically and claim his sheep by their marks on payment of so much a week for their food. The wethers are generally kept up to five years old, and are then sent to Welshpool, and more especially to Newtown Fair on October 26th, where the jobbers and farmers have often 1,000 to pick over.*

* What has been said about Upper Radnorshire applies as much to the higher parts of Montgomeryshire and Cardigan, but with this exception, that the Cardigan wethers seldom go to a fair. Many of them are bought for parks, and improve amazingly on the 5lbs. to 6lbs. per quarter which they would weigh on their arrival. Once the farmers were glad to sell the draft ewes at all prices, from £3 10s. to £7 a score; but although there is little or no change in their size, the jobbers and the railways have brought them out, and £18 to £20 has been reached for them. Some jobbers will buy their 10,000 from two or three counties, and have no difficulty whatever in placing them out each September and October. Many of them are bought for the lower ground in Montgomeryshire, and others go into Surrey, Bucks, and Berks—where their fame as sucklers has preceded them—and breed excellent early lambs by a Leicester or Southdown. A small per centage are killed in driving, and they require some shepherding before they settle down to their new rural life, as they have been known to break all bounds, and to be drowned in the rivers and ditches.

In the lower part of Radnorshire a different style of sheep and sheep-farming prevails. Radnor Forest and Clun Forest, which form the boundary line between Montgomeryshire and Shropshire, have been enclosed. The paring-plough has done its work, and seeds and turnips on the hundred-acre allotments have succeeded heather and ling. The hardy, close-fleeced Shrop has also been a most able adjutant, and lambs by him from the Clun Forest ewes, and fed on these pastures, are worth from 30s. to 35s. at seven months. Very good lambs of the sort are also to be found about Knighton, and some of them near Kerry Pole (which lies in the route of the sale wethers from Knighton to Newtown) fetched 54s. as two-shears last year.—Royal Society's *Journal* (H. H. D.), 1867.

Sir Watkin Wynn may well have foxes counter-salient on his quarterings. His career as M. F. H. extends over nearly thirty seasons, and when John Walker became huntsman, on the death of Will Grice, in 1848, he found forty-five couple of hounds in the kennel. Sir Watkin had given 400 gs. for four couple when Mr. Foljambe's were sold off. There were no stallions, and the Duke of Rutland's and Lord Henry's kennels were generally resorted to, as well as Mr. Foljambe's Render and Shropshire Comrade. Tamerlane, by Belvoir Fencer, from Grove Tempest, and Herald, by Belvoir Grappler, from Wickstead's Handmaid, were the cleverest of the '48 entry, and Herald was used. In 1850 Walker's first entry was made, and Hopeful, Heroine, Harriet, and Harbinger, with Primrose and Proserpine, all of them by Wynnstay Admiral, were its peculiar stars. The late George Wells (a first-class whipper-in, a good servant in every respect, and a beautiful horseman over a stiff country) and James Shaw were the whips, and poor Shaw was drowned during cub-hunting in the Dee near Nanty-bellun Tower. He had galloped towards a ford in order to stop the hounds, which were running for the Chirk Woods, and tried to cross by some rocks, when the horse slipped and he was dragged into deep water. Rufus, Rutland, Ruby, and Ruthless, all by Belvoir Gainer, were great entries in 1851-52, and the purchase of Gossamer, Gertrude, Gratitude, and Gipsy, at old Mr. Drake's sale, was a fine hit. The foundation of the present pack was not, however, laid until 1853, and then with Cautious, Captious, Chorus, Charlotte, Caroline, Cheerful, and Curious, by Lord Henry's Craftsman from Wynnstay's Precious (own sister to Phantom) by Bruiser by Cheshire Bruiser. Like their sire, Craftsman (by Lord Ducie's Comus, from Burton Sanguine), they had rare quality and shoulders,

were determined drawers, and hardly ever smeuzed a fence. Adjutant and Anderton by Herald, Phœbe and Prophetess by Belvoir Royal, and Phœnix and Princess (a clipper) by Burton Champion, from Proserpine, were the strength of the entry in 1854, and the following year brought in Goblin and Governor, by Herald, both of which were used. Herald was a rare dog to hold the line down a dry road in the spring, when foxes run roads very much; and so was Goblin.

The year 1855 was the renowned Wynnstay Royal's first season. He was one of four which came in of a litter by Fitzwilliam Singer, from Wynnstay Rarity, by Yarborough Harper by Yarborough Rallywood. Tom Sebright always called Singer his best, and he told Walker, "You've got a plum" in Royal. He was a great fence jumper. When the fox was sinking, he once tried to fly a double post and rails up hill, near Gredington Park, and fell back. However, he went at it again and over, and Lord Combermere never forgot it. Walker always thought him the best he ever followed, and the Belvoir, Grove, Fitzhardinge, Badminton, Fitzwilliam, Cheshire, and Eglington kennels all borrowed, or sent to him. The Beaufort Ragland, a first prize stallion at Islington, was by him, and the Belvoir kennel bred from two of his sons. Never was hound more attentive to business in and out of cover, and no whip ever crossed his back. He hunted for ten seasons, and died in his thirteenth. Even in the ninth, he ran well to head; whether going to cover or returning home, it was his whim to be a quarter of a mile ahead of Walker, and he would wait for him and wave his stern when he came to a cross road. His stock have the same habit; and Walker left eighteen couple of them in the kennel. The old dog was sent in a basket to London, to be painted by Sir Francis Grant in the

Wynnstay presentation picture of Sir Watkin and Lady Wynn. Unfortunately nothing would induce him to rise in the studio, and there he sat, looking steadfastly up in the face of Sir Francis, who presented Walker with his sketch of him, and a very cherished centre bit it is in the parlour at Marchwiel.

In 1856 the produce of "We are Seven" of the Craftsman and Precious litter were entered, and Comely, Clara, and Conjuror proved the best of the four couple. In 1857 the blood of Mameluke (by Yarborough Comrade) gave much strength to the entry, and old Pyramid, whose ham-string was bitten in two by a fox, contributed two couple of good ones by Yarborough Harper. The Ruthless litter of seven was also a hit, as Walker had taken her on speculation to Quorn when Mr. Richard Sutton sold off, and got Lord Henry's permission to use one of his purchases, Rambler. This was a great season, and 58 brace of foxes were killed, principally in the Carden country, Styche, and Shavington Park. The foxes never went so straight, and some of them ten to twelve miles. In 1858, Actress and Amazon, by Belvoir Singer (by Comus, the stoutest blood in the Duke's kennel), from Wynnstay Abbess, were the pride of the entry, and so high couraged, that Walker had to take them out eight days in succession to get master of them.

Grappler, by Craftsman, from Gaiety, was another pet, and we so well remember the greeting of him and his guardian, in his puppy season, through the kennel rails, "He's tasted three foxes, and likes them very much." Ruler from Pamela was the first Royal puppy in 1859, when Belvoir Guider and Yarborough Nettler were dipped into pretty deeply. Rosy, by Belvoir Clinker, was the crack bitch puppy of the year, and Prattler, Prompter, and Proserpine, by the same dog, from old lame Pyramid, were

rattlers. There was only one clever Warwickshire Saffron, *viz.*, Sylvia, in 1860; and in 1861 came Rustic, Rover, and Relish, from Guilty, the first great lot of Royals. Six couple of Beaufort Roderick's, all of them rare drawers, were amongst the 1862 entry. His colour, red pye, was against him; but his stock were undeniable. Royal got a first-class litter from Stately, two couple of which were shown in a sweepstakes against six Royals in Mr. Foljambe's kennel. Mr. Parry and Mr. Williamson were the judges, and declared for Mr. Foljambe's. One of the two couple, Signal, fell off the Nescliffe Rocks near Baschurch, and rolled seventy feet with the fox; and another, Stormer, was four days up an earth. There was a splendid entry in 1863, and two stallions, Clinker and Chaser, came out of the two couple of puppies by Grappler, from Captious. Painter, by Belvoir Druid, from Posy, was a rare dog, and Walker always reckons him second to Royal. The Singer blood came out in its highest strength in 1864, as nine out of the 15½ couple were Royals, and nearly all did well. Forester, by Foljambe's Furrier, from Wynnstay Countess, was a rare one of the sort in the 1865 entry, and so was Romeo, by Fitzwilliam Regent from Rally. Mr. Foljambe's Furrier had been strongly used, and he was borrowed by Sir Watkin in exchange for Royal on condition of having the pick of the kennel; and 5½ couple by him were kept.

The kennel has not gone down in Charles Payne's hands. Challenger by Yarborough Vaulter from Wynnstay Careful was the first crack entry, along with Grappler, Gallant, Gertrude, Gamesome, Pretty Lass, Remus, and Romulus, all of them by Guider. Seaman by Foljambe's Sparkler from Comfort, and Sportsman, Sanguine, and Songstress by Statesman from Tragedy, are also quite to his mind, as well as Solon, Sylvia, and Speed-

well by the same dog from Prudence. Friendly and Garland are beautiful bitches, and 2½ couple of very clever ones, Captain, Conqueror, Comely, Comedy, and Captive, were entered out of the Chaser and Prattler litter.

At the Wynnstay sale in 1858, three hunters averaged £483. Among them was Constantine, with a strong dash of Arab on his dam's side, and a great favourite of Sir Watkin's. So were King Dan, Cassio, and Castor, the last of which went into Mr. Little Gilmour's stable. Cassio, like Castor, was bought in Ireland, and Mr. Gilmour bid 420 gs. for him. After 500 gs., Mr. Anderson and Mr. Foster fought it out, and Mr. Anderson's "620" decided the day, amid loud cheering all round the ring for "Piccadilly pluck." He was a thorough specimen of a wiry fifteen-three Irish horse, very deep in his back ribs, and like all the rest with excellent legs and feet, and with a peculiarly expressive, old-fashioned muzzle, and very straight hind-legs. Railway King was a remarkably handsome hack, and Phœbe, by Charles XII., which had been ridden by Walker for eight seasons—in some of his severest days, had not mark or blemish on her.

It may be set to the credit of his fine horsemanship, that he never staked but one horse, and killed but one, which put its foot in a grip, during his eighteen seasons at Wynnstay. Simpson, the stud groom, who has been with Sir Watkin for twenty-two seasons, brought the horses out in great form—no easy task, as the sale took place one month after the season, and Sir Watkin's hounds are proverbial for making long days. They have no grass roads, and frequently never get home till ten or eleven at night, after thirty miles of road work. Nearly the whole of Sir Watkin's horses are Irish, and have been selected for him by Lord Combermere at four years old. Walker finished with Limner, and Shropshire,

and Sir Watkin presented him with the former, when he retired to his small farm and his "Shrops," within a stone's throw of Marchweil Gorse. Its "red rascals" have laid a heavy poll tax on his poultry, but he bears it like a stoic, and revenges himself by hunting them two or three days a week. The Don, Cockatoo, The Major (an entire horse and great for an hour), the stout December, the Emerald Mare, Silvertail, President, Phœbe, and The Felon have been among his especials. He brought his own Nimrod from Fife, where the dark chesnut had left several foals of four seasons, besides hunting all the time. Sir Watkin then bought him, and rode him for two seasons, and Walker for two more. Mr. Lloyd took The Felon to Leicestershire, where "the bay stallion" in such hands made many a well-mounted field remember him.

The *Monday's* fixture is in the Carden country, which is principally grass. Royalty is its great cover, and Walker's best thing was from there nearly to Bryn-y-pys, over Worthenbury Meadows, down to Bangor, and across its steeple-chase ground, when they changed foxes and got beat. It was fifty minutes without a check, and grass nearly all the way; and only seven saw the finish. The Broxton hills and the Peckforton hills are neutral, and require routing perpetually. At Larges Gorse they only find old foxes. Sir Watkin gets to the hills once a fortnight, if he can, and likes to sink the vale for the Cholmondeley country. There have been many good runs from Peel's Gorse, and also from Captain Clutton's Gorse and Burton's Wood, but the foxes are generally bred on the hills. Some rare runs have also been known from Maesten with Cholmondeley and Carden foxes. The Cheshire men meet Sir Watkin principally on the Monday, and Mr. John Coupland and the Messrs. Behrens are their standard-bearers.

On *Tuesday*, it is the turn for the Shropshire or Baschurch country, which has much more plough, and always requires a great deal of wet to carry a scent. Hopton Gorse and Boreatton are favourite meets, and Woodhouse or Aston is generally drawn from Rednal Station. The foxes are small and lengthy, and the enclosures large. Petton Gorse, which has some fine woodland foxes, is a great draw from Baschurch Station, and they sometimes go with a good fox ten or eleven miles through Oteley Park to the Duke's woods.

On *Thursday* they are generally in the Oteley Park country, and have some rare finds at George's, or the Duke's, or Lee's woods, but like the Baschurch country, it requires plenty of rain.

On *Saturday* it is the turn for Sutton Green Gorse, in the Gresford country, Marchwiel Gorse, Cloverley, Shavington Park, and Styche, from which they run to Combermere, that *alma mater* of fox cubs, and often into the North Staffordshire country. Shavington Park to Peel's Gorse, and *vice versâ*, is a very favourite fast thing, with a rare scent over grass.

The cub-hunting is confined to the Wynnstay Woods for a week or ten days, beginning with the last week in August, until the corn is cut. Then they adjourn to the Duke's Woods (so called after the late Duke of Bridgewater), which have rare lying, and are full of foxes. Chirk Woods furnish an off-morning from Wynnstay, but when they draw Llangedwin Woods, they shift to kennels on the spot, and stay out a week. Sometimes they go there at the end of the season to make a finish. Oswestry race-course for Llandforda is the last day of the regular season, and the Welshmen come out to see the sport on their ponies. The general average of "noses" is fifty brace, of which twenty are killed in cub-hunting.

A forty minutes' ride down the Vale of Welshpool was a grand relief after Oswestry—that dullest

of towns—when Sir Watkin does not meet at the race-course. The Severn, which has lent its name to one of the noblest bulls that ever grazed in its pastures, wound humbly along amid its sedge and willows, crossed here and there by a rustic hand-bridge. About 200 acres of clay and loam interchanging along its banks, furnish Mr. Naylor with good grazing ground for his Herefords; but the majority of 1,500, which form the Leighton Hall Farm, consists of Long Mountain and High Sheep land, all of which has been gradually enclosed. Not many years since it was clothed with heath and furze, and wiry tufted grass, among which Welsh sheep and ponies worked hard for their living, and mountain flax flourished. The plough has crept stealthily up its sides, and although the highest part is too cold for wheat, it is kindly enough for oats and barley. It must have required some nerve to settle under that bleak Moel-y-Mabb, but Mr. Naylor forecasted well. Year by year, the handsome design of Mr. Gee, built of the blue stone of the district, and pointed with light-grey coigns and dressings from Ruabon, have become more and more embedded in its groves of larch and fir; and while a "Capability Brown" has been busy among the terraces and gardens without, Sir Edwin Landseer and cunning ornithologists have furnished many of their choicest treasures for within.

The farm buildings, which occupy no less than six acres, and lie about half-a-mile away from the house, were begun in '52. The five vaults for roots are each two yards in height, by three in breadth, and forty yards long, and another root house occupies the entire space above them; and it is as much as two men with a horse and cart can do to clean up the daily manure. Water collected from the dingles and drains on the farm plays a sixty horse-power part, in accordance with the cunning triple arrange-

ment. It is worked through turbine No. 1 in the top compartment, which drives the thrashing-machine and chaff-cutter; then it is returned 32 feet below to No. 2, which is attached to the flour and pulping mills, and the sawing machines; and lastly, to a much lower level, where No. 3 grinds bones and pumps liquid manure into the tank on Moel-y-Mabb, 500 feet above the level of the folds. Eighty tons of bones are ground annually. The pulped roots and other prepared substances are conveyed over canvas working on a succession of rollers into bins below, where they are mechanically mixed in proper proportions, and conveyed by tram roads to the feeding stalls and the winter houses. The liquid manure is carried through iron tubes over nearly seven hundred acres. It has more effect on the alluvial soil than the clay; but go where we might over the farm, we saw pipes ready to receive the hose for its application, and its liquid arch busy at work on the young grasses.

The herd was under the charge of the bailiff, Mr. David Williams, who has always been on the estate, and known no other love than the Hereford and the Shrop. The herd, which is to Herefords what the Sittyton is to shorthorns, numbers about 320; and about 1,200 Shrops are annually brought to the clipping stools. They have averaged about 5½lbs., and have thriven well on the high ground. As for the cart-horses, which were principally of Royal Oak and Brown Stout blood, we have seen very few to equal them in England or Scotland. The Hereford blood is a combination of Jeffreys or whiteface with Yeld or Tomkins, which is founded upon the Tully Grey. In Mr. Yeld's hands it became a complete union of light and dark grey with mottle face, while the use of The Knight (185), Sir David (349), Big Ben (248), &c., introduced the whiteface element in its highest strength. The Knight and the Big Ben

cows (which might be known by their curly coats and dark muzzles) hit best to Silvester (797), who had a double dash of Silver (540) in his pedigree.* As to the hardihood of the Hereford, Mr. Naylor has had the most convincing proof, as he purchased a score of Galloway heifers to cross with them, and found that their produce, which were blacks with white faces, thrive still better than their dams through a Long Mountain winter.

No nurses are kept, and the period of nursing, even with the Royal in view, seldom extends beyond four months. Mr. Naylor has taken two firsts, &c., at the Royal with Laura and Adjutant (1480) and eight firsts and seconds, as well as a gold medal at Birmingham and the Smithfield Club. With the exception of Shrewsbury, the herd does not visit provincial shows, but a Napoleon medal in the hall shows that its representatives did not cross the Channel in vain. A Silvester cow was in training for the next Christmas, and the stages of her girth were duly chalked above her. On January 2nd, she began at 6ft. 11in., March 2nd found her expanded to 7ft. 7in., and April 4th to 7ft. 9in., and there seemed every reason to hope that she would touch Variety who finally filled the tape at 8ft. 8½in. This comfortable-looking daughter of Mistletoe was red and white in large patches, but Mr. Duckham proved her rigid orthodoxy of descent in reply to a newspaper doubter, and her two first prizes at Baker Street and Bingley Hall were suffered to remain unchallenged.

* Since then Salisbury (2204), Tom King (2830), Patron (2669), Victor (2857), and Prince Arthur (3344) have been used.

CHAPTER XV.

"But a plain leg of mutton, my Lucy,
I pry'thee get ready at three;
Have it smoking, and tender, and juicy,
And what better meat can there be?
And when it has feasted the master,
'Twill amply suffice for the maid;
Meanwhile, I will smoke my canaster,
And tipple my ale in the shade."

Thackeray.

Shropshire Sheep — Lord Berwick's Herefords — Sir Bellingham Graham—Coursing at Sundorne—Mr. Corbet—Old Bob Luther.

SAMUEL MEIRE and George Adney may be said to have been the great founders of the "Improved Shrop." To hear many of the breeders talk one might fancy that there had never been any "alloy blood"—no quality from the Southdown, no fat back from the Leicester;* but that the Shrop as it now exists is the original "image which fell from Jupiter." We are told that many Southdown rams have gone into the county, and the modern men are

* As far as we can ascertain, the first cross tried by the late Mr. Meire in 1810 was that with a Southdown bred by Mr. Tench of Bromfield, and as the fleece became very important, a Leicester was used soon after with the best effect as regards wool and mutton. This was all done before ram-breeding in Salop was studied, and its sheep considered a distinct breed. Mr. Samuel Meire brought rams out after losing all his Herefords with pleuro-pneumonia. He had attended Mr. Ellman's sales in Sussex, and saw how the Southdowns had been managed, and felt sure that he could produce a more valuable animal. The first auction of his rams was held in the Raven and Bell, and proved successful, then at the New Smithfield, and afterwards at Berrington.

said to have been to Mr. Rigden on the same sound mission, to keep up their quality. We have also heard of them purchasing Hampshire Down as well as Oxfordshire Down rams. Still many of the best flockmasters deny that they use them, and there it must rest. They can take their honest stand on the fact, which no one can gainsay, that as regards breeding and folding, liberal fleece, and power of thriving on damp lowlands no sheep pay more per acre than the "Shrops." The sort were once more park-ranging, and difficult to fence against. The rams of the speckle-faced breed of the country had large horns, and the wethers of the sort were stubborn in coming to maturity, and best for "mutton-eating kings" at three. The long-necked and narrow-sided speckle-faces were more confined to the limestone districts; while those on the gritstone bore much more resemblance in look and height to a Leicester, but with very inferior wool. Some breeders are rather fond of forcing the lambs, and putting them to the ram about a month behind the rest of the flock. The result is to open the milk veins to such an extent, that they will nurse two lambs better after their second yeaning; but the loss of size and of life as well, when the lambs happen to fall large, does away very much with the profit.

"The Shrops" have spread very generally over Warwickshire, Staffordshire, and Worcestershire, and many of the rams have found their way to Leicestershire, Essex, Cornwall, and Wales, and draft ewes to Bucks and Cheshire. Foreigners, and even Norwegians, are fond of them, but in Scotland they have made no head. The damp soil of Ireland suits them to a nicety, and generally at the sales, if no one else will give £6 for a ram, an Irishman is there to snap him. Sometimes a breeder crosses the Channel, and runs a cargo of rams. Australia and Canada occasionally purchase; but the flockmasters

at the Antipodes consider them a little too large for their purpose. Five-and-twenty years ago £5 was thought a great price for a ram, and so was £10 within fifteen years; but of late they have taken quite a spurt, and no one has done battle so hard and so successfully to give them a position as Mr. Preece. At the Royal meetings they have gradually crept ahead. In 1855 they had special local classes at Colonel Clive's expense at Glo'ster; in 1859, at that of the Warwick Committee; and the following year they took up their ground at Canterbury, and have ever since had separate classes. Except it is an aged sheep, a Shropshire ram is safe to sell, and the Midland men especially bear testimony to their certainty as lamb getters. The Moores and Williams are great middle-men, and buy them all through the county.

A Roman nose is not liked, and it seldom indicates a nicely-covered sheep. Some of the breeders attribute it to a cross with Hampshire, and others with Cotswold. The true Shrop ewes should have prominent hazel eyes, short faces rather hollow in the forehead, with not too much whisker, but well covered with short, soft wool, and "speaking" ears rather wide apart. "The muffle is a great catch" with some buyers; but where it exists, the back is often not so well covered, and narrow loins and a deficiency on the top of the rump often accompany it. As in many other breeds, transparent ears, light scrag, and delicate head indicate fat on the back and along the sides. Irish buyers like the faces dark, while the home breeders are more for a little speckle in the grey, and dead against a fallow face. The grey tip on the nose is quite a Salop hall-mark, and, as it gradually increases, it gives the ewes a look of extra age. Lambs will sometimes fall perfectly brown in their coats; but, if true-bred, they come to the right shade before twelve months

are over; and if their faces are white to begin with, it gradually shades off into the Shropshire brown-grey. The breeders get them as wide in the chest as possible, and not too small in the bone, and a very large scrag too often goes with thin and flat sides. Many of them are sheared in March, and clothed till the weather is kind. A well-fed shearling tup will cut 10 lbs., and we have known them touch 15¼ lbs. It was once the practice to shear the lambs, and get off about 1 lb. all round; but it was found that they did not winter so well, and they are now dipped instead.*

* Mr. Samuel Meire's Magnum Bonum holds a high place among the tups, to which reference is made in many a fire-side council. He was used for eleven seasons, and his dam, who was so large in the rumps that no Southdown could serve her, lived till she was twenty. Perfection, the first-prize shearling at Chester, was one of his sons. Mr. Adney's Patentee, by his Buckskin, was beaten in the older class at the same meeting. The Patentees were rather light in their faces, and generally with a speck on their off hind-leg, and with wonderful hardy constitutions. Worcester Patron was his nephew, and is remembered for his capital scrag, and one of Patentee's sons, which was let for 120 gs., did a great deal for Mr. Byrd. He also did something towards setting up the flock of the Brothers Crane, who are as great in the Shropshire ewe classes at the Royal Agricultural Society, as Mr. Horton in the rams. Liberty, Nobleman, and Celebrity have been the Brothers Crane's best ewe sires. Celebrity was by "Jukes's Sheep," who was always a great wool getter. The Cranes began their career as Royal shearling ewe winners at Canterbury, and they took five firsts and three seconds in 1860-65. Their Leeds seconds are the biggest they ever showed, and were by the sire of Commonwealth. Their ewes by Nobleman came in at Plymouth. Mr. Thornton's Laurel was also a great ewe getter for them. Mr. Maunsell's Macaroni was very celebrated for his fine coat and rumps. Mr. Coxon's Duke of Newcastle was the first shearling at the Newcastle Royal in a grand class. He was purchased by Mr. Coxon for £80, from his breeder, Mr. Thornton of Pitchford, who had let his sire for 65 gs.; and he did his new owner good service, as he let 22 rams at £22 7s. one season.

According to the Shropshire men, the cross with Hampshire or Southdown shows a tendency to run to gut, and the Hampshire black comes out on the tail and behind the ears. The Southdown has always added quality, and the Hampshire has strengthened the bone and frame generally, and improved the wool. Oxford Downs did the same; but no Shrop man will allow that they improved the flesh.

It is a great sight to go into the Shrewsbury market during the Ram Fair, and find Mr. Preece, that St. George of the "Shrops," at work among his "grand rams" and his "superb ewes." Above you, perched as it were in a little eyrie, is the school which Butler and Kennedy have made so famous, and where France, Riddell, Cope, Bather, Druce, Gifford, Munro, Clark, the Mosses, and Hallam, &c., are among the well-remembered names of first-class classic renown. Mr. Preece speaks in "headlong galloping anapæsts" below, as, with a variety of air sawings which remind one of the yeomanry cavalry at sword exercise, he knocks down his 200 rams n six hours. Each ram goes up at 5 gs., and on go the biddings by half-a-guinea to 10 gs., and at a guinea beyond that. Purchasers can't hang half-a-second, or down comes that remorseless stick tap, and another ram is in the sale-pen. Mr. Preece begins at 8 a.m., and only ten minutes is allowed for refreshment; and if you look in again at 3, expecting to find his tones like those of a raven in bronchitis, you find him going freer and better than ever. The lover of red mullet, who longed for a throat

In some flocks the crossing has been rather wild, and a touch of Lincoln is said to have been introduced. The original speckle features are more due to the sheep on the Longmynd hills, and the dark features and clean, snaky heads, bare of wool on the cheeks and poll, seem to throw back to the Cannock Chase sheep.

The Clun Foresters may be cousins-german to them; but they run much more into the Welsh sort, of which there are two quite distinct —one with tups whose heads are not much bigger than a jack-hare, and hornless; and the other with horns, mane, and beard. The original Clun Foresters are gradually disappearing before the Enclosure Commissioners, and many of them are not above 3 lbs. a quarter in excess of the Welsh. They are only brought off the Forest once a year to shear, and then they don't reach 3 lbs. Some are kept on the Forest till they are six or seven years old. They are thick, round rumped sheep, and perfect stoics in enclosed fields, when compared with the Welsh, which have the cunning of the monkey in breaking bounds. They have generally a dark brown face and legs and small horns, with lots of hardihood for the hill, and are capital nurses for early lambs by the Shrop or Leicester, when they are bought for park-feeding.

from London to the Antipodes, with swallow all the way, might rest contented with having such a windpipe.

We could not pass Shrewsbury without seeing Lord Berwick's Hereford herd. At any other time we should have delighted to linger in those rich pastures, to which Walford, Attingham, Albert Edward, and Severn had lent so much renown; but the shadow of death was on the house, and the agonies of an illness such as few have borne were about to receive their grand relief at last. His lordship was able to attend the Canterbury Meeting; but he made no secret of his conviction that he should leave home no more. He retained all his old pleasantry despite his suffering; and when he was asked why he thought one of his bulls had been passed over by the judges, he said "they are so fond of me, they are determined to see me again."

For a short time after his return he managed to creep out, and look at the Herefords; but since the beginning of the barley harvest, he had never been seen by his men. Farming was not his only delight when in health. He loved to rear the choicest fowls, and drive the best American trotters, and he made a rifle at his own forge, which one of our first makers, who was in ignorance as to its origin, pronounced to be nearly faultless. He had succeeded to an encumbered estate, and knowing how to "scorn delights, and live laborious days," he had the courage to be content with his little home at Cronkhill, instead of the stately hall at Attingham, and accomplish the purpose of his life, to leave a clear inheritance for those who were to come after. Sir David had but just left his box, and yielded up his beef of sixteen summers; the framework of old Albert Edward, a Royal winner at Gloucester and Lewes, was there; but Severn looked as beautiful

as when, after being defeated by Claret at Warwick and Hereford, he met and vanquished him at last in the show ranks at Ludlow.* Will o' the Wisp was also a wonder, with his twist below his

* Claret (11761) by The Knight (185) was bred by Mr. Richard Hill at Golding Hill. Mr. Hill kept, like his father, to the Grey Knight blood, and took a Royal first for bulls at Salisbury, Chester, Warwick, Leeds, and Battersea. Milton by Chanticleer (1173) was his Battersea gold medallist, and Lady Ash his Smithfield gold medallist. His uncle bred a Hereford, which was led by the Earl of Warwick, and won against some ninety opponents, and his horns are kept in Warwick Castle as a trophy. His cow Shewers also won the first prize at Smithfield in 1859, when it was Pitt—Hill, Hill—Tudge, and Tudge—Pitt, at three fat shows. Jenny Lind, the dam of Milton, hit to no less than eight bulls. Claret was sold for 52 gs., when he became too fat to work, and was raffled and won by a maltster, who sold him to the late Mr. Bowen of Shrawardine Castle. People bet who had never bet before about his getting calves; but he became fine enough to "go through the eye of a needle," and got several score. He went about at Shrawardine with an iron mask and a chain to his leg, but eventually he turned very savage, and having fulfilled his mission, he was sent to the butcher.

The foundation of Lord Berwick's herd was laid in February, 1844, at the sale of Mr. Salwey of Ashley Moor, who went entirely for the Knight Grey blood, which his lordship crossed with the white face. Tom Thumb (243) of the Knight Grey sort, and of whom his lordship always averred that he would get fat on nettles; Hotspur (855), bred by Mr. Jeffries; Wonder (420), sire of Albert Edward, from Mr. J. Hewer; The Count (351), from Mr. Carpenter of Eardisland; Walford (871), the sire of Attingham, Severn, and Napoleon 3rd, from Mr. Longmore; and the eternal Sir David (319) were the principal patriarchs of the herd. His lordship won 27 firsts and seconds at the Royal Agricultural Shows—at first more with bulls, and latterly with females. Attingham was first at Carlisle, Walford at Windsor, and Albert Edward at Gloucester and Lewes. At the sale in September 1861, there were 176 lots, and the males averaged £40 and the females £28. Silver was sold for 65 gs. with her calf, and seven of the tribe made £373 16s. Jewess, the youngest of the Rebeccas, stayed at Cronkhill with Conqueror by Sir David, and Apple Blossom (40 gs.), the highest-priced grey, went to Leighton Hall. Carlisle (40 gs.), a daughter of Silver's, became Mr. G. Porter's, and then Mr. Duckham's, and turned out the most lucky of speculative bargains. Severn made 46 gs., or a trifle over butcher's price. Will o' the Wisp (47 gs.), Albata (53 gs.), Eva (52 gs.), Agnes (Mr. Baldwin, 51 gs.), Beauty (Mr. J. Hewer, 43 gs.), Adela (Her Majesty, 57 gs.), and Lord Grey (the only grey bull) departed for Downton.

hocks, and so was his daughter Adela from Agnes; and as you loitered through the boxes, you would sometimes see three great yearling bulls of the heavy-fleshed Silver or the larger Rebecca tribe amicably hob-nobbing together.

At Attingham the deserted stable yard looked big enough for the Quorn stud; but it was a sad scene of decay. Part of that fine square was wattled off for the lambing, and as we walked in under the main archway, a troop of rats dashed into cover among the wood heaps and nettles. The rooks were cawing their vespers on the elms, and the old hall, with but one small lamp burning faintly in its regiment of windows, stood out gaunt and drear in the twilight. It was

> "The sad, old story
> Of Whig and Tory"—

of that fierce rivalry at the poll, which has laid the axe at the root of many an oak, and left so many old county homes, which once never lacked a fox from the family gorse, or a horse for the County Cup, to the keeping of two old servants.

We have heard the question put to many a hunting man from eighty to twenty-five, "Did you know Sir Bellingham Graham by sight?" and the invariable answer was "No." It would have been strange if they had, as, after achieving a name in nearly every sport, he had given them up, like Sir Charles Knightley, full forty years before he died. After that he was hardly ever seen in public, and passed his time between his Yorkshire seat of Norton Conyers, and Boodles, where he was quite a Lyndhurst on points of hunting law, and seldom absent from the annual dinner of Masters of Hounds. He had enjoyed his baronetcy for just seventy years, and had taken his part in the days of the Regency, when the Prince's court sallied forth for their evening

promenade on the Steyne; the ladies with their high head-dresses and spreading "peacock tails," and the tall young Yorkshire baronet, the two Mannerses, and Colonels Mellish and Leigh as their esquires.

He began his M.F.H. career with the Badsworth, and had a taste of the Atherstone and Pytchley. In the latter country, from some cause or other, he became very unpopular. His foxes were killed, and on one occasion the very mail was hung with their dead carcases as a sort of defiance. Still he fought on, and determined to have a grand field-day, he turned down seven brace one night, but not a hound could speak to it in the morning, and he drew every cover blank again. A gamer man never gripped a saddle, and he showed this in an eminent degree when he hunted the Quorn. He had a severe fall one day, and some of his friends propped him up against a stack, while a local practitioner almost bled him into a syncope, in conformity with the rude surgical view which then obtained favour on that point. He was taken thence to a farm-house; but he proved a very hopeless subject, and on the third or fourth day he had himself lifted on to his horse, and tried, pale as a ghost and hardly able to sit upright, to hunt his own hounds.

His great hunting name was made as Master of the Shropshire and the Albrighton, and it was there that he had Will Staples and Joe Maiden as his whips on 300 guinea horses, and latterly Will in command, with Tom Flint and Jack Wiglesworth as his lieutenants. Woodman and Virgin were his favourites in a pack, which was composed of the drafts of his own, which he sold to "The Squire" on leaving the Quorn, and that which "The Squire" brought with him from Notts. His hunters had been always more his pride than his hounds, and "for great, good horses" up to fifteen or sixteen stone his

stable has perhaps never been equalled. A man cannot for love or money get together now a days such horses as Freemason, Beeswing, The Baron, Jerry, Paul, Treacle, Cock Robin, &c., in his boxes at one and the same time. After he had given up hounds, he bore part in the merry hunt evenings at The Tiger at Beverley, and it was he who went to have a look at "little Mr. Bethell" in bed with Mr. Tom Hodgson to hold the light. Curiously enough he did so "because I have heard of him all my life and I never saw him," and that was just what people said about him in turn. Mr. Bethell sat up speechless with amazement, when his curtains were drawn aside, and two gentlemen in scarlet appeared to scan him, but he accepted an apology very graciously next morning. Mr. Tom Hodgson delighted in telling the story, and wondering at his coolness, but old port had to bear the blame.

In 1816, after five seasons, during which Sir Bellingham had only won one race and received forfeit for a match in several attempts over York and Doncaster, he achieved the St. Leger at the third time of asking, with the Duchess, late Duchess of Leven. The good Yorkshire colours of Bishop Burton harlequin, and Hornby Castle chocolate, were next to him on half brother to Altisidora and Rasping by Brown Bread, and twice over subsequently the mare showed them that there had been no mistake in the matter. The mare had lost no form when she was brought out to meet the two-year-old Blacklock over two miles the next September, and with two to one on she her won in a canter. These odds were shifted on to Blacklock, and in fact became twenty to one when the pair met over four miles the next year, and the mare (then Mr. Lambton's) was pulled up completely beaten half a mile from home.

We have not space to speak of half of the good coursing grounds in England; but we cannot pass by Sundorne. If the supply of hares could be depended upon, it is a more delightful spot than any, with its old grass and elms—the ancestral home of the Corbets, which brings back to foxhunting hearts the thoughts of Will Barrow, "another cheer for the blood of old Trojan," and the mouldering mullions of Haughmond Abbey. The coursing takes place in the park and on the home farms; the hares are all driven out of the ploughs, wood hurdles are placed against the wire fences, and the crowd have to stand like soldiers. Some of the finest coursing comes off whe the hares are driven from The Wood and past the house, for a straight gallop across the park. The little beech tree, with the seat round it, where Tom Raper has often crouched in his red jacket, and bided his time, once with Riot and Hopbine, and again with Hopbine and Reveller in the slips, is as full of venerable associations in its way as "The Bushes" at Newmarket. The hare must be a cracker, indeed, if she can reach the old oak refuge of Haughmond Hill.

But Mr. Corbet has gone, and Sundorne coursing days are not what he left them. His father hunted Shropshire as well as Warwickshire; and his Norman ancestor was not only "a most cunning marksman against hart or doe," but his valour at Acre secured him from "Richard, the Lion Heart," permission to bear the two ravens on his shield. Another ancestor, one Peter Corbet, was a mighty hunter in the reign of Edward the First, who granted him letters patent to take wolves in the Royal Forests. Being thus bred, as it were, to every phase of the chase, it is no wonder that the late Mr. Corbet took to harriers as soon as he returned from college, and hunted five days a fortnight. He was also a staunch guardian of foxes, and very fond of private coursing, which

Mr. Henry Lyster of Rowton Castle, near Alberbury, and Mr. Robert Burton, of Longner, whose estate adjoined Sundorne, always shared with him.

"The Squire," was a tall, good-looking man, and always dressed for these field days in a cut-away black coat, Bedford cords, and long black Hessians. A chestnut roan cob was his favourite mount, and with his trusty eye-glass affixed to his hat, no one enjoyed the sport so much. His staff of coursing retainers were staunch enough to please Will Shakspeare, if he could have once more taken his "fallow greyhound" and gone forth to "find him a hare on Cotsale," as Morris the huntsman, Caywood the keeper, and Warwick the Master of the Horse,* were the leading three. He had once twenty brace of greyhounds, and four rare puppies. Cricketer, Coronet, Colonel, and Collie, in one season. Cricketer ran in Mr. Warwick's name, and won nearly £300; but Hughie Graham bowled him over in the Waterloo Cup.

Rich and poor, all lunched alike in the ruins of Haughmond Abbey on the public coursing days. The beaters would begin under the Ring Bank on the seeds and wheat, and come inside the drive on to the grass, and work gradually up to the Abbey for one o'clock. Mr. Burton, in his white cords and green coat, and mounted upon one of his 16st. hunters, was the field director. His claim was indisputable, even on mere kennel grounds, as he was the breeder of Mocking Bird by Figaro out of Malvina. She was sold at his sale for nine or ten guineas; but run where she might, north or south, he was always there to look on. He was very intimate with Mr.

* Mr. Warwick gave his maiden judgment at Coombe, in 1853, and wore the scarlet thrice at the Sundorne meetings, before his good master died. Camaradzo's year (1861) found him at the Waterloo meeting, and he has judged there ever since. In the season of 1867-68 he judged 101 days, and decided 2,677 courses, and his practice is not diminishing.

Lawrence. Butterfly, by Lopez was another of his breeding. Mr. Randell's dogs bore a great part in the Sundorne Cup struggles. Will Nightingale loved to tell of a run up between his Rival and Mr. Jebb's No Hurry. It was run off on the Drawbridge Fieldand The Springs, each of them about forty or fifty acres, and No Hurry killed and won the Cup. Riot and Avalanche was a capital give and take course under the Ring Bank, and the black bitch, who made two wrenches and a splendid kill, had just the best of it. Rhapsody had some rare racing stretches in a great course with Ajax, from the "Race Course."

The Challenge Cup (which was in reality a tea and coffee service of some £60 value), to be run off between the winners of the Haughmond and the Pimley stakes, produced some very fine contests. One was in the Autumn of 1856, when "The Squire" was on his death bed. He loved to hear of every course to the last, and each evening Mr. Warwick, who was first slipper and then judge, went to his bed side and told him of them, point by point. On this last occasion the recital had more than its wonted interest. Reveller won the decider for the Pimley Stakes against a fawn dog, Judge, which was hardly in the course, and then Hopbine and Riot ran their last course for the Haughmond Stakes on the lawns before the castle. The hare was driven from the coppice, and every inch of the run was on grass. Hopbine, slightly favoured by the slip, led Riot to the hare, and was quite as clever in all the after work. The Challenge Cup was not run off till the next morning, and then only half-a-dozen met to see it at 8 a.m. It was fixed for that hour, that Mr. Warwick might go to judge at Chartley, and hence, although the rain came down in torrents, they were obliged to go to work. A hare was found in Gregory's Coppice, and the pair had a very long slip, and Hop-

bine led Reveller, with five to four on him, two lengths to his hare. The dog got the second turn, and then the bitch took possession, and drove her hare to Allbright Lea plantation and won.

The meeting dwindled away after The Squire and Mr. Burton died, but Mrs. Cartwright renewed it in 1864. It was there that she laid the seeds of the illness which killed her, and as she was too ill to go to Meg's Waterloo Cup, it was there that her active coursing life ended. A more kindly and energetic woman never breathed. Her stakes were never advertised, and yet she always filled them. Her meetings were Longford, Sundorne, Vale of Clwyd (where Sea Pink and Sea Foam came out and won), Talacre, Abergele, with its fine Radland Marshes, and Sudbury, with its one-hundred-acre Great Hayes, where, as she used to tell with such pride, Ciologa went through a thirty-two dog stake, and had only one point made against her by Klaphonia. She thought that after that performance of Canaradzo's sister she must really give up her idol Riot in her favour. Oddly enough she hated a large greyhound, and yet her house pet was a 65lb. one, by Beacon from Avalanche. He was given to her by Mr. Ainsworth, and had once the honour of beating Sea Rock in a bye at Abergele. She never ran him in public, but yet she never left him at home; and her photograph was taken with him in her hand.

"*In memory of Robert Luther of Acton, who died Sept. 7th*, 1862," was the inscription on a funeral card, which was received with sorrow by every fox-hunter in the United Hunt. "Robert" was essentially a character, a tall, grey-headed elder, sixty-two, and fifteen stone, and Earl Powis had no farmer of whom he felt more proud. He held a thousand acres under his lordship at Acton, three miles from Bishop's Castle, and was nearly as good

a judge of "Shrops" and Herefords as he was of fox-hunting. The Hereford bull Chieftain was his property for three seasons before that celebrated steer getter went to Mr. Monkhouse. "Robert" generally contrived to unite business and pleasure, and he made his bargain for the bull just after he had broken up a fox. He might be said to hold the United country in fee simple, and never did man work harder to maintain his possessions. On Tuesday he would be at Stanner Rocks, near Kington, and on Friday he would trot up to the meet fifty miles away at Panty Fryd, Montgomeryshire, all fresh and ready on the Tuesday's horse. Once upon a time another pack was set on foot near Kington, and a claim was made to part of the country, but nearly all the landlords stuck to Robert and his "divine right of kings," although the usurpers did cause him a few blank days in his best covers. He dated his introduction to fox-hunting from the days when he joined in without a saddle, and "*wrapped my long legs under the horse's belly.*" Then he became acquainted with Mr. Beddows's father, and entered so well that he at length hunted the hounds for him. The hares had to stand the brunt up to Christmas, and he often boasted that on the last day he hunted hare, some twenty seasons before his death, he came home with his seven brace.

The hounds were partly the property of Mr. Beddows, and were strengthened by the purchase of Mr. Gittas's, a step which brought Luther into the Radnorshire country. He always hunted twice a week, and was generally at it from the latter end of September till the first of April, and left off happy with five-and-twenty brace of "noses." He liked to breed from the "old Welsh blood" of Jones of Cwmbreath, and would let no one have a dip into it. The dog hounds were not very large, but those who stood on the hills and heard them come up the valley

like a peal of Lancashire bell-ringers, cared for no other music. Some of his long and low bitches went a better pace and said much less about it. He kept them under very little control, and they were so eager that when they came near a cover they would break away and throw tongue as if they were on a drag. Luther always waited for the body of the pack, and generally seemed to drop on them at the first check, and he did not speak in D minor if any one was meddling with them and getting up their heads. Letting them make it out for themselves was his maxim. He always fed his hounds himself from "the offal of the farm and tail ends" as he expressed it; but whatever that comprehensive mixture might be, he generally had them in bloom, and if his temper was at "set-fair" he would draw on till dark. He dearly loved a meet at Pilleth or Monaughty Gorse in the Knighton district. "*I like the country, and I like the buoys in it,*" was the phrase through which he invariably denoted his preference. Although it was in his country, he never went to Breidden Rocks till within three seasons of his death, and then he had five or six brace of foxes on foot round the Rodney Monument.

He hated to have a red coat in the field; and when he saw a fresh one coming he would sidle up to some of his green brigade, whom he could depend upon, and say "*Mind that man, he'll be sure to show you the way along!*" If he couldn't have a cut at them himself he liked to have it done by deputy. Still he knew the country so well that he was generally close up at the finish. Top boots were quite as much under his ban as a red coat, and it was only during his last eight seasons that he appeared in a velvet cap. A green swallow tail with light metal buttons, jack boots, and white cords, which he made a point of smudging well with blood at each Whaw Whoop! were his chosen apparel. His voice in cover was a very

melodious one, and his horn shake when he did find was worthy of Herr Kœnig. He jumped nothing; and "*Get the hurdle up, or I'll have to get down*" came over and over again in a run. "*I never jumped a hurdle in my life: Yes, I did do it once; I saw two ladies jump a flight in the Stratton country, so I was obliged to follow,*" was a great saying of his. He never omitted the sequel: "*I put my arms round my horse's neck, and saved myself when he knocked the hurdle down.*" For his weight, he had good wind and action to the last, and generally led his horse down hill but never up. Rheumatic twinges made it rather hard for him to get into his saddle again, but when he was down and warmed to his work he ran well.

Latterly he was rather short of heavy weight carriers, but the rat-tail mare, the big bay horse Forester, and old brown Boxer did him good service. Boxer carried him well to the last, and went the same pace all the way, and crept through the most unlikely places. It was "*Now Boxer, come along!*" and Boxer would crawl a bit and then "pick himself over" like a very Leotard. The Herefordshire men once sent and asked him to come and have a turn at some foxes which had beaten them at Shelford Bridge, and Luther said it was "*like asking advice of an old doctor,*" but his horses were knocked up at the time and he had to frame an excuse.

For nearly thirty seasons he never missed a meet save twice, and on one of those days he was obliged to attend a funeral. Some said that he was unwell on the other day, but very few believed them. Heat, wet, and cold seemed to have no effect on him; and his fine constitution and abstemious habits made him proof against his habit of rough-drying. He would come home from hunting or farm work wet to the skin, and stand and dry himself before the fire till you could hardly see him for vapour. He lived in an

odd, old place, but he kept a good table, and sat at ease with his coat off, his shirt collar and waistcoat wide open, knee breeches, short boots, and generally pipe in hand. "Robert is an immortal" said the United men although his hair grew greyer beneath the rusty velvet, but they reckoned him up wrongly. Inflammation settled upon his lungs in August, 1862, and he kept trifling on with it, in defiance of his doctor, and so the strong man bowed his head at last. An hour or two before he died he sent for Bumper and two or three more of his best hounds to his bed-side, and they were almost the last objects on which his eye rested. The pack reverted on his death to Mr. Frank Beddows; and Mr. John Harris, who had acted with Mr. Amiss as amateur whip to them, took poor "Robert's" horn.

CHAPTER XVI.

Flush with the pond the livid furnace burned
At eve, while smoke and vapour filled the yard;
The gloomy winter-sky was dimly starred;
The fly-wheel with a mellow murmur turned;
While, ever rising on its mystic stair
In the dim light, from secret chambers borne,
The straw of harvest, severed from the corn,
Climbed, and fell over, in the murky air.
I thought of mind and matter, will and law,
And then of him who set his stately seal
In Roman words on all the forms he saw
Of old-world husbandry: I could but feel
With what a rich precision *he* would draw
The endless ladder and the booming wheel!

Did any seer of ancient time forebode
This mighty engine, which we daily see
Accepting our full harvests, like a god
With clouds about his shoulders—it might be,
Some poet-husbandman, some lord of verse,
Old Hesiod, or the wizard Mantuan
Who catalogued in rich hexameters
The Rake, the Roller, and the mystic Van;
Or else some priest of Ceres, it might seem,
Who witnessed, as he trod the silent fane,
The notes and auguries of coming change,
Of other ministrants in shrine and grange,
The sweating statue, and her sacred wain
Loud-booming with the prophecy of steam!

Charles T. Turner.

Clayton and Shuttleworth's Works at Lincoln—Lincoln Flocks—Tom Brooks and John Thompson—Aylesby Manor—Tuxford and Sons' Works at Boston.

No one who has been in Lincoln can fail to have heard of Clayton and Shuttleworth's works "down hill." The twelve acres on which the present premises stand were once a complete morass, and

there was nothing for it but to drive down piles wherever a foundation was to be made. A walk of rather more than half a mile from the High-street and down the Witham-side brings you to the door of the works, the mess-room of which is approached from the outside. It is furnished with rows of ovens at each end, and about 300 of the outlying workmen take their meals there every day—a fact to which the heap of milk-cans, each with its curious "hall-mark," bear ample testimony. Just inside the gate grows a vine, facing the south, the only bit of nature that we see in that great workshop of art. Both water and rail are most handy. A canal, running by the centre of the main yard, opens up communication with the river Witham, the Foss Dyke, the Trent, and Humber, for the conveyance of pig-iron from Scotland, deals from the Baltic, &c.; and a branch line communicating with the various railways is laid down throughout the works, and is furnished with an hydraulic-lift and cranes for hoisting the engines and machines on to the trucks.*

* This firm had its origin in 1842, when the brothers-in-law, who had been in a different line of business on opposite sides of the present Stamp End Dock, began to make thrashers and portable engines on a small scale. The nucleus of the manufactory was a row of workshops on the side of the Witham, with offices above them. The treacherous nature of the soil is proved by the crumbling state of some small walls which are not built on piles; but all those difficulties were overcome, and gradually six acres have been covered with buildings, while the other six are devoted to yards and the stacking of timber. Much of the earlier business was confined to the casting of water-pipes (including those for the many miles of water-service from Miningsby brook to Boston), and general railway work, as instanced by a bridge across the Trent for the Nottingham and Grantham Railway; but in 1849, when the firm commenced exhibiting their portable engines and thrashers, and were awarded a prize by the Royal Agricultural Society at the Norwich meeting, they determined to take up this branch of agricultural engineering as their speciality, and devote their whole energies to its development. The result was that the plain thrashing-machine gradually received the addition of shakers, riddles, blowers, elevators, and screens, and stood forth as the complete finishing machine of 1854. Gradually the firm has lengthened and strength-

It would take a jury of mechanics two good days to compass the twelve acres and report upon the things which they had seen and heard. To us the task seems about equivalent to describing Niagara. The first shop we enter is the turning, fitting, and erecting department, filled with lathes and slotting and drilling machines in great variety. Three cranes traverse the top of the erecting-shop, and lift all the heavier engine-fittings on to the boilers. Here we counted twenty-eight portable and two fixed engines in process of erection, and three old ones in for repairs. A side-door leads into the stores, where a large number of connecting-rods, cylinders, chimneys

ened its stakes until above 1,200 workpeople are employed at Lincoln, and about 400 more at the branch workshops at Vienna and Pesth.

The first catalogue was published in 1850. In 1855 it was translated into German and French for the Paris International Exhibition, and gradually into nearly all the European languages. It had to record no common triumph, the firm having taken a leading position at all the international exhibitions—namely, the prize medal in London, 1851; first-class medal at Paris, 1855; two prize medals in London, 1862; and a gold medal at Paris, 1867, for portable engines and thrashing-machines. At the Royal Bury meeting, in 1867, every first prize for steam-engines (against twenty-five competitors, as well as £15 for a finishing thrashing machine, and a silver medal for special improvements, fell to their lot. Besides these, a great number of medals and money prizes have been gained by them at Royal and local shows in England and on the Continent. Up to the present time the firm has sent out over 9,700 engines and 8,600 thrashing-machines. The great corn-growing districts on the Danube have been one of its principal foreign spheres, and for more than ten years past it has supplied Hungary, Wallachia, Bessarabia, South Russia, Australia, Chili, &c. Besides the branches at Vienna and Pesth already referred to, the firm has established agencies in all parts of the world. Their finishing machines and their engines are to be found, as a writer in the *Mechanic's Magazine* puts it, "not merely in the happy homesteads of England, but also in the steppes of Russia, the pusztas of Hungary, the Canadian prairies, and in the Australian bush." In short, by the system of complete division of labour which has been adopted, and the introduction of special machine tools classified according to the variety of work to be done, a degree of perfection in the workmanship is reached which can be attained by no other means.

like huge inverted hats, governors which regulate the pace by their ball-laden arms, and all the other component parts of engines, are held ready for the erector's use. Each set of fittings is ticketed with the name of the man who put them together, so that he is at once responsible for his judgment if anything goes wrong. So completely is this system carried out that each engine, as it leaves the shop, receives a number, and is registered in a book, with the position of the tubes and every particular. Hence if repairs are needed there is no difficulty in identifying and sending off what is wanted to any part of the world. We glance at the brass-casting house and its clay cores and boxes full of red Mansfield sand, and carry away with us from another place the recollection of some open sand-castings on the floor, which look like a gridiron of fire, sacred to the departed Beefsteak Club.

Now we are out in the open once more, with three graceful chimney-stalks, each 100 ft. above us, and winding our way among the engines in the test-shed. They are tested to double the working pressure by means of cold water through a force-pump; and, as it has not the same expansive power as hot, all danger of explosion is avoided. The great forge-house, of some 180 ft. long by 80 ft. wide and 20 ft. in height, was our delight. Its white walls and chimneys, under each of which a couple of the fifty-two furnaces stand, give the whole a cool and pleasant look, while the smiths, with their white nightcaps, are busy at their anvils, and six steam-hammers do their wondrous and remorseless part. The most beautiful process is fixing the tires on wheels. A tire is taken red-hot out of the furnace, and fitted on to the wheel, above a sort of tank. In an instant the whole edge of the wheel is one mass of flames, and then it sinks suddenly beneath the water. For a minute or more the surface is covered with graceful

wreaths of white smoke, and the union of wood and iron is made; and some rivets complete the work. There is one little smith's shop under the roof of the turning department in which merely the tools are made; and its neatness is such that we seem to fancy that we have some picture-catalogue in our hands, and have just arrived at "Interior of a Dutch Smithy." We also marked the mode in which the pattern is withdrawn from the mould by machinery, without any of the risk which attends the handling of even the most experienced and skilful workman. The boiler-shop is a most spacious apartment, 255 ft. long by 190 ft. broad, where punching and shearing machines are doing their work with a gusto which seems almost human. After a little more experience of the clatter of hammers and the deep, dull thud of the steam rivetters, we are glad to change to the "lagging" house, and witness the casing of engines with felt, wood, and iron; and then we quit the birthplace of these green-with-chocolate wheeled monsters for the painting-shop, where the thrashing-machines are receiving their drab-and-red facings. Four are there, radiant with paint, and destined for England, Wallachia, Bessarabia, and Bohemia. Their framework, when intended for use in Europe, is composed of oak, and when in Egypt, India, &c., of teakwood. In the lighter departments hard by the workmen are busy with tin cups for corn-elevators, and wire riddles; and anon we are among huge barrels of raw linseed-oil and other delights of the kind, which would no doubt make a Russian or a Laplander desire a tasting-order on the spot.

One side of the works is pretty nearly devoted to shops for wood-drying, when it has come in from its weather probation in the yard; and upon each stack of wood, oak, ash, elm, and pine in the yard, the

date of stacking, the quantity, and the thickness are marked.* The oak which is intended for the spokes of wheels is all split, so as to get it along the grain. This wood, which principally comes from Herefordshire, Warwickshire, and Northamptonshire, is also exclusively used for the frames of thrashing-machines. The axle-beds are made of ash, and so are the felloes of the wheels, as no wood, save the old witch-elm, which is hard to get, can rival it in elasticity. Mahogany is also required for the riddles, but it is of the Bay-wood kind, and perfectly free from knots, which is not the case with the Honduras. We might have lingered for hours as a silent watcher in the wood machine-shop, where the steel arm and that of thew and muscle combine in planing, and finishing, and drilling holes, and other curious arts; but it was Saturday, and the dinner-bell was sounding the close of the labours of the week.

About fifty thousand Lincoln wethers are generally brought out at Lincoln Fair, which is held on the Friday after the last Tuesday in April. It is just the time when the marshes and the rich lands of Boston and Spalding want the hoggs from the turnip fields of the wold and heath. The Silver Cup given

* Situated in the centre of the wood-yard is the wood-shop, where are vertical, circular, and band saws; tenoning, mortising, and planing machines, for preparing the frame timbers and boards of the thrashing-machines before they are laid in the above-mentioned seasoning-sheds. Here, also, all the wood wheels required for the engines, thrashing-machines, and straw-elevators (from 100 to 160 per week) are made. Amongst the special tools in this department we noticed a clever spoke-lathe, which is prepared to turn any shape, whether round, square, or oval, according to the pattern given to copy from. The refuse timber, sawdust, and shavings made by the machinery in this shop drop through holes in the floor, and are used for heating the steam-boilers. There is still the "case-hardening" to notice, by which process a surface as hard as steel is produced on such of the working parts of the engines and machines as are subject to wear. This consists in heating them for a number of hours in a furnace surrounded by a composition, and plunging them, while hot, into cold water.

by the Lincolnshire Bank for the best five-score of hoggs, has fallen into disuse, as the flockmasters learn the strength of their neighbour's hand, and will not try. The late Mr. Greetham won it for several years, and he has made £4 18s. for a hundred.*

* The Biscathorpe letting was not so successful as usual in 1869, but Mr. Dudding of Panton took an aged sheep for £66, and the pick of the shearlings went to Mr. Going of Ireland for £65. The joint average for the 60 shearlings, 32 two-shears, and 28 three-shears was £12 2s. 6d. Mr. Kirkham's letting average in 1864 was £22 12s. 4d. for 150 rams. The ram which headed the lettings at £160 was let for £137 in '65. Very few breeders like to lack a Chaplin sheep, as the flock is about the oldest in the county. In 1869, the ten shearlings and four aged sheep let at Panton averaged £19 2s. 1½d. Two of the former made £31 and £30. Sixty-six shearlings and old sheep were sold at an average of £17 14s. 2d., three of them making £40 each, and another £36. The Panton flock has been bred on the Panton farm for ninety years. Old Panton, who has done yeoman service in improving the breed, was bred by Mr. Dudding, sen., about twelve years ago, and sold to Mr. Kirkham when four years old at 70 gs. His produce may be safely averred to have made more money than any sheep in England. The Messrs. Dudding (who sold fifty rams at an average of £20 9s. 3d. this year, and made the best average in Lincolnshire) lamb 800 ewes, and clip, with hoggs, over 1,200. The other leading ram breeders in the county of Lincolnshire are Messrs. Morris, Clarke, Kirkham, Chaplin, Vessey, Casswell, Davy, and Gilliat; the old flock is now reduced and in the hands of Mr. Walker of Durham; and the largest flock-masters are Messrs. Sowerby, Bramley, Ealand, Fieldsend, Chatterton, Welsh, Tharpley, and Martin, who lamb from 1,000 to 500 each. In 1866, the late Mr. Greetham sold 220 hoggs off his Risholme Farm at the Lincoln April Fair at £5 each.

We read in the *Farmers' Magazine*: "In 1826, Mr. Dawson, of Withcall, killed a three-shear sheep, weighing 96½lbs. per quarter; a two-shear, weighing 91lbs. per quarter; and a shearling, 71lbs. per quarter. Mr. Robert Smith, in his report of Lincoln sheep at the Warwick Show, states that 'he has known 14-months-old lamb-hoggs slaughtered at Lincoln April Fair, thirty together averaging 35lbs. per quarter, and one hundred together clipping 14lbs. of washed wool each.' It is not the common practice for breeders of Lincolns to have them fit for the butcher at 14 or 15 months old: but they are generally kept until they are 22 to 28 months old, when their weight will be from 30 to 40lbs. per quarter, and they cut a second fleece, weighing from 10 to 14lbs. The weight of wool of an entire flock, under fair average management, is about 8½lbs. each; in some cases, especially on good layer, this weight no doubt is exceeded. Mr. John Clarke's

Some few put Lincolns on Leicesters, but it is the more common practice to use the Leicester tup, and Mr. Greetham had a strong dash of Aylesby blood on his fine Lincoln foundation. Manchester, Wakefield, and the manufacturing districts are the largest consumers of Lincoln mutton. There is plenty of it to spare, as Lincolnshire has but one large town in it, and being thinly populated throughout, it is a larger exporter of farm produce than any other county in England. The Lincoln tup hoggets will regularly cut half-a-tod of wool (14lbs.) on turnips. Mr. Walesby has dangled in vain before the breeders' eyes for years a prize for a tod (28lbs.) tup-fleece, but none of them have taken it. The wool goes principally to Bradford to make bombazines, or to be worked up with Continental short wools. Some of the manufacturers are buying the best lustre that they can to replace alpaca. The finest lustre wool is at once the produce of the strong chalk and the marsh land. It flourishes on the east side of the county, beginning from the Barton marshes on the Humber side, and so by Caistor and Louth to Spilsby. It also follows the rich land from Lincoln to Peterborough, by Market Deeping, and over the marsh-land tract of Spalding, Holbeach, and Long Sutton, to the very borders of Norfolk.

Lincolnshire lost a fine old sportsman in Mr. Thomas Brooks, or "Tom Brooks" of Croxby, as he was familiarly called. For many years past Tom had officiated as judge at the Royal and other great shows. He liked being among the hunter or the blood-horse classes; and his stalwart figure, with his

Lincoln prize ram clipped 51¾lbs. of wool in three years, an average of 17¼lbs. each year; while a neighbour of his, in 1859, clipped 327 hogget fleeces, which weighed altogether 130 tods, an average of over 11lbs. per fleece. The Lincoln breeders consider the mutton of admirable quality, having less fat, and a greater portion of fine-grained lean flesh, than the Leicester. The ewes are good breeders, but like the Cotswolds and Leicesters they are not good sucklers."

rather high broad shoulders, thinnish legs, and somewhat small, weather-beaten head, made him a man of mark in the centre of the ring. He knew his work thoroughly, and would not brook "veterinary dictation;" and his rejoinder when one of them raised his hat, and remarked "It seems then that I may retire—I am not wanted here," caused many a laugh among those who "could see Tom saying it." To the last he could go a burster in the hunting field for a short distance, and no one loved the sport better, or remembered more accurately the work of every great Brocklesby hound. Old William Smith's name brought up many a racy story, told in a dry, quiet way. He bought a large number of hunters for Baron Rothschild; and although he did not bother about breeding blood stock, he liked a race dearly. We well remember meeting him in the paddock on Caractacus's Derby-day, and his telling us that he "didn't quite see the winner," but he had his eye on Lord Clifden, as a regular clinker for the next Derby, and that he should never see such a two-year-old again. He was also a capital judge of cart-horses (although he hated the job), and a grey he met at the Worcester Royal was the apple of his eye.

A few weeks before his death he had the misfortune to have one of his little fingers chopped off in a circular sawing-machine. It did not heal well, and at last he applied some salve, which cured it, perhaps too quickly. After that, he burnt the back of one of his hands severely. Both of these accidents told on him; and then he got very wet over a farm valuation. On reaching home he took to his bed, and lay there from the Tuesday to the next Monday, when he died. Lincolnshire will long think of her fine old hunting "worthy."

Mr. John Thompson, on the other side of the Humber, died not many weeks before him. For some time past he had been complaining slightly of

illness, and Mr. Teale, the celebrated surgeon, of Leeds, had warned him that his heart was affected, and that he must beware of all excitement. However, Sir Clifford Constable's staghounds came to look for an outlying deer, and to uncart a fresh one of they failed to find it. He came out on a horse which his son had purchased from Captain Percy Williams, and was delighted with his mount, as he did not previously think that it was up to his weight. His friends were surprised at his wonderful spirits; and there is no doubt he over-exerted himself in clambering up the side of one of the Holderness drains. He chaffed an old friend who followed, and required some help from a hunting whip. Five minutes after that he must have felt dizzy and dismounted for a minute. Only one person, a girl, saw him; and she said that he stood for a minute or two holding his horse's rein, and then sank down as his hand slackened its hold. He must, in fact, have died as he stood. There were few men more beloved and honoured, and the Royal lost a very useful shorthorn and sheep judge by his death.

Hull was plenteously placarded by its four expectant M.P.'s, to prove that "Codlin, not Short, 's your friend" in Downing Street; and we were glad to be over the Humber, and among the sixty-eight big and thick-fleeced rams at Aylesby Manor—Quid, Patron, Rifleman, Romulus, and Co. These Leicesters are from the flock of eighty years' standing, which the Philip Skipworths made with Garrick, Granby, and Aylesby A (for whom the Leicestershire Society made a £300 offer in vain), and which Mr. Torr has kept up by constant resort to head quarters at Normanton, Barrow, and Holmpierrepont. It was the ram-letting day, but some familiar faces—John Booth, Nainby, Frank Iles, Gibbons, and Tom Brooks—were lacking when we sat down in the old barn,

whose rafters once rang with their merry jokes and speeches, and we could only drink to their memories. The old kennel yard below is full of yearling Booth bulls. Few could recognise in it now any traces of its original mission; but even before the days of the Pretender, the combined packs of Pelham and Tyrwhitt sallied forth from it at dawn, to try the furzes for fox or hare, and had miles upon miles of unenclosed breezy wolds for their hunting grounds.

Aylesby Manor is pretty nearly the centre of the 2,300 acres which Mr. Torr has in hand, principally under Mr. Drake and Colonel Tomline, M.P. He has also 300 acres of grass and 250 of marsh on the Humber side near Immingham and Stallingboro', and an outlying farm at Rothwell, where three sycamores mark the highest point of the Lincolnshire wolds. However, when behind "the iron horse," or flying over the grass by the road-side on the "woldsman's pony," he makes very little account of time and space; and what with home—to wit, calling his orders out of his bed-room window at 5 a.m.—and county and Royal Agricultural business, few men have thrown such an intense earnestness into life, or worked so hard for others. At home, if you see a distant and ever-moving figure in the park, and not unfrequently in shirt-sleeves for coolness, among the heifers or the ewes, there is no mistaking "Torr of Riby," although he is not exactly "composed" after his presentation portrait by Knight, R.A., a 340-guinea tribute from his friends. Inventing a prize gate, or sketching out a new set of farm buildings, or planning a model cottage, or giving evidence on cattle transit before the Privy Council, or making an after-dinner speech, or rising on a point of finance or a change in the prize-sheet at the Smithfield Club and Hanover-square, come equally natural to one "with the concentrated energy of half-a-score of men." Riding-horses he does not

keep; but the old black pony by Highflyer had thirteen Primo foals, all black, with white ticks, seven colts and six fillies, and averaging fourteen three. Dr. Beevor's Bobby was used on these fillies, and from them the present riding-stud had its origin. Everything must be unique and pure of its kind. At Aylesby the cats are all black, and the game-cocks and hens black-breasted reds; Captain Barclay's Dorkings flourish at Riby and the Dales; Rouen ducks at Rothwell and Riby; and in the long sedgy lake at the head of Irby Dales Glen scores of black Buenos Ayres ducks, with their burnished green heads, are disporting themselves along with the water-hens.

The grand array of Vanguard cows—Gloamin, Gleamy, Glittering Star, Golden Gem, Glisten, Genuine Gem, and Gauntlet—have died out, and in the Church pasture we looked on the massive white Bracelet 4th, the last of the old cow's descendants in female tail, and ripening to go off on grass at about 90st. Guide Post and Genoa, with the fine old head, were "up" for Christmas; Lady Zillah and Warrior's Plume were the North Lincolnshire prize heifers of the year; but still the buxom Cherry Queen 4th, with second Royal honours awaiting her, was the dainty queue of the cow yards. There too was Blink Bonny, the good, thick matron with the short tail. She was once put up for fat, and honourably earned her reprieve by being in calf. Weal Royal with the true Booth loin, Fair Dane, the pale red Flower of Denmark, Clarence Flower, Mountain Flower, and Bright Queen were among the beauties in the park, and Weal Bliss was ripening for future shows in Canada.*

* Mr. Torr commenced hiring bulls from Killerby and Warlaby in 1844, and began with Leonard for two seasons. Since then he has had Baron Warlaby, Vanguard (for six seasons, and again to help Hopewell), Sir Leonard, Crown Prince, Hopewell, British Prince, Fitz-

From Aylesby Manor, its claims of long descent from Burgess and from Booth in field and fold, and the sum-total of its other agricultural activities, we pass to Boston, or the metropolis of the fens. Time was when we thought nothing of getting out of the train at Louth and walking ten miles west, for an hour

clarence, Prince of Warlaby, Royal Bridegroom, British Crown, and Governor General, with Helmsman, Roseberry, Thornberry, Leonidas, Brideman, Clarence, Monk, Lord Blithe, and Mountain Chief in aid. Dr. M Hale and The Druid were hired from Mr. Barnes in Ireland; and Booth Royal, Breast Plate, Killerby Monk, and Blinkhoolie have been the home-bred Booth bulls in use. Vanguard got no show bulls but Grey Gauntlet. His cows, of which we have mentioned the finest, had great size, fine hair, and deep flesh. Several of the above were amongst the 16 cows and one bull which died of splenetic apoplexy a few years since. Water Nymph is the last of them; and, one with another, Vanguard left full 200 head of stock on the place. During the year that Vanguard was exchanged for Crown Prince, he got Bride Elect at Warlaby. Fitzclarence left grand cows, and British Prince good substance and ribs on his stock. At one time there were 26 heifers by him, all very light roans with cherry necks. Baron Warlaby and Royal Bridegroom both got good bulls. Dr. M'Hale's stock had a fine outline, but were a little too high on the leg. Mr. Torr has sold upwards of two hundred yearling bulls, at an average of more than £50, to all parts of the world, not excepting Bessarabia and South Russia.

The herd has sprung from nine tribes. (1) The *Sylphide*, which represents Killerby, became extinct with Bracelet 4th. (2) The *Rose* dates back to Rennet and Blanche 2nd, and represents Studley. Rennet by Fanatic was bought for 40 gs. at Mr. Marjoribanks' sale, and bred three bulls, which were sold for £440. Her heifer Riby Rose by Vanguard brought the tribe out. Blanche 2nd by Zadig came from the Greys, and there was only a cross or so difference between hers and Sylphide's pedigree. Blanches are all "Brights;" and Bright Queen and Bright Dew by Fitzclarence are the best of the sort. (3) The *Brompton* herd has descendants through Sweetbriar, or rather Flora of Farnsfield, a daughter of a very good cow Formosa by Sir Thomas. From her sprang the Flower tribe, a particularly favourite one with Mr. Torr. Of these Flower Girl by Londesboro' was the chief; and there were three good Vanguard sisters — Flower Nymph, Flower Maid, and Flower Lady. (4) The *Woodford* is composed entirely of descendants of Sylph through Lady of the Manor and Lady Mary Bountiful, daughter of Belinda by Ranunculus. They are another branch of the Milcote Charmer or Sweetheart tribe. (5) *Fawsley* was only represented by the Garland tribe, but they are all gone. They sadly lacked hair and style. (6) There are only three Telluria females to represent the once leading cow at *Wiseton*.

with Jack Morgan on the Southwold flags; but we have no such mission now, and leaving Spilsby, a little red-roofed town on a hill, to our right, we cross the Witham, whose pike have "none like," hard by the big sluice gates and the glorious lantern tower of St. Botolph's. It looks down on a diocese of countless towers and spires. They stand in serried rank like martello outposts all along the Wash, from Sutton to Fishtoft, where John Conington of Boston, one of the very foremost classical scholars of the century, has just been laid to rest at only 44. It has needed cunning chartsmen to map out

(7) The *Hartforth* goes back through Cherry Duchess 3rd by Second Grand Duke to Old Cherry. Cherry Queen 4th by Royal Bridegroom is one of the most promising heifers in the herd, to which this tribe has principally contributed females. (8) *Kirklevington* is represented by the Water Witches, whose dam Water Witch by Fourth Duke of Northumberland was bought at Rev. T. Cator's sale. She had seven females, which have swelled to forty. Baron Warlaby crossed best with this Waterloo tribe, as Vanguard was too big for them. Warrior's Plume by Breast Plate is quite a crack amongst them. (9) Mr. Robson of *Cadeby*, near Louth, furnished a tribe from Moon Beam and Gold Beam. They are all G's and M's, but the G's are the best of the two.

The flock consists of 1,200 breeding ewes, of which 500 are pure Leicesters, kept entirely at Aylesby. No lean stock is sent to market, the whole of the lambs being fed on the farms, as well as some lean ones in addition, which are bought in the autumn to make up for losses, &c. At Riby the proportion of gimmers annually introduced into the flock is fully one-third; but at Aylesby it is less, as fine breeding ewes are kept on to an indefinite age. The crop of lambs is about 10 per cent. in excess of the number of ewes put to the ram.

In 1848 Mr. Torr succeeded the younger Philip Skipworth (whose father gave 600 guineas for a ram from Leicestershire) in the occupation of Aylesby, and bought the pure Leicestershire flock of 400 ewes for £1,500. Since then the tups used have been almost entirely hired from Burgess and Sanday; one or two others, however, have been obtained from Buckley and Stone. All the new blood has, therefore, been obtained from the purest flocks of Leicestershire and Nottinghamshire.

The letting-books of the last 20 years show how much, and how widely, Aylesby blood is appreciated. A very large number of rams have gone to Ireland, some to France, Australia, and California, and a few even to Jamaica and St. Helena; while Mr. Torr numbers amongst his home customers residents in Ireland, Scotland, Wales, and most of the English counties.

the shifting channels amid all that treacherous sand; and we marvel as we read the sea lore, which tells how "if it be night, you should keep Lynn Well Light E.N.E. until Hunstanton Light appears a deep red, and then anchor in 7 or 8 fathoms," *et cetera*. Drains and sluices have done a wondrous work on that once-dreary level, and made it a land of rich farms and pleasantly-shaded gardens instead of a home for the wild duck and the hern. Its inhabitants, contrary to the old belief, are not web-footed, and ague is unknown. Oats have long since lost their monopoly of the soil. The carrot yield has been thirty tons to the acre; and wheat on warp land has touched nine quarters. Woad with its seven-inch leaves, springing from a carrot-like root, yields its triple harvest for three years, and when pulled and dried on wicker flakes is packed off to Leeds as a mordent for blues and blacks. It lays no tax on the wheat-feeding properties of the soil, and hence wheat can be taken after it for three years in succession.

The warrens on the wolds above Alford have been enclosed and cultivated within the last thirty years. At "Hairby Hill" thousands of rabbits were slaughtered yearly for the sake of their silver-grey pelts, which were forwarded to St. Petersburg, and their carcases disposed of for 4d. to 8d. a couple at Louth, Alford, Spilsby, and Boston. Between Burgh or "Boro" (as many term it) and the sea is a portion of a tract of marsh land extending from Grimsby to Boston, which is considered the finest grazing land in England. It is truly the land of "twenty thorpes," and a tale still lingers among those parishes of a parson who resided at a distance from his cure, and was called to account by his bishop for having omitted to hold service for several Sundays. He replied to his lordship after this fashion, "The roads are so bad, my lord, that I defy the devil himself to

get to the parish; but when the spring sets in and the roads are passable, I promise to be there in time, and give his majesty a dusting." It was in this neighbourhood that an eccentric farmer lived, who, rather than pay the nag-horse tax, which was levied in the height of the French war, sold his nag-horses and rode regularly to Spilsby market on a saddled cow. Spilsby was the early home of Sir John Franklin, and a few miles further west is Revesby Abbey, the residence (before it was rebuilt) of Sir Joseph Banks, who "stocked the park with kangaroos." The old baronet sent a lot of them to Brocklesby, where Lord Yarborough allotted them a paddock, and every comfort and convenience. In fact, they were one of the lions of the place.

Seventy years ago, before Mr. William Wedd Tuxford, senior, erected his eight-sail mill in Skirbeck, no fine wheats were grown on the fens, and it was long after that time before millers ceased to send for their finer flour into the Stamford and Spalding districts. "Velvet Red" was then sown, and in due time it had a successful rival in "Red Porky," or hog-backed wheat. This humble windmill, which "all the bugle breezes" only kept at work on the average for every third day, until steam power stepped in, was the germ of the works of Tuxford and Sons. It stands still keeping watch and ward over the busy life which it called into being, and not far from it is the grey tower of Skirbeck church, which has borne many a hundred months of that "hard grey weather" which blows from the Eastern sea. The first mechanical link between "the wind wheel" of the past and the finishing machine and portable engine of the present was on this wise: During a very wet summer Mr. Tuxford had been at great trouble to separate the sprouted wheat by hand, and hence his flour made 10d. per stone beyond any in the Boston market.

As his business increased, he had to consider how the same process could be effected in machinery, and after much thought he solved the problem of the double motion reeing sieve. He then applied to a craftsman in the town to make the castings for his machinery, but that philosopher dreaded a rival at his very doors, and refused. Even the offer to give him the Birmingham price, *plus* the carriage, failed to persuade him, and the first reeing machine was built without his aid. A picture of it, well worn with time, still holds the pride of place in the Skirbeck Works' office, and at one corner of it is the scoop with which the attendant watched the machines, and at intervals skimmed off the smut-balls, sprouted, and lighter grains which worked their way to the centre of the sieve. With a variation in the size of the wire, it has been used for grass seeds, linseed, and coffee berries, and sent to Egypt for lentils.

A short ride from the Boston market-place—where the statue of Herbert Ingram, who knew, if ever man did, as the poet of his own county has said,

> "The seasons when to take
> Occasion by the hand,"

tells its sterling lesson to the lads of his own town—brings us to the Skirbeck Works, which now occupy an area of six acres. An Italian ship was discharging its freight of linseed, as we skirted the Witham on our route, and then we turned inland past the site of the mother church, the old red Hussey Tower, whose flagstaff leans in its decay over the battlement, and the pasture close of the Augustine friars. A few girders and plates for the Thames Embankment are stacked ready for departure to the order of Mr. Webster, who began his rapid upward career sixteen years ago as a master builder in a small village near Boston.

The Skirbeck Works may be said to date from 1841, when they furnished a portable engine and

thrashing machine to the late Mr. Robert Roslin, of Algarkirk, at a time when farmers hardly dared to think of a fire in their yard. The machine was driven on a frame, with the engine after the old fashion, and was equal to thrashing-out eighty quarters of wheat a-day, with seven cwt. of coals. The firm's first portable combined machine was ordered by Mr. George Holland of Wigtoft; and having made their ground sure on that point, they introduced their patent housed engine with vertical cylinder at Exeter in 1850. Five years after they were first for portable engines at Carlisle, where the fuel was diminished from 8lbs. to 3¾ lbs. per horse per hour.

Skirbeck has scattered its products far and wide. In Hungary, France, and Austria more especially, it finds its great European markets for engines and finishing machines and centrifugal pumps; and New Zealand, Pekin, the Burra Burra Mines, Shanghai, Cuba, Australia, Peru, and California have also sent many an order. Its sawing-machines may be found in Burmah, in whose wood yards elephants are taught to pile the teak. It has sent traction-engines and trains of waggons to Calicut, on the Coromandel coast, to bring coffee down the ghauts from the plantations, as well as steam packing machinery for wool to the Queensland Government, and an engine to spin wire for the telegraph works at Bengal. Two fibre mills with hydraulic presses have gone out to Loanga in Africa, to squeeze the juice of the giant reeds. No ships can come within a mile of that coast, and no horse can live there by reason of the Tsetse fly. Hence the negroes had to draw the engine when it was taken off the launches, and carry the other machinery in pieces on their heads. The "river horse" holds his revels among the reeds, and his flesh is cured like bacon for sale.

The draftsmen were busy with pencil and compasses in a long upper room, marking-out the line

for the busy colony of ten-score workers in wood and iron below. A mysterious glass vessel filled with an oil-like fluid on one table was bearing its part as an experimental model for some giant double-actioned road-rammer, fated to descend with three-ton emphasis at each stroke. Among the wood models were water-wheels furnished with different floats; and we had "our first warning" of the water-wheel for Natal, whose presence haunted us go where we might. Two or three small waggons linked together stand idly on the shelf, now that their mission is over of settling the point of connection between each, so as to cause the whole train to take the same course on a straight road or round curves. A traction engine with an endless railway attached is taken on its journey across the floor for our benefit; and we also hear of an adaptation of the half section of an Archimedean pump to "a worm" for the transference of grain in a mill.

Pigs of iron are piled in the yard below, and workmen are breaking them up for the furnaces. The cold-blast iron comes from Shropshire, and Middlesboro' and Scotland furnish the hot-blast, which is not so strong in its texture, but has come into much more general use on account of its price. Part of the Natal wheel rests under a large shed, waiting for its buckets; and crossing over the yard, we are in the dark sand regions among the moulders, who are busy at the Thames'-side balustrades. In this shop, puddlers with brawny sinews and "auctioneers" (which election bullies have not cared to meet twice) are bending over huge casting boxes, or treading in the clay for a girder mould, as if they were working in a wine vat. Thomas Sampson, who, like Ellis Maddison, has grown grey with forty years in the service, comes forth from his nook in the wall, to tell us of the giant cranes overhead and the mysteries of "proper granulation" at furnace tap-

ping. The craft is of a less gentle kind in an adjoining shed, where we find some grand left handed hitters among the quartets which gather round the anvils, or close up the rivets of the engine boilers. It is here that iron owns its remorseless conqueror in steel and man's device. A small bolt descends upon an iron sheet and punches out a hole the size of a lozenge, while another half-inch sheet, which is held up to the tender mercies of an adjacent huge instrument of torture is cut as calmly as a bit of brown paper. "The coach house" is across the yard, and there stand upwards of forty engines ready for going out, and some of them packed-up for Japan. Blue was once the body colour, but of late years the taste of customers has run in favour of green. An exact counterpart of the one with two cylinders which did the best duty at Bury, viz., (3 pounds 2¾ ounces of coal for each horse power per hour,) stands in the outer room, and others are drawn up in a shed, along with sections of centrifugal pumps, which are equal to discharging from 350 to 5,000 gallons per minute.

Leaving the Iron King's dominions we enter those of Wood, where seven combined finishing machines are receiving their last touches, and we try to penetrate the mysteries of the adjustable screen. Patterns of wheels hang on the wall like shields, and, for the third and last time, we light on our Natal-bound friend with his thirty-feet diameter. A word to a carpenter in a mysterious model gallery running along the centre of the roof, brings him down with the wood coping model, and placing it on the balustrades which are built-up into form as they come in from the founders, he shows us a portion of the parapet of the Thames Embankment. All the wood is seasoned for five years, under rain and sunshine in the yard. The elm and the ash are nearly all from the fens,

and have 33 per cent. more gravity in that rich clay loam than when grown on lighter soils. Revesby and Kirkstead have furnished many a stately oak, and there was a memorable purchase at Pinchbeck of three oaks growing from one stool, which fell before the wind in a night. It was some time before the bargain was closed, and then the fallen monarchs would never have seen Skirbeck, if a traction engine had not been sent to drag them across the fens.

THE FOLLOWING NOTE WAS OMITTED AT PAGE 129 :—

For more than forty years John Grey of Dilston was a very prominent and a very honoured name in the North Country. He was born not far from Flodden Field, and both by his farming success on the Tweed and Tillside, as well as by his political energy on the hustings by the side of Mr. Lambton and Lord Howick, in "times enough to shake a man's soul," if he dared to be a Reformer, he soon took a place in the van. He was just in the prime of life at 47, when he was made Commissioner of the Greenwich Hospital Estates, and he built his future home at Dilston, not far from the spot where the last Earl of Radcliffe lies buried with his head under his arm, and his heart embalmed at his side.

No man had enjoyed a finer training, and Earl Grey, Sir John Sinclair, and Clarkson were among those whom he could call friend. His own deep and abiding sense of religion and regard for his widowed mother moulded him early for the important part which he had to play in life. He honoured John Culley for always asking him to rise early from the Wooller market-table, and to be the companion of his homeward ride; and his first public speech was for the Bible Society in the church of that town. In process of time he met with Hannah Annett. He resisted the feeling at first, till a gust of jealousy, on seeing her helped into the saddle by a rival, impelled him in his own decisive way to grasp her pony's bridle, and say some few words which both understood. A few months later, and she was riding as his bride from church in a pale-blue embroidered habit. She was worthy of the husband of her choice; and so the years go on, till at last he learns abruptly from the lips of his groom that she is dead; and henceforward the days when she was by his side, and a merry freight of children in the carriage, during those happy woodland rides, seem to the old man like part and parcel of a dream.

Whatever he did he did with all his might, and he invariably did it well. No man had a finer eye to hounds, or better hands and nerve, whether on Rose of Raby or "the flyer which stands in the stall at the top." In the heat of his Lambton canvass he worked on all day with two fractured ribs. Sir John Sinclair entrusted him to revise the proof-sheets of his Code of Agriculture; and even in his 82nd year he delivered a lecture of nearly two hours' length on poetry, at Haydon Bridge. Bone manure, draining, subsoil ploughing, and the application of animal and vegetable chemistry to agricultural objects were his theme in days when to talk of such things was almost enough to stamp a man as a Jacobin and a visionary. He dared to denounce the corn laws as "the parent of scarcity, dearness, and uncertainty," when 99 people out of 100 thought him a man of profane lips for saying so, and Bright and Cobden were mere boys. When he was "up" for a speech, the audience always knew that they would hear some sturdy truths; but no one was more uncompromising, and yet more full of tact. His opponents might dislike what he said, but they could not object to the language in which it was clothed. Only a week before his death he mediated in an excellent speech between landlord and tenant, when an offensively couched resolution about game had been passed at the Hexham Farmers' Club. "The Black Prince of the North," as he had been called in his hot political youth, was never in better tune for speaking than at the Newcastle Royal Dinner of '46, and an after-dinner remark of the second Duke of Cleveland's, to the effect that agricultural improvement had reached its utmost limit, drew from him an indignant denial, and a stout argument on tenancies-at-will as against leases. It was in '59 that he spoke what he called his "Peace and Plenty" speech, in which Prince Albert delighted, and his last at a public dinner was made at the Highland Society's meeting of 1867, where he attended as judge.

As an agent he practised what he preached. Strong as his political predilections were, he never interfered, directly or indirectly, with a voter. The Greenwich estates, when they came into his hand, produced £29,000 clear, and gradually rose, under the draining and other improvements which he planned and carried out, to £40,000. With the labourers he had peculiar sympathy, and "let the oppressed go free and break every yoke," was a saying that seemed ever present with him. He did not deem that even the poorest were "born just to be handled by those above them like £1 notes." It was the feeling that "John Grey is a just man" which was the secret of his power. The desire to help everyone to the utmost was another great feature in him. During the cattle plague no magistrate was more active; and although he was past eighty, he would attend every sale, however small, within reach of his home, so that he might spare the buyers the trouble of coming to him to get the papers signed. His powers and his bodily strength seemed unimpaired to the last, although, as he would say, his children and grandchildren, by their affectionate thought for his comforts, whether at home or when he went to spend the Christmas at Millfield, would "try to make an old

man of me." That task would have been above their hands, with such a tough, square-jawed borderer to deal with. The lecture on poetry the year before he died, beginning as it did with Chaucer and the 107th Psalm, and dealing largely in Sir Walter Scott, the poet of "Teviot's bard and hero land," near which his lot had been cast, was given almost entirely from memory. His bodily force had abated as little as his mental, and when his son would insist, overnight, on sending his luggage down to the railway for him, the sturdy octogenarian rose an hour earlier, packed his big portmanteau, and carried it on his shoulder half a mile to the station.

In him there was hardly even that "gentle decay" which precedes death. He had a slight ailment, and to his daughter's tender eye there might be an unusual solemnity of manner when he read family prayers on his last night on earth, but still nothing to cause alarm. She exchanged a few words with him in the morning. "My wants are few, very few," were the last he spoke; and when she next saw him he was dead, seated on the stairs with "his forefinger raised, as if to enjoin silence, or as if he heard some one calling him." And so every scene in his life, from dawn to sunset, from sunset to the close, is touched, in his daughter's memoir of him, with the same bold and yet tender hand. The last of all was on that wild Saturday before his funeral, when, as in Tennyson's Dead Earl, "the wind was howling through turret and tree," the very window-panes broken with a crash, the glass shivered about the floor, and the white sheet which had been thrown over the corpse blown rudely away. Sunday came in calm and clear, and hardly stirred a leaf of the bright, shining evergreen with which daughters' hands then wreathed his coffin. "He looked so grand when he was dead," with that union of tenderness and strength in the whole outline of his head and face which was the key to his successful manhood and his honoured old age. He has gone to his rest, but the impress of his practical knowledge and broad aims will be seen and remembered for many a long year in the "Sweet Glendale" of his earlier days, and the rich vale of the Tyne.

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